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October 9, 1937

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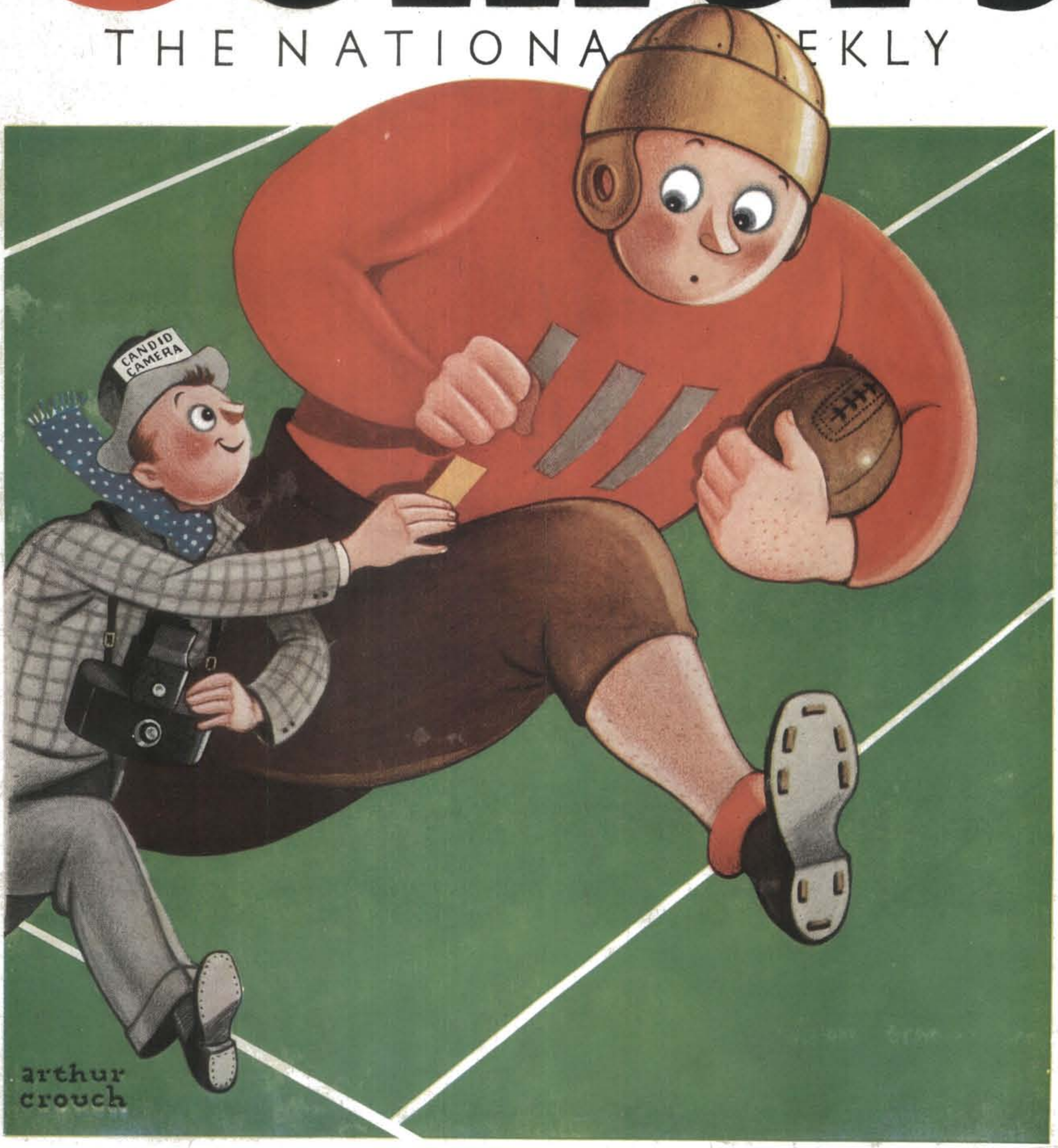
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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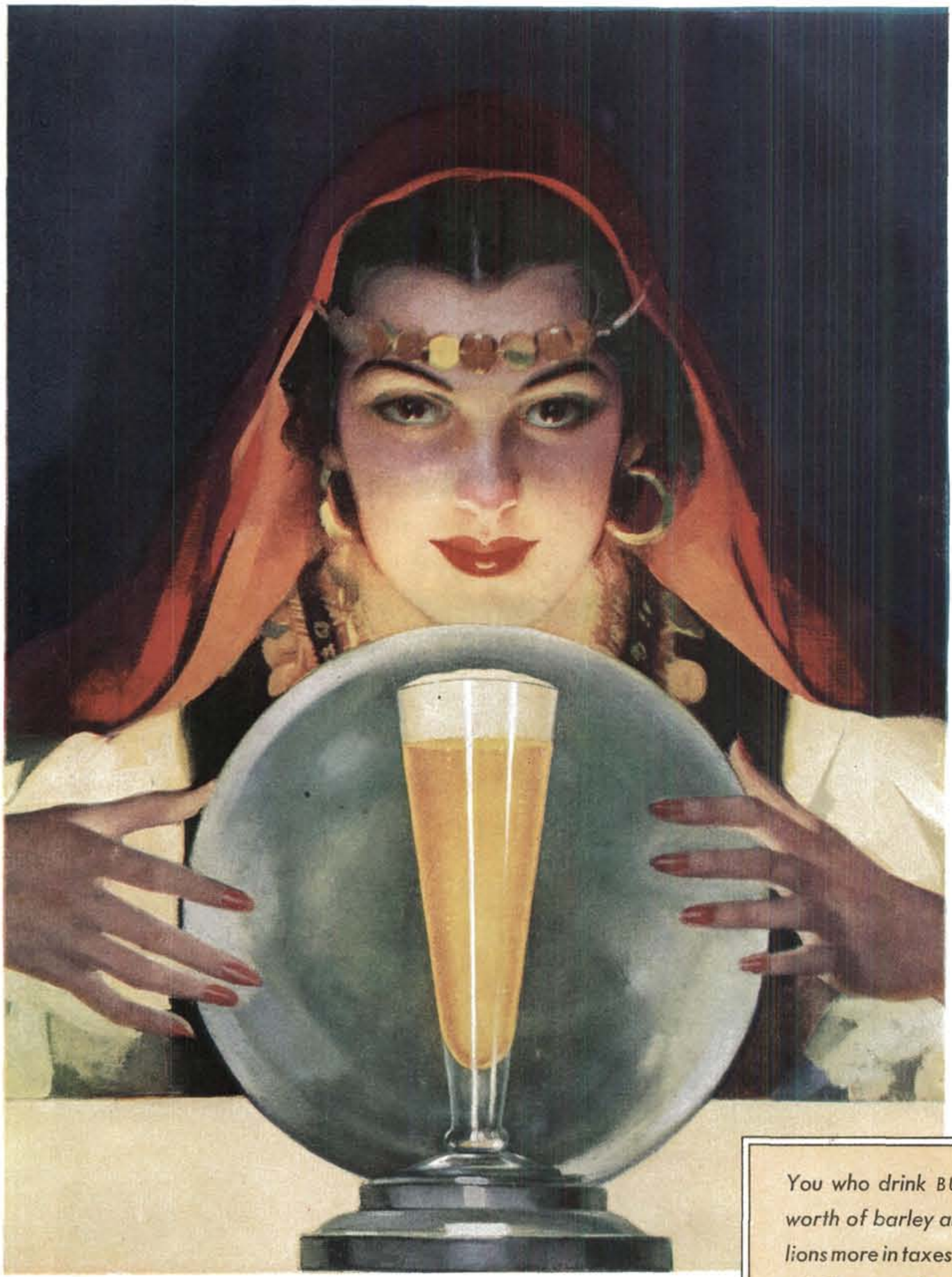

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Adolphus Busch III
President

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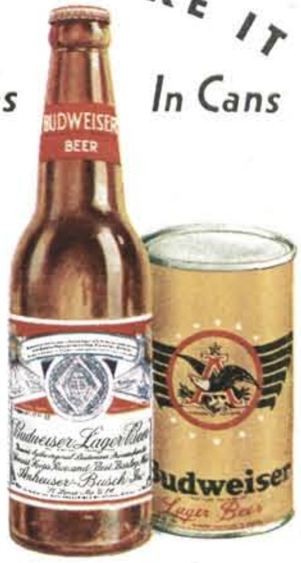

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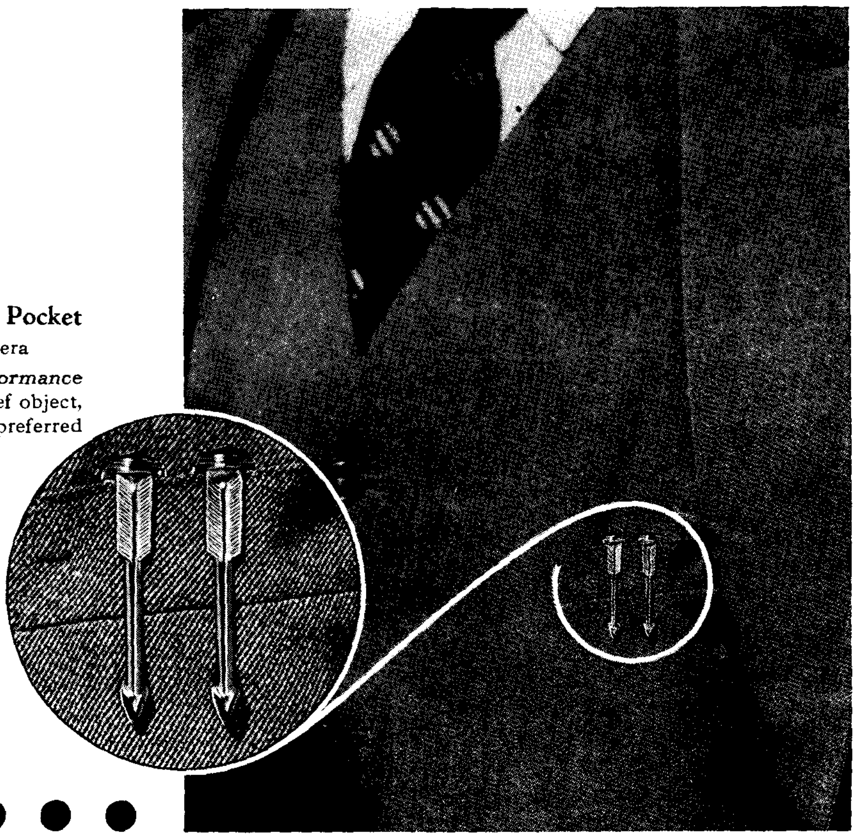
again reveals that where pen *performance* — not price — is the owner's chief object, the Parker Vacumatic is the pen preferred about 5 times out of 7.



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Even its world-famous predecessor—the great Parker Duofold—did not give you the ink capacity, the ink visibility, the restful slenderized shape, the Scratch-proof Point, or the smart, original and exclusive laminated Pearl style that you get in this new Parker Vacumatic of today.

Unlike the usual fountain pen, the Parker sacless Vacumatic contains no old-style rubber ink sac or lever filler. And unlike other *sac*less pens, it has no piston pump or air-bulb filler. A patented recoiling Diaphragm fills this marvel in 8 or 10 fleet seconds. Its working parts are sealed in the top, where ink can never touch, corrode or disable them.

Hence, every Parker Vacumatic is GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

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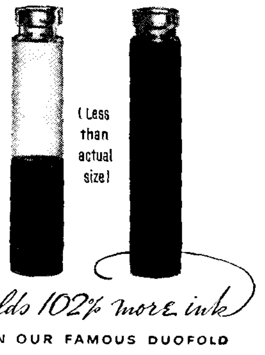

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Collier's

October 9, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

ALL they saw were slivers of silver two miles above them, floating across the blue sky. Then death struck Shanghai. It came suddenly, without warning and without explanation. People were going about their daily business — shopping, working, playing cards. For a moment the world was frozen around them. Then it came to life in a cascade of crumbling buildings and broken glass.

It's impossible to imagine. It's not war as it used to be fought. It's the new horror—aerial attack upon the people of a city. In a dramatic article Jim Marshall shows you "Death from the Sky."

CHARLES HARRIS said: "Maybe we'd both be better off if you took it to Reno." After that he called a cab and boarded a train, and it was all ended. That is, it would have been all ended if Charlie hadn't missed connections. He was stranded in the town where he had gone to college. That was an accident, but it gave him time to look around a little, time to see himself in a mirror. D. D. Beauchamp shows you what happened to Charlie Harris "Between Trains."

THERE were a number of things about the trial that surprised MacQueen. He found out that he had bought a gun and shot a man. It wasn't true but the jury believed it, and MacQueen was sent up for seven years, with only the thought of Celia and his knowledge of flowers to comfort him. How these two unlikely aids got him out again is told by Sidney Herschel Small in "Language of Flowers."

"AN ADEQUATE Mayor of Birmingham in a lean year." That was Lord Birkenhead's biting description of Neville Chamberlain, the man in whose hands now rest the fortunes of the British Empire. Winston Churchill from long acquaintance gives a more complete and more favorable picture of "England's 'No' Man."

NO FOX-HUNTING man was ever harder hit than Carter Ingersol. The girl he loved developed a passion for beagling. Not even drink could dull the sting of that. In "Rabbits Always Circle," Edward Shenton shows you how Carter behaved in this desperate and humiliating situation.

ADDITIONAL gems come from Katharine Roberts, Kyle Crichton, Meyer Levin, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Ernest Haycox, Agatha Christie, Freling Foster and others.

This Week

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●

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EDITORIAL
What Do You Pay for Speed? Page 74

COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

Any Week

THE next time Mr. James T. Cumley of Wichita Falls, Texas, is in the vicinity of these offices he is cordially invited to drop in and apologize. If he is anything like us he will be pretty overawed. The place reeks with modern gadgets. Everybody (except us) is surrounded by machines that add, subtract, divide and multiply. We've put in a requisition for a gadget which will write this column for us and have been assured that it won't be long now. But Mr. Cumley accuses us of being so far behind the times that we're still tinkering with crystal radio sets and that "hand-cranked telephone on the wall of your office, adjoining your old roll-top desk."

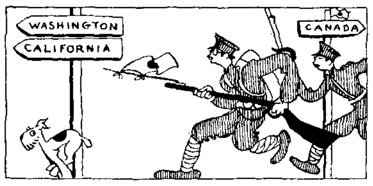
AND all that simply because he finds us lacking in unbridled enthusiasm for all of Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court plans. We're tempted to side with Mrs. C. James Jones of Atlantic City, New Jersey. Mrs. Jones says that "the country has been galloping off in so many different directions that nobody is sure what we're galloping at or after. Maybe," says she, "it is all highly desirable. But what is it?"

YET Mr. Will German of Miami, Florida, is sure "there will have to be several more changes in the way things are being run before anybody can make me shut up. Why do we have to give members of Congress forty cents a mile for traveling expenses? Why give them any mileage? Why not transport them to and from Washington in Army trucks? Or maybe if we didn't do even that they'd stay home."

AND Mr. George Brosnick of Providence, Rhode Island, tells us that he has just finished a "round trip to Los Angeles and back again" by motorbus. "We had a fine time going out, everybody a lady or gentleman," says Mr. Brosnick. "By the time we get to Pittsburgh everybody was calling me George. With the bones or dice I also win seventeen bucks and a invitation to visit some people in Cleveland. But coming back it was not so good. I am just Mr. Brosnick to that crowd. Besides, I get touched for nine dollars like a sap."

MRS. F. McNICH of Peoria, Illinois, confesses to a bit of traveling too. She got on a boat and visited the West Indies and Mexico. "I find that I have accepted invitations to visit fellow passengers in New York, Massachusetts, Kansas, Tennessee and Aberdeen, Scotland. Naturally I invited all of them to visit me. What I want to know is whether anybody ever does keep any of the engagements made on ocean cruises."

ANOTHER result of considerable travel comes from Mr. Edwin J. Danby of Vancouver, British Columbia. He has been "up and down the Pacific Coast all summer selling paper and keeping my ears open." This is what he finds: "After subjugating China, Japan intends to turn east, invade Canada and after that annex the state of Washington and the state of California. Naturally I have been too busy to verify this but I get it from some of the most responsible businessmen in this part of the country."



APPARENTLY Mr. Danby heard nothing about Oregon's fate, and just to placate that sensitive state we hasten to tell you that Mrs. Laura R. Grangeland of Portland claims that her state "stands as the stalwart buffer between the radicalism of Washington and the fanaticism of California. Too little credit is given the state of Oregon," says she, "for its unyielding Americanism."

"AND who is that man with his back to the camera on page twenty-eight of your magazine of September fourth?" demands Miss Margaretta Mass of Lowell, Massachusetts. "Maybe I'm wrong but I'm going to find out. Any letters from readers identifying this man will be treated confidentially by me."

WHILE we're doing our best for Miss Mass, hoping incidentally that we shan't be dragged into it, we may as well tell you that our Mr. W. B. Courtney has returned from Alaska, with nerves awry. He blames the earthquakes and says that he'd prefer to be "in the Spanish war zone, where it's safe."

NOW for protests from Alaska and Spain.

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He was hired by a British syndicate to chase and capture buccaneers, but the greed of his crew forced him to turn pirate himself.

Called Lincoln a Baboon!

After Lincoln's inauguration, Edwin M. Stanton, who later became his Secretary of War, called him the "baboon in the White House."

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In the famous "Oneida Community" they called monogamy "selfish love" and every woman was the wife of every man. Children belonged to the whole community, not their parents.

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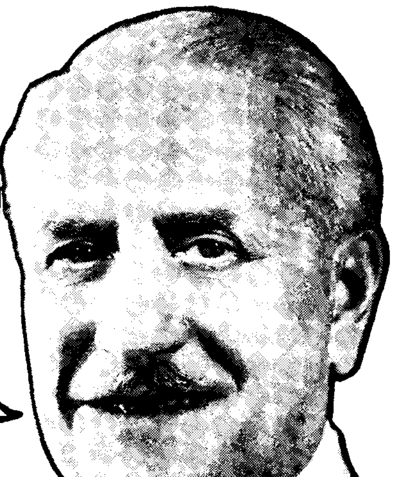

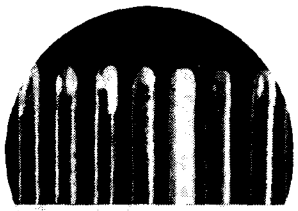

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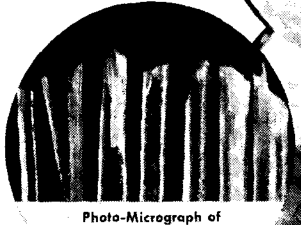

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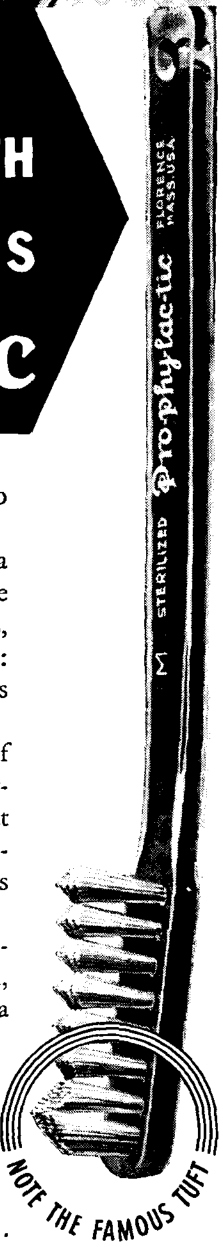
And THE ONLY TOOTH BRUSH WITH ROUND-END BRISTLE IS Pro-phy-lac-tic



HERE is the story of how Pro-phy-lac-tic bristles came to be *"gentler to your gums"*.

A university professor looked at his tooth brush through a microscope. He was amazed. The ends of the bristles were rough, sharp and jagged. He bought brushes of many makes, examined them all microscopically. Always with the same result: The bristle ends were jagged and scratchy right at the points which touch the gums.

After lengthy experiment he finally perfected a process of *rounding* the end of every bristle in a tooth brush. Pro-phy-lac-tic, knowing as all tooth brush manufacturers do that present methods of trimming the bristle leave the ends roughened and sharp, purchased the *exclusive* rights to the professor's U.S. patent.

Hence, Pro-phy-lac-tic is the *only* tooth brush with Round-End *double action* bristle. For the sake of your gums and teeth, make sure that your next brush is a Pro-phy-lac-tic. If you like a small brush ask for the new *Adult SMALL-Type*. The *Adult REGULAR* is slightly larger. Either is 50¢, guaranteed.

This tuft makes it easy to give your back teeth the extra care they need, because it actually reaches and cleans the molars

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New! Tooth Powder By Pro-phy-lac-tic

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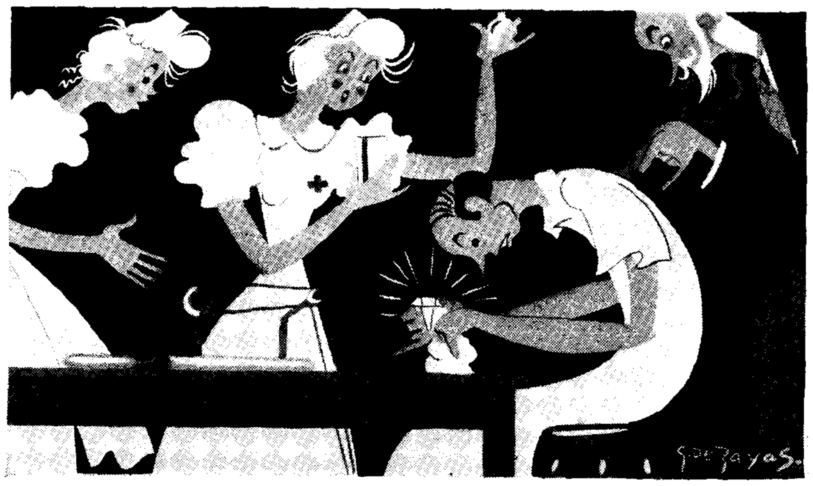
We do not claim that Pro-phy-lac-tic Brand Tooth Powder is the dentifrice your dentist uses. But we do believe it is the kind of powder which dentists would prefer you to use, because the American Dental Association represents 40,000 members of the dental profession. The Council Seal was awarded to Pro-phy-lac-tic Brand Tooth Powder only after an examination of its formula and advertising claims.

Two sizes, 25¢ and 40¢, are now at most drug counters. Next time, ask for Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Powder.

Pro-phy-lac-tic



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Cleaving a great diamond is a delicate operation because it must be done with the grain of the stone, which is sometimes difficult to determine, even after a year's study. When Asscher cleaved the Cullinan diamond in 1908, he had a physician and two nurses with him, fearing a heart attack if he made a mistake. Although successful, he spent the following three months in a hospital, suffering from a nervous reaction.

The only animal whose fur lies in the reverse direction to that of all other creatures is the sloth.

In one American motorcar plant, production is so rapid that iron ore can be converted into an automobile part and assembled in a finished car within thirty hours.—*By Willard E. Etheridge, Portsmouth, Virginia.*

"Hollywood salaries" for entertainers did not originate in Hollywood. In 1850, Jenny Lind, the famous Swedish singer, toured the United States, under the direction of P. T. Barnum, and received $150,000 for 150 concerts.

Probably the world's oddest hall of fame is in Genoa, Italy. Established some 500 years ago, it allowed any citizen to elect himself and to determine his "fame" with a gift of money. More than 100,000 lire entitled the donor to a statue in a seated position, between 50,000 and 100,000 lire to one in a standing position, between 25,000 and 50,000 to a bust and less than 25,000 to a tablet.

Connecticut has banned the use of tiny gasoline engines on miniature toy airplanes as a menace to pedestrians, motorists, houses and even to real planes.—*By Richard Koslosky, Oakville, Connecticut.*

In proportion to population, heart disease is found more often in males than in females, in Jews than in Gentiles, in white persons than in Negroes and in business and professional classes than in laborers.

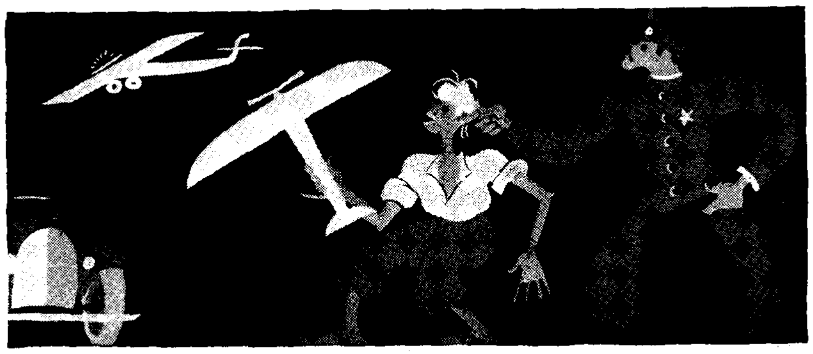
Hanging seems to be the most dreaded form of capital punishment in the United States. Along with other evidence is the fact that in Utah, where condemned men are given a choice between hanging or shooting, 95 per cent choose the firing squad.

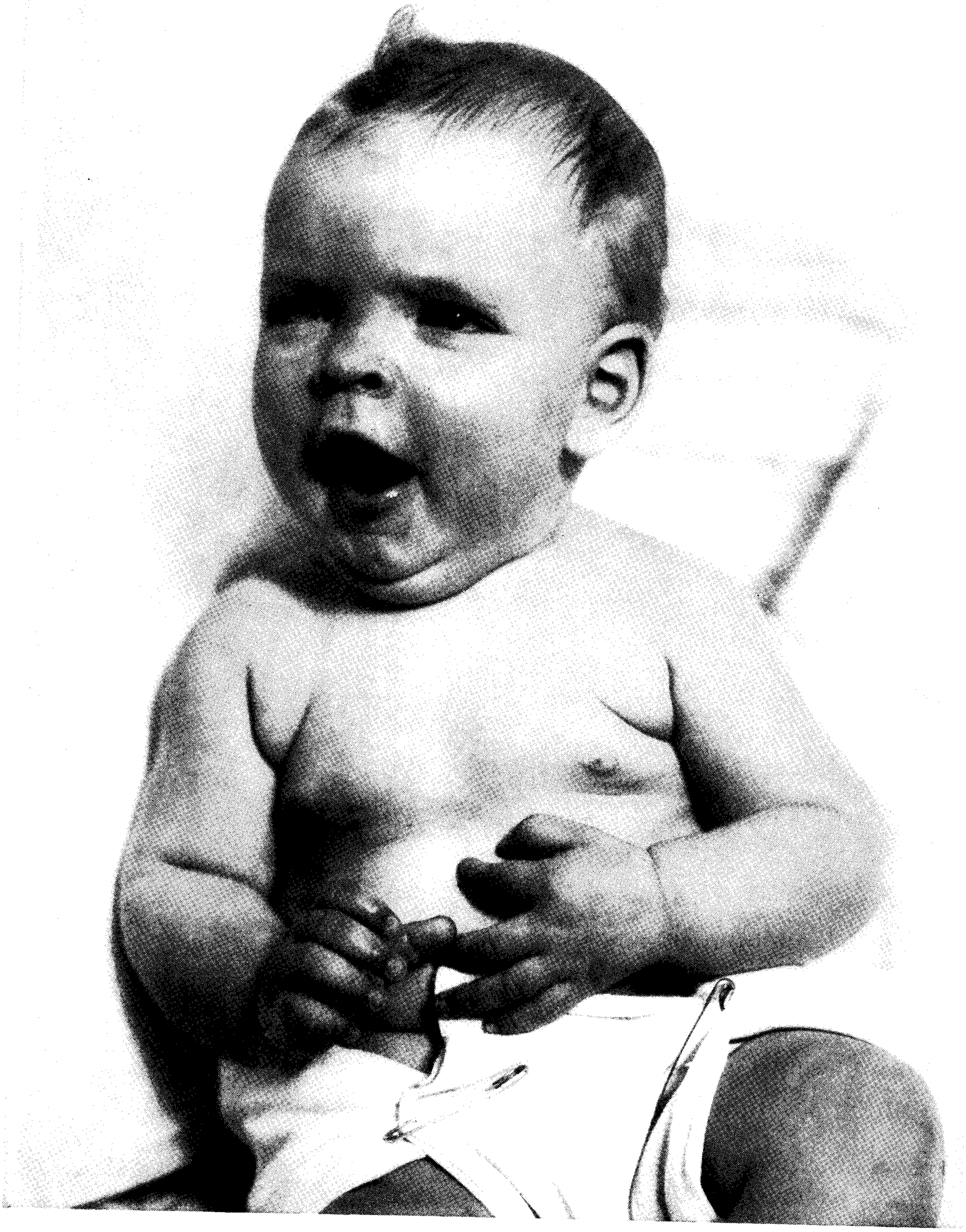
The only geographical point in Japan with a foreign name is Mississippi Bay, off the coast of Yokohama, which is named after the Mississippi River.—*By Eiji Ishii, Tokyo, Japan.*

A station-to-station telephone call between Independence, Virginia, and Sparta, North Carolina, a distance of ten miles, costs only ten cents. Yet the call has to travel over 425 miles of wire, through fifty cities and towns, using the facilities of five different telephone companies.—*By Aubrey U. Meadows, Bristol, Tennessee.*

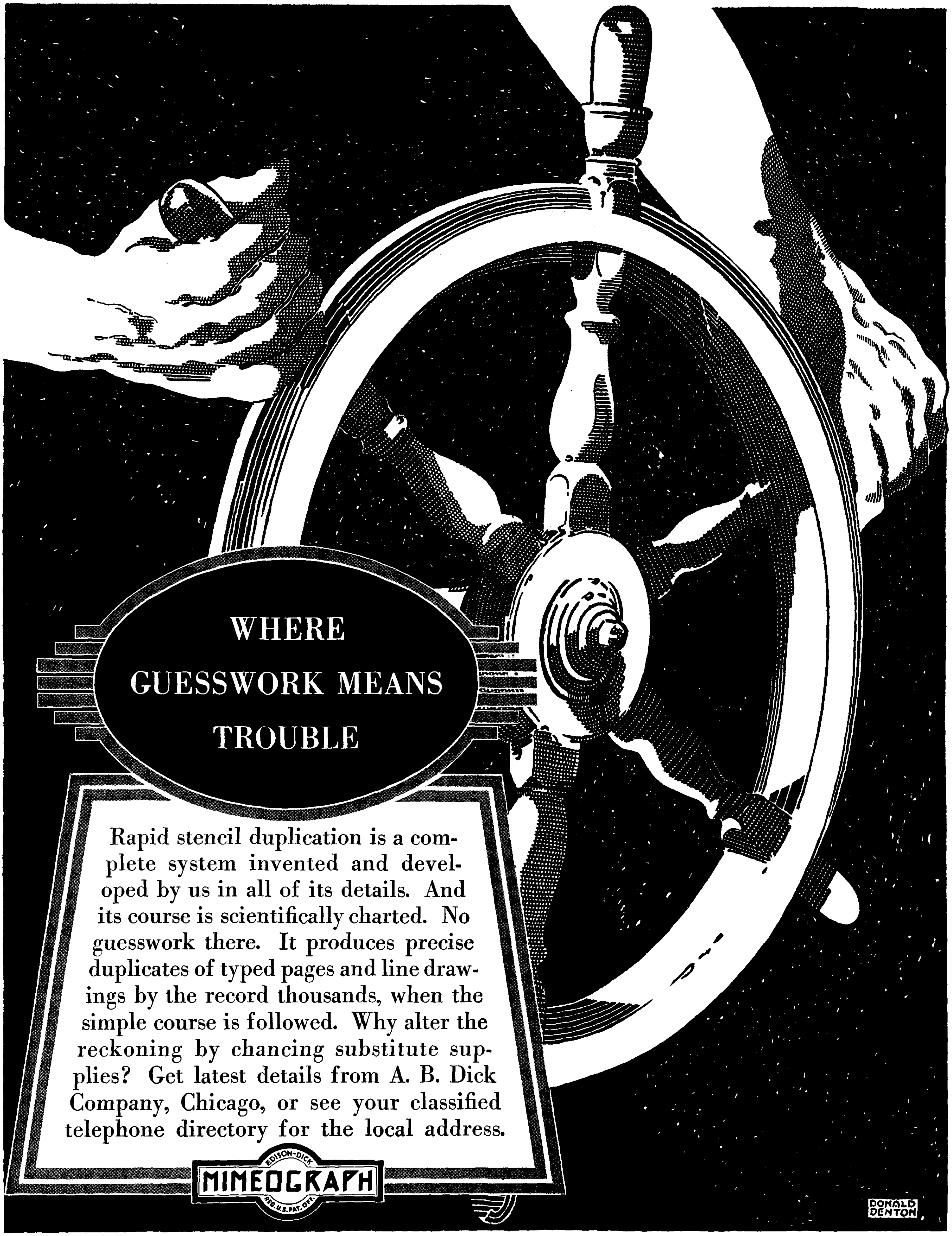
In one American factory which produces fine meteorological instruments, human hair is used in humidity recorders because of its unequaled sensitivity to atmospheric moisture, and locusts' wings are employed in indoor anemometers because they can register the faintest movement of air.—*By B. Caldwell, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher





Hope I'm not keeping you up! But it's my job to tell you what a grand night's sleep you can have if you drink **KAFFEE-HAG COFFEE**, the delicious coffee that's 97% caffeine-free. Saves your nerves in the daytime, too.



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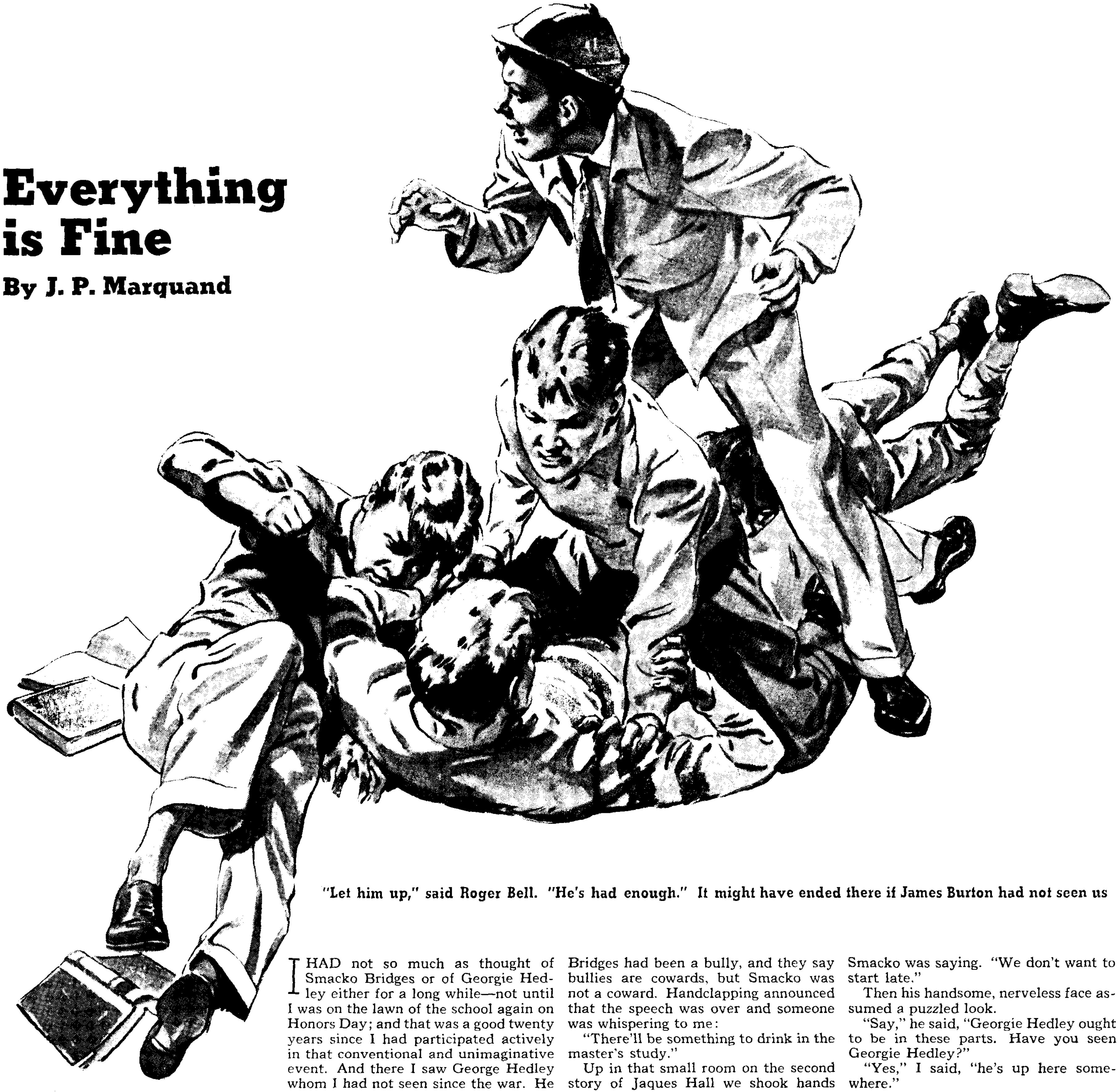
Everything is Fine

By J. P. Marquand



"Let him up," said Roger Bell. "He's had enough." It might have ended there if James Burton had not seen us

A story of still water which ran to sinister depths on a grim battlefield in France

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

I HAD not so much as thought of Smacko Bridges or of Georgie Hedley either for a long while—not until I was on the lawn of the school again on Honors Day; and that was a good twenty years since I had participated actively in that conventional and unimaginative event. And there I saw George Hedley whom I had not seen since the war. He was seated in the front row of camp chairs beneath the elm tree on the lawn behind the master's house.

George's face was still patient and round and placid. It had assumed an expression which had been characteristic of him long ago—a polite half smile, and that faint light upturn from his rather full lips gave me a qualm that made me forget the green lawn in the sun.

James Burton, the speaker of the day, was giving the address.

"It was never truer than now," he was saying, "that the principles of the world which you will face are the same as those that I faced. Don't allow yourself to be deceived by the quackeries of the lunatic fringe. Do not allow yourself to be bullied by ideas or by men."

George Hedley sat immovable, and I could not help, as soon as I saw him, thinking of Smacko Bridges. Smacko Bridges had been a bully, and they say bullies are cowards, but Smacko was not a coward. Handclapping announced that the speech was over and someone was whispering to me:

"There'll be something to drink in the master's study."

Up in that small room on the second story of Jaques Hall we shook hands convincingly with enemies and with friends we had entirely forgotten. Our voices grew loud and merry when we began to talk like the old shadows of ourselves, and the wraiths of those who were not there began flitting about the room through the cloud of tobacco smoke and over the sound of voices. And the ghost of Smacko Bridges was there together with all the other shades.

I BEGAN thinking of the time I had seen Smacko last, meandering back through the lost days of security and self-assurance; and it had nothing to do with the school, although everything started there. He had come up to the front as a casual officer toward the end of the Argonne drive. The prospect of attacking on the next morning did not disturb him at all, because he had no imagination.

"I just stopped in to get the time," Smacko was saying. "We don't want to start late."

Then his handsome, nerveless face assumed a puzzled look.

"Say," he said, "Georgie Hedley ought to be in these parts. Have you seen Georgie Hedley?"

"Yes," I said, "he's up here somewhere."

Smacko strapped back his wrist watch with his heavy fingers.

"It would be funny if he was in my outfit," he said. "I don't know whether Georgie likes me. Why doesn't he forget, like you, for instance?"

"Why should he forget?" I said. "You'll get what's coming to you some day."

"Well," Smacko said, "take care of yourself. So long."

And now here was Georgie Hedley walking across the room out of some oblivion where I had hoped he might stay always. He would see me and he would want to shake hands.

When one stops to think of it, "so long" is a peculiar expression, which means nothing much until a lapse of years is added. By now, however, that trite phrase of Smacko's had assumed the depth and the sad smoothness of old brandy. It had been aged until it had become a truth, because it *was* so long. It was so long that all the train of events was mellowed until a good deal of the sinister was lost. There had been beyond a doubt a hundred other Smacko Bridgeses in that school since Smacko had been there in the fifth form and Georgie Hedley and the rest of us had been below him in the third. There had probably been as many George Hedleys, too, but not with the same make-up perhaps. George Hedley was too still; his mind ran too deep. There was only one important difference between the rest of us and Georgie Hedley: the rest of us adjusted ourselves to Smacko, but George Hedley never did.

I RECALL in my own case that I was able to handle Smacko when I got to be fourteen. Smacko was almost full grown, with an unpleasant skin eruption and with a mat of straw-colored hair, when he caught me behind the gymnasium on a late spring afternoon.

"Hey, you," said Smacko, "come here."

Smacko grabbed me by the back of the neck. I could feel his fingers playfully squeezing at my spinal muscles.

"Hendricks," Smacko said, "you've been getting too fresh this term. Take my glove and mitt and put 'em in my locker."

"What'll you do if I don't?" I asked.

Smacko gave a happy chuckle and jerked my right arm behind me.

"Don't get fresh, Hendricks," Smacko said. "Do what I tell you, or I'll bust your arm."

"Go ahead," I said. "Suppose you do." Smacko's fingers relaxed slightly on my neck, and I knew that he was thinking. Everybody recognized that Smacko's mental processes were always slow.

"Shut your mouth and do what I tell you," Smacko said.

"I mean what I said," I answered. "Go ahead and break my arm. I'm glad to have you do it, because you won't stay here any more."

He let me go. It had been a game of bluff, but Smacko had believed me and I knew that Smacko would never lay a hand on me again.

"Get out of here!" Smacko Bridges said.

It was a type of conversation familiar enough in boyhood, which would have ended there if it had not been for the school's social environment. When we were finishing our third-form year, we had mastered the lesson that a form must stick together. George Hedley was one of us, being a member of the form, and it was not difficult to conclude that the humiliations which he suffered at the hands of Smacko Bridges reflected on the rest of us. The trouble was that he never seemed to do anything about Smacko Bridges, as the rest of us did in time.

SEVERAL of us remonstrated with him. Roger Bell and I talked to him once.

"Keep out of his way then," Roger said. "The way he treats you makes all of us look like kids."

George Hedley smiled faintly and looked at us with polite china-blue eyes.

"I can't help it, can I, if Bridges doesn't like me?" George Hedley said. "I'm not complaining, am I? I can look out for myself."

"Then why don't you do something about it?" I asked. "We'll help you if you want. It doesn't look well, George."

After a while we understood that he never would do anything.

"We've got to do something ourselves," Roger Bell said. "It looks bad for the form."

"All right," I answered, "you and I can do it. We'll get Bridges out behind the second ball field."

"No," Roger said. "We'd better have two more. Smacko is pretty big."

The next day Joe Blake found Smacko Bridges.

"Georgie is drawing a picture of you," Joe Blake said. "He's drawing it out behind the second ball field."

Smacko Bridges had a frank and open mind and his reactions were very simple.

"What kind of a picture?" Smacko asked.

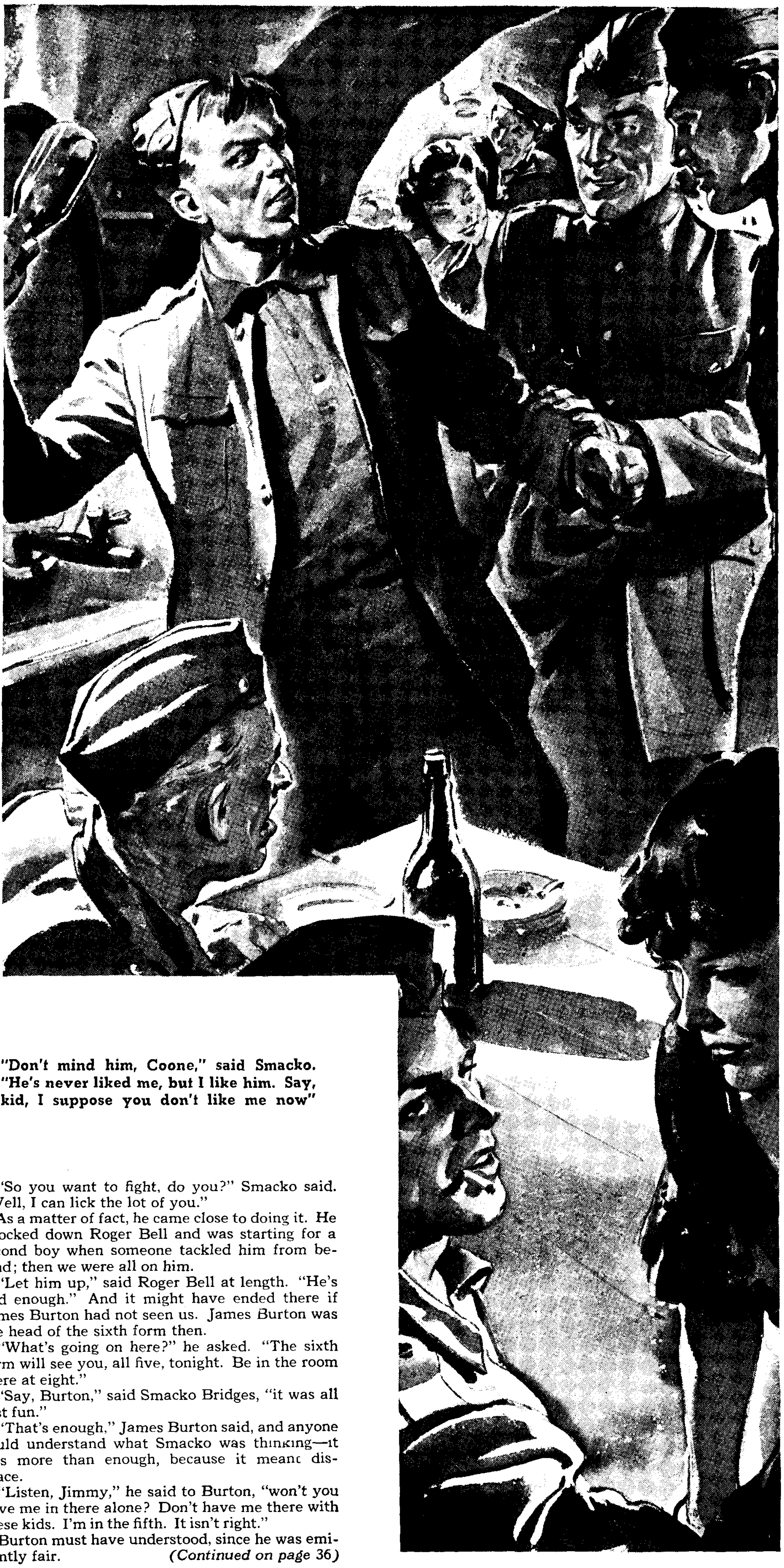
"An insulting picture," Joe Blake said. "I thought you ought to know."

"Is that so?" Smacko said. "You show me where he is."

The whole thing was as simple as Smacko's mental processes. I almost felt sorry when I saw him following Joe Blake down behind the second ball field.

"Hey," Smacko said when he saw us. "Where's that skunk Hedley? I want to see that picture."

There is a cheerless inevitability about human justice. When Smacko saw us move toward him, he understood our intention.



"Don't mind him, Coone," said Smacko. "He's never liked me, but I like him. Say, kid, I suppose you don't like me now"

"So you want to fight, do you?" Smacko said. "Well, I can lick the lot of you."

As a matter of fact, he came close to doing it. He knocked down Roger Bell and was starting for a second boy when someone tackled him from behind; then we were all on him.

"Let him up," said Roger Bell at length. "He's had enough." And it might have ended there if James Burton had not seen us. James Burton was the head of the sixth form then.

"What's going on here?" he asked. "The sixth form will see you, all five, tonight. Be in the room there at eight."

"Say, Burton," said Smacko Bridges, "it was all just fun."

"That's enough," James Burton said, and anyone could understand what Smacko was thinking—it was more than enough, because it meant disgrace.

"Listen, Jimmy," he said to Burton, "won't you have me in there alone? Don't have me there with these kids. I'm in the fifth. It isn't right."

Burton must have understood, since he was eminently fair.

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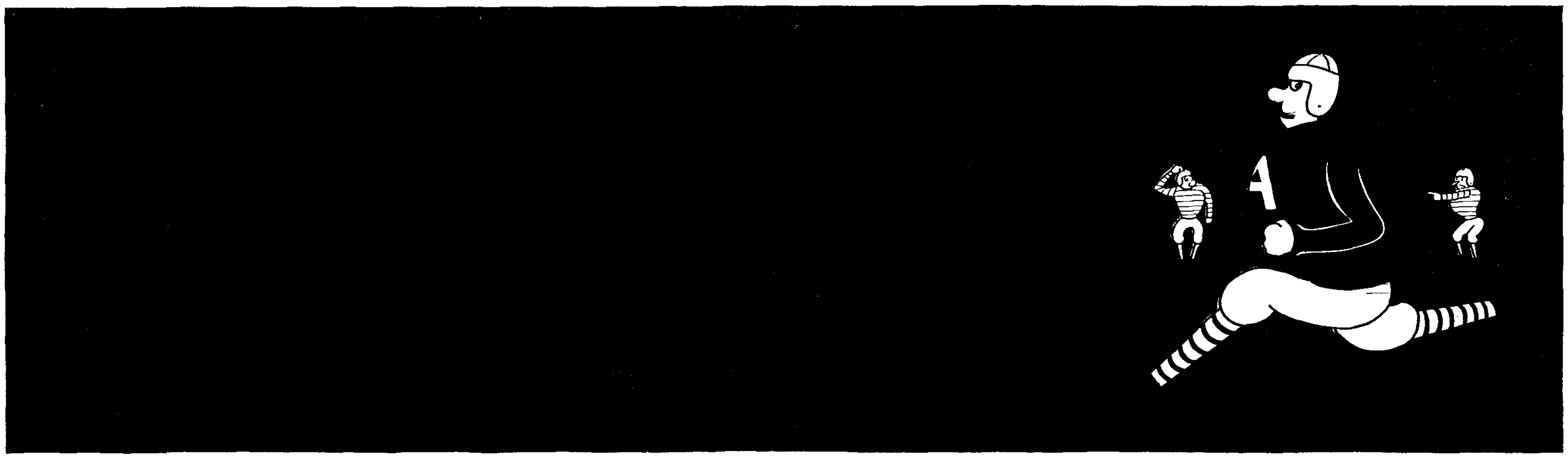

Tichenor was almost to the Vanderbilt goal line before anyone discovered him

WHAT a pity Mack Sennett, master of slapstick screen comedy in another era, never thought of the Football Rules Committee. He could have written a hilarious scenario out of its record.

Each season some coach or player has thrown a custard pie into the face of gridiron law. The committee promptly has rushed into action, a year behind the culprits, madly pursuing them over the back fences of intercollegiate football. Ford Sterling, Fred Mace, Mack Swain and Slim Summerville never unreeled a more lively chase than have the old men of the gridiron Supreme Court trying to curb the mischief done by those who play and direct the game.

There is the matter of Larry Kelley's "soccer kick" that gave Yale a 12 to 7 victory over the Navy last fall. Whether intentional or accidental, that kick of a free ball resulted in a rule change that is in effect this year. Kelley thereby goes down in gridiron history, not only as an All-America end and winner of the most valuable player award for the season, but as the last man to kick a free ball and get away with it.

That oblate spheroid pie that Larry booted into the faces of the Rules Committee has been declared illegal. No longer may officials decide whether such a kick was intentional or accidental. The old discretionary powers have been removed by an approved ruling which states that if the ball is propelled with the foot, it goes to the defending team at the point of the kick. If the ball is hit with the shin or the knee, it is automatically declared accidental, and is played as if it had not been touched. But with the foot—never again!

Thus have football rules grown. It has been going on for all the years that football has been played. Each year a coach or player takes advantage of a rule and works a hardship on the other team. The Rules Committee steps in and changes the rule. The next year the committee catches another chocolate éclair squarely on the nose and feverishly edits the rules again.

It all may have started back in 1895 in a game played between Vanderbilt University and Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, when occurred the first recorded instance of a football player hiding a football under his jersey and running for a touchdown.

The First Hidden-Ball Touchdown

The late John Heisman, then a young coach making gridiron history in the cotton belt, was at Auburn. Heis, destined to take sharp advantage of the rules in his subsequent career, conceived the idea of tucking the football under the back of a player's loose sweater. Heis gave his boys the play especially for the Vanderbilt game and delegated Reynolds Tichenor, his diminutive quarterback, to carry the ball. The play was to be worked on the old revolving wedge, a murderous mass play of the era. One of the Auburn backs was to receive the ball and, behind the screen of the wedge, was to slip it under the flapping folds of little Tichenor's jersey. Then while the ponderous wedge moved forward and the players became entangled in a piled-up mass, Tichenor was to trot casually around end.

It worked. Tichenor was almost to the Vanderbilt goal line before anyone discovered him. He scored a touchdown and although his team eventually lost, 9 to 6, it was a momentous play. Curiously, it set the stage for that famous Carlisle Indian play eight years later in the Harvard stadium that was to startle the East and make the Carlisle Indians famous as masters of football trickery.

For in the pine stands that day when Tichenor scored his touchdown on Vanderbilt, was the young head coach at the University of Georgia. The name of the Georgia coach was Glenn S. Warner.

Warner waited eight years before he pulled that old one out of his notebook for the Harvard game. That day in 1903, Dillon caught the kickoff in the stadium, hid the football under his jersey and ran for a touchdown. Fair Harvard never knew it had been worked long ago in the deep South.

Many of the plays that resulted in rule changes have gone down as the most spectacular in the annals of the game.

A short time after Dillon's run in the Harvard stadium, Pop Warner and his Indians came out with a new one. All the Indian backs had half a football sewed on their jerseys. By bending over and folding their arms, each back gave the appearance of having the ball. Many a tackler brought down an Indian, but lo, he did not have the ball. As often as not the carrier of the real ball had gone off by himself to score a touchdown. This strategy was hailed as sharp practice, but Pop was Pop and his Indians were wards of The Great White Father, so they deserved some privileges beyond the ordinary.

In quite recent years a University of Pennsylvania team put over a similar camouflage trick that escaped analysis for quite a while. The team featured a spin attack on nearly every play. The back first receiving the ball on snap from center would turn his back to the opposition and offer it sometimes to one, sometimes to two of the other backs who passed him. It was impossible to tell which back had the ball and the magic of Pennsylvania deception that year was widely heralded.

But Zuppke Ruined the Play

After so long a time a scout noticed that each Penn player had enormous soft brown elbow pads on the outside of his jersey. When the backs folded their arms in a certain way—a variation of the old Carlisle Indian trick—it was next to impossible to tell which one was hugging the ball and which ones were hugging elbow pads.

This trick was spiked before the season was over and the Rules Committee could act. Penn journeyed out to Champaign to play the University of Illinois. Bob Zuppke, cagey as they come in the coaching profession, was all set. He, too, had read the rules, the same rules the

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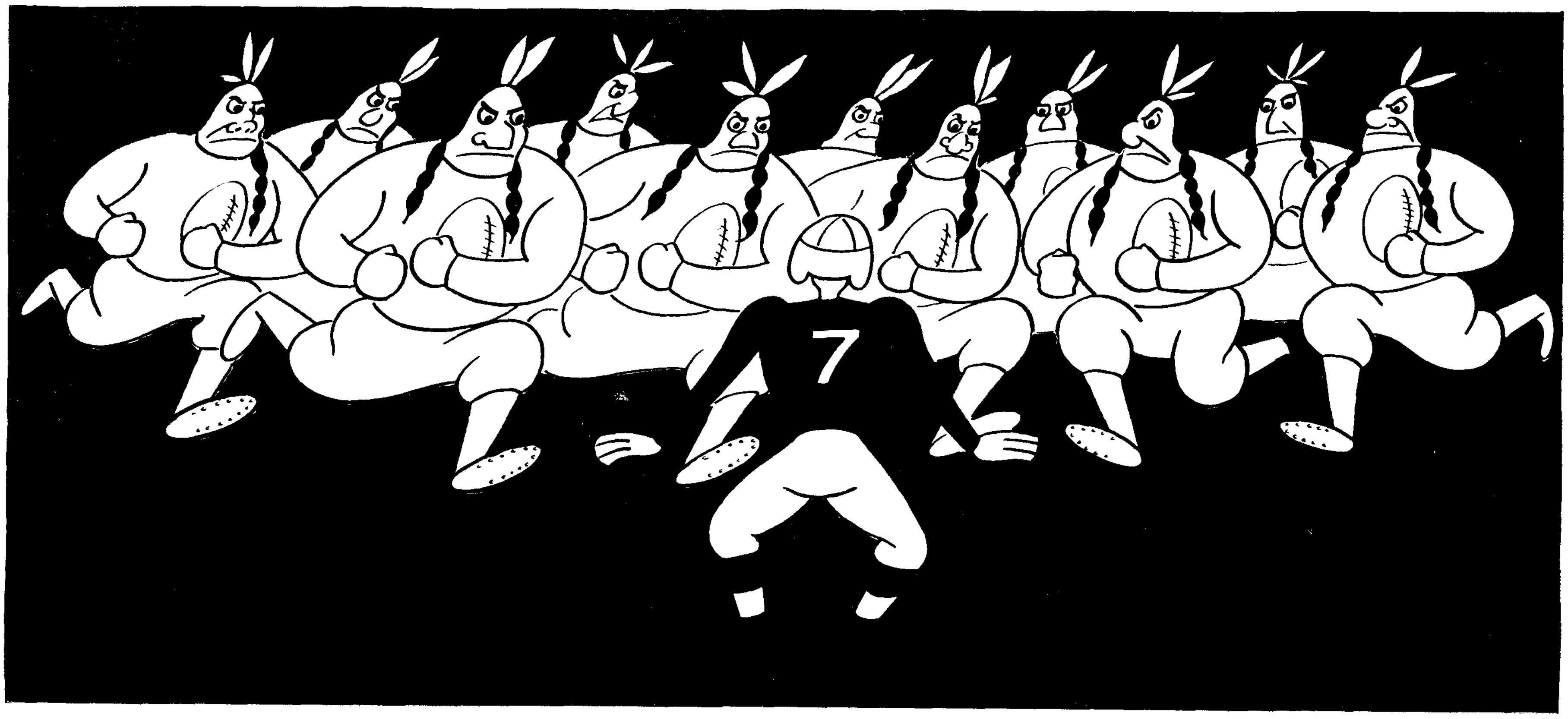


The Red Doctor

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

In which Bazarada, master of illusion, successfully demonstrates his ability to appear in two places simultaneously. Another interesting adventure of the world's greatest magician

I WOKE with a start.

It was not late—twenty minutes to midnight, I discovered; but I had been working steadily since eight o'clock on my notes concerning the theft of the jade serpent from Burlington House. I had fallen asleep at my desk. The sound which had aroused me was a slight one—the rustling of paper.

My hands closed upon the chair arms and I stared across the study.

A man was seated there with the pages which I had written! The key of the flat was in my pocket; I had no resident servant; there was a night porter on duty in the lobby below. But the fact remained that a man, whose thick, dark curling hair receded at the temples from a fine brow, whose cleanly chiseled features had an old Roman quality, who wore impeccable evening dress and whose cynical regard was fixed upon me from beneath drooping lids, sat holding my manuscript.

"*Buzzy!*" I said.

The first momentary chill was gone. I had become used to this sort of thing. Bazarada, whom I always think of as Buzzy, had appeared and disappeared throughout several years of my life in just this manner. Obstacles, human and mechanical, meant no more to Buzzy than cobwebs to you or me.

"Sorry to wake you, Maurice."

He smiled, that smile which was more a quivering of the upper lip than anything else. I had ceased long ago to say to Bazarada, "How did you get in?" I stood up and crossed to my small buffet.

"Whisky and soda, Buzzy?"

"A very small one, Maurice. I have read your account of my exploit at Burlington House (which, of course, must not be published until I give the word) with interest. It's inaccurate, however, in several particulars."

"Oh!"

"Yes. I didn't remove the original necklace and replace the dummy in the tray—the dummy was already arranged in a duplicate tray, gummed to it in fact. I slipped out one tray and replaced the other, hence my caped coat."

"I see. Pardon my stupidity."

He took the whisky and soda which I handed to him and, raising the glass, stared through the amber fluid appreciatively. In my very bones I knew that something was afoot.

"Are you too busy to take a week or ten days off?" he asked.

"Not if I can be of any use to you."

"You can. I have been offered a tough proposition. When a thing looks impossible, I get interested."

"What is the impossible thing you propose to attempt?"

Bazarada sipped, set his glass down and fixed upon me that strange gaze which seemed to be focused on some point at the back of my head. I had learned to sustain it but had never got used to it.

"Did you ever hear of Ned Regan?"

"Ned W. Regan, of Regan's detective agency?"

"That's the man."

"What about him?"

"He has offered me a little problem," said Bazarada. "Nothing that has come my way since the jade serpent has interested me so much."

His gaze became abstracted. Already I could see he was planning one of those all but incredible exploits which characterized his private life.

"Listen, Maurice," he went on: "I'll tell you a story. Ned Regan told it to me."

That made the position clear. As I had suspected, there was adventure ahead.

"THERE'S an eccentric old woman right in the middle of the picture, Maurice. Try to visualize her. She lives alone in a rambling country house. She is supposed to be very rich. She has no kin in the world except one nephew—an American. He visits her frequently. The household consists of a butler, an elderly lady's maid, a cook and a housemaid. There's one gardener, sometimes assisted by a boy who is a moron. This old woman is confined to her room. She is very autocratic. Day and night her bell is ringing. All clear?"

"It is all perfectly clear, so far, Buzzy. But—"

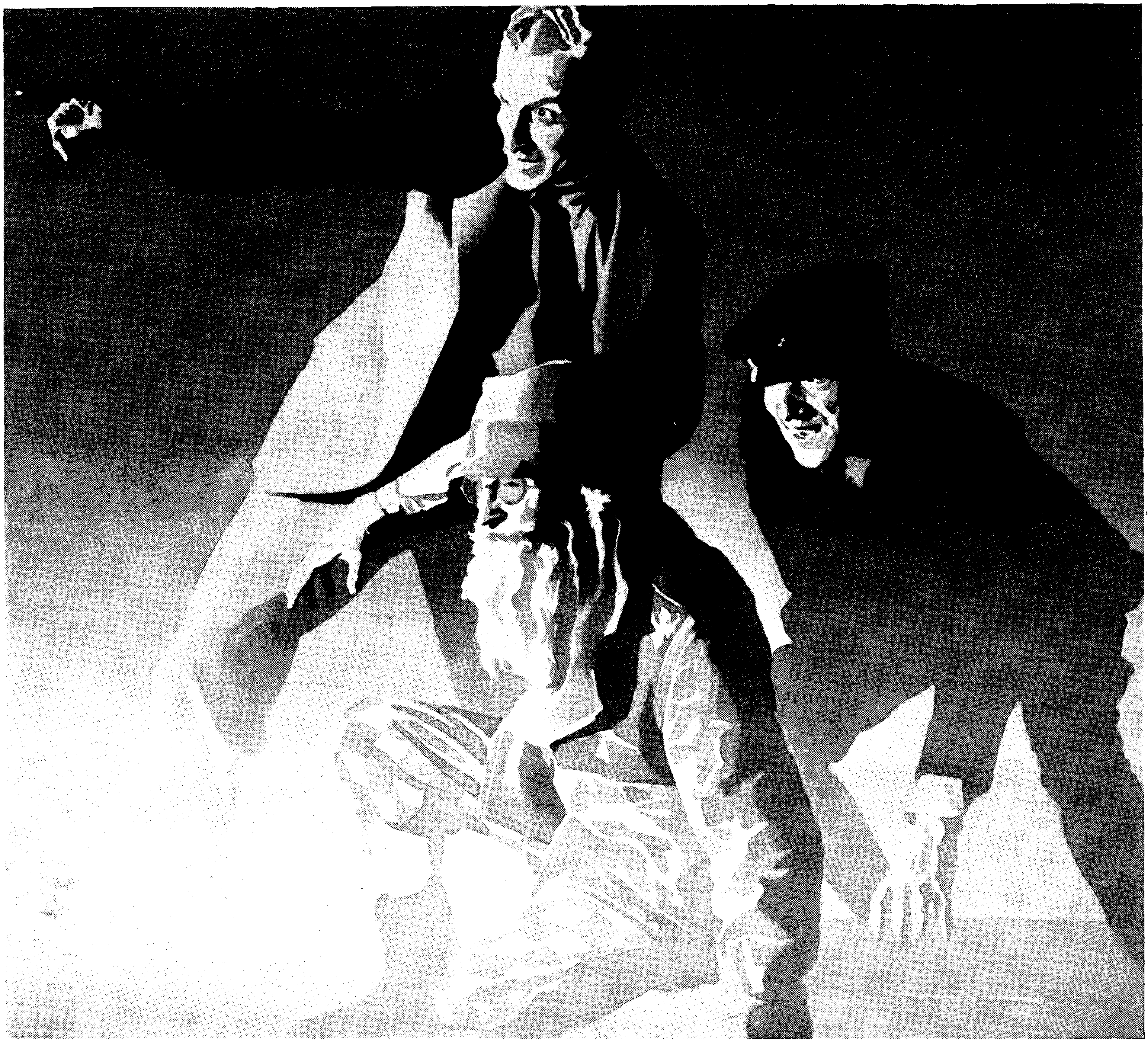
"Wait. One night the nephew comes to see this rather terrifying old lady. She has a jewel safe in her wardrobe and she asks him to unlock it. She keeps the key under her pillow. He does so, and he checks the contents with her. All correct. She is laboring under an impression that someone plans to rob her. She is pacified, however; asks him to pour out a glass of water and to set her sleeping tablets handy. He does so, and goes—so he says. No one saw him leave. He lives near by."

Bazarada paused, staring at me and smiling his tight-lipped smile. He seemed to expect some comment. Since I made none, he went on:

"Nobody disturbs the old lady until next day. They have orders never to do so unless she rings. The maid, entering in the morning to draw the curtains, gives one loud scream and collapses. The butler rushes up. A most brutal murder has been committed."

"Buzzy—"

"Wait, Maurice! You've got it now—but let me go on a bit farther: I want to review the facts in order. With a silver candlestick which always stood beside her at night, a candle burning in it, she has been battered to death. The candlestick has disappeared, but almost certainly it was the weapon used, and the murderer has taken it away because he fears that finger-



Bazarada became transformed. He sprang to his feet. "Quick!" he cried. "All into the car! We're not through yet." I dashed to the car. The injured naturalist sprang up and ran after me

prints on its bloodstained surface will betray him. The jewel safe is stripped. But I can see you are familiar with the case. Go ahead, Maurice. The details are probably fresh in your memory."

"Of course they are!" I exclaimed. "The murder of Lady Frances Brayde at Deep Copley in Devon! Applin, the American murderer, old Lady Frances' nephew, had tried to substitute some tablets, stolen from the surgery of a local doctor, for those which his aunt used. She detected him; and to silence her he resorted to violence. He was a very powerful fellow. I remember clearly; I have notes of the evidence."

"Thought you would have," Bazarada murmured.

"The rifling of the safe was merely a blind. He came into eighty thousand pounds under her will. It was the doctor's evidence which showed that the tablets could easily have been stolen by Applin, a friend and frequent visitor, which clinched the case for the Crown. This, and the fact that Applin built a roaring fire in his workshop the same night. Burning his bloodstained garments, of course!"

"So it was assumed."

"The doctor—whose name I have forgotten—"

"The doctor's name was Eakin," Bazarada told me.

"That's it, Dr. Eakin—gave his evidence with reluctance, as the two were friends. Applin was a crazy young scientist, and hard up—"

"Inventor of the Applin stratolobe."

"Yes; which he could get no one to back. Oh, of course I remember the murder at Deep Copley! Applin's story was as you have told it, but the evidence against him was overwhelming. The jewelry was never traced."

"NOR the bloodstained garments and the candlestick. All the same, the Crown secured a conviction; it looked a clear enough case, but the evidence being purely circumstantial, following an appeal, the death sentence was commuted. Well, here's a thing you don't know, Maurice: Mary Applin, the convicted man's wife, never believed in his guilt. She went to work to trace that missing evidence—"

"But they had no money."

"I agree. But Mary Applin before her marriage was Mary Regan: she's Ned Regan's niece. Regan came over and took up the investigation. He's waiting for me at the Savoy Hotel at this very moment."

"What does he want you to do?"

Bazarada stood up, pursing his lips.

"He's traced a missing witness. This witness lies dying—it's the boy, Ben Uggleston, who used to do odd jobs in the garden at Deep Copley. He never appeared in the case. He was never called. He's practically wild and sometimes lives on the moor for weeks together. He's half-witted and stubborn as a mule. He rarely speaks. But he has dropped certain words which have convinced Regan that he holds a clue to the real murderer."

"What? You think Applin is innocent?"

Bazarada nodded solemnly.

"I am almost sure of it, Maurice. Mark Applin, it seems, always had the power to make Uggleston talk. The boy has intimated that he'll tell Applin all he knows. To everybody else he is dumb. But Uggleston can't be moved and the authorities won't let Mark Applin come to see him. Time is precious. Let's be going."

"But," I said, what does Regan want you to do?"

"He wants me to bring Mark Applin to interview the boy."

"Where is Applin?"

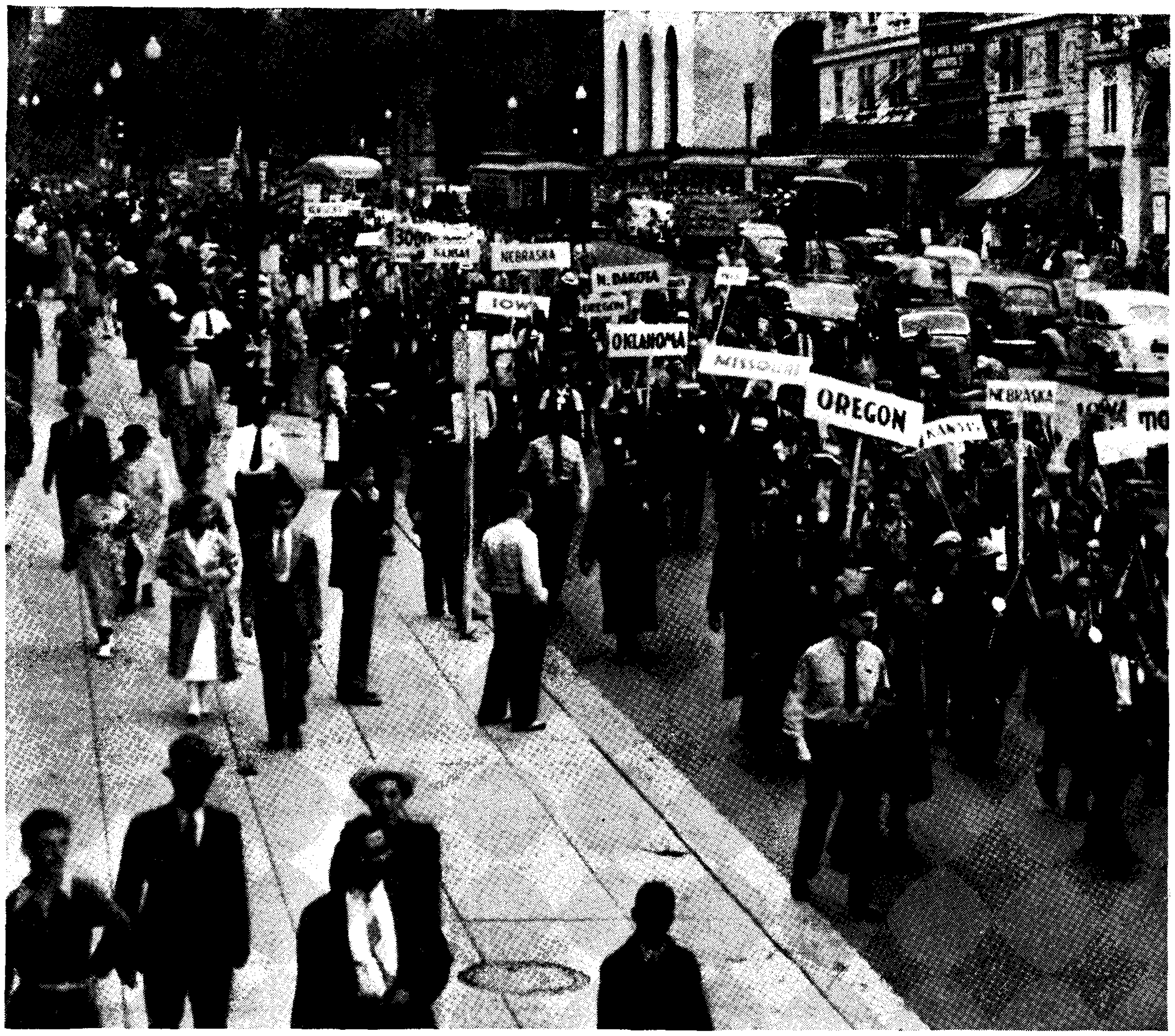
"He's on Dartmoor. Life sentence."

Pacing the floor of a room *(Continued on page 59)*

Loyal Sons of WPA

By Walter Davenport

The Workers Alliance stands on a simple, straightforward platform—constant relief and plenty of it. Though a little wobbly at the joints, the organization is national in scope and is developing the earmarks of a promising pressure group. As such it commands political sympathy—especially that of its godfather, Harry Hopkins



PICTURES, INC.

THE meeting didn't get interesting until adjournment. Because there had been so many varieties of jangling talk and so many unbuttoned theories flapping around, Mr. Dave Lasser and his immediate associates in the directorate of the Workers Alliance had decreed that future rallies of WPA employees should be a little more conventional. And Mr. Lasser, an engineer, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, by training an orderly man, was quite right.

Therefore, this meeting lacked the rudderless dash, bang, wallop and wahoo of earlier sessions of the Alliance which, because everybody present insisted upon destroying not less than an hour denouncing capitalism, never formally adjourned but merely collapsed from exhaustion. And now the Alliance's deliberations looked like and almost listened like a pre-bonus session of the American Legion. Or a get-together of disorganized Southern Democrats bent on harmony or something.

Under the new order, the coldly mathematical Mr. Lasser in almost full control, the Alliance's meetings started on the track and kept to the track most of the time. It was decided that WPA should become a permanent function of the federal government, that more people be enrolled by WPA at larger wages and that laws be urged making it illegal for the government to force Alliance members to take private-industry jobs against their better judgment—anyway their judgment. On these practical fundamentals the Alliance is founded. It has incidental and interrelated ambitions, of course. But for the time being it has no further aim than to organize three or four million men and women—WPA enrollees, ex-enrollees and persons who would like to become enrollees by quitting hard-driving, profit-minded private employ and finding security on the pay roll of that gentler, kindlier and politically amenable boss, the government.

In the early days of Mr. Lasser's Workers Alliance, before it gobbled up a score of rival random-witted organizations of the unemployed, Mr. Lasser, too, was a bit inclined to breast-beating, table-thumping and we-demanding. Unlike too many gentlemen in his field, he took kindly to advice, some of which came from sources he was intelligently bound to accept. For example, from Mr. Aubrey Williams, first adjutant to Mr. Harry Hopkins, head man of WPA. Once when Mr. Lasser's Alliance was filling Washington with its marrow-freezing screams and staging sit-down strikes wherever there was room for their haunches, Mr. Williams reproached them with an appeal for patience. Only four words of that gentle chiding remain fresh—"Don't embarrass your friends."

It cannot be said that Mr. Williams' appeal to Mr. Lasser revolutionized the Workers Alliance. Yet it was he who made it clear to Mr. Lasser and his staff that the Alliance's hopes of political longevity, fame and fortune were of necessity dependent upon the continued health of Mr. Hopkins' organization.

You may not love Mr. Hopkins but don't foolishly underrate his abilities. Mr. Roosevelt has no lieutenant with greater organizing ability, more political savvy, larger ambition or keener, shrewder knowledge of what he ought to do with his own life than Mr. Hopkins.

PICTURES, INC.

Dave Lasser presenting the case for the Workers Alliance to a sympathetic listener, Harry Hopkins

CALIFORNIA

Two thousand representatives of the Workers Alliance parade through the streets of downtown Washington

And very few as clever. That is why Mr. Hopkins' political advice is more welcome today in the White House than even Mr. Farley's.

However, to borrow a pinch of Mr. Hopkins' genius for orderly procedure, let's get back to the epilogue of Mr. Lasser's conventionalized meeting. When the dissolving gavel fell, the audience broke up into groups, none of which was completely in accord with its neighbor. Each devoted itself to some favored cause—causes which had no discernible relationship to the frank aims of the Alliance but which were natural embarrassments to the Alliance's more adroit friends.

Here one mingled with a group which was nominating either Mr. Hopkins or Mr. John L. Lewis for President of the United States. Of course there were differences of opinion. Mr. Hopkins was regarded by some as lacking in robustiousness, as an ambitious pink social worker without a punch. But Mr. Lewis, despite his recent setback in the Little Steel country, was a slugger, a pulverizer, a bone crusher. Mr. Lewis looks like revolution. The anti-Lewis element advised their opponents to read history and there learn that the guile of a Talleyrand always eventually overcame the bellow, blurt and bash of a Napoleon.

The Alliance Has Few Heroes

Another group was whooping it up for Mr. Leon Trotsky. Beyond, a young woman was exhorting an audience to "give of your crumbs to our comrades of the Spanish Republic" and to picket somebody. Everybody advocated picketing somebody or something. Mr. Lasser's meeting was over, you see. The scatter-gun barred from the new-order meetings was blasting away outside instead of in. It was much more fun outside.

We heard Mr. Roosevelt cheered and booed, the American Federation of Labor booed but not cheered and when someone for some reason introduced the names of Herbert Hoover and the American Legion the bottom fell out of the assemblage's self-control. Mr. Hoover is not the Alliance's hero. However, this unexpected whimsey from the Workers Alliance need not be taken too much to heart by Mr. Hoover because the Alliance's membership has very few if any common heroes. Having lots of time to spend in almost universal denunciation, they put their curse upon the Supreme Court, Mr. Hitler, Japan, England's plans for Palestine, the Irish Sweepstakes, Mr. Girdler of Republic Steel, Mr. Mussolini of Italy and, among any number of men and things, the great state of Alabama. Mention of the latter prompted someone to offer "resolutions of encouragement and fraternal handshake to our colored brethren of that benighted state." As far as we were able to learn, nothing much came of that resolution because a stronger voice demanded that WPA headquarters be picketed at once. And large numbers of the audience departed forthwith to see about it.

To the ear all this was mildly suggestive of a CIO recruiting rally. But your eyes would be quick to understand that there the short parallel ended. What you hear where WPA enrollees gather is radical. But when you study the faces and bodies you see at an Alliance meeting in a big city you begin to understand what Mr. Hopkins means when he assures you that government relief is a permanent thing. You begin to gather, too, some of the reasons why, with industry recuperating from the vapors, employment figures on the rise and money circulating freely, relief rolls and relief demands are climbing too.

At labor gatherings you behold a belligerency which is aggressive. It is roughly shouted by rough guys. Behind them is their own assurance. Their morale is stout. They are workers in deed, not merely by courtesy of class designation. They have jobs, most of them skilled, and are fighting for better jobs, or the close equivalent—better working conditions and pay. They are producers, producing wealth. They are young in spirit if not always in years.

There is something mentally and perhaps spiritually inert about the WPA crowd or the Workers Alliance meeting. Their belligerency is static. Their protests are feeble even when loud. They lack concentration, aim, self-direction. They lack the forthrightness of the labor union crowd. Their eyes are sullen, not challenging. Their demands are defensive, not aggressive. Hysteria is always at their elbow. Relief has become to them a vested interest to be protected by force if need be or at least by organized political pressure just as the millowner, the banker, the farmer and the merchant defend their holdings. We're speaking of course of Hopkinsmen in general, not as individuals.

At the present time the vast majority of relief recipients and workers on WPA projects are of the unskilled labor class if, indeed, they were workers at all before the depression. The average age, waist measurement and gullibility of the reliefeer are greater by far than what you see at labor meetings. More than 800,000 of the 1,600,000 people on WPA are forty-five years old, or more. The oratory is much wilder, looser and more pointless. The reliefeer, organized or unorganized, will listen to anybody. If the orator is in favor of more and better relief his audience is for him, even though he has all the mental processes of an infuriated June bug.

Lay the situation to whatever theory you like best—the speed-up system, the machine age, depression decay or a newborn class consciousness of the ineffectives, the underprivileged and the unwanted—or a combination of all of them, the results are clear. Mr. Hopkins' WPA is in all probability destined for permanency. Whether it will be conducted on sterner lines is something you'll have to wait to learn. Mr. Hopkins is spending at least half his time building toward permanency. He believes, and with ample reason, that the federal government must spend a billion dollars or so every year providing jobs for those who, for whatever reason, will not be absorbed by industry. He believes that federal jobs will ever be awaiting those who lose their private jobs, whether it be their fault or not.

Money for Anyone Who Needs It

WPA, as Mr. Hopkins sees it, is to be an ever-present help in time of need. His argument is economic as well as humanitarian. Like Doctor Townsend he believes that federal grants will delay and soften depressions by creating buying power.

An unstoppable something has been started. Mr. Hopkins assured us that he is in no degree concerned in why a man or woman is poor or jobless. His job, as he sees it, is to be the almoner of the jobless, whatever their cause or degree may be—the inept, the unfit, the handicapped and even the bum. And he foresees the inclusion in his clientele of those too young to work and those too old to work. In Mr. Hopkins' estimation, the real WPA has just been born. You are invited to stand aside and watch it grow.

Such arguments, even before well-disposed congressional committees, would not further Mr. Hopkins' plans to any great extent. To win a billion or so annually out of a federal treasury which is losing weight too rapidly for health's sake requires more than a sob story. Therefore, between reports of good deeds done, inspections of new civic beautifyings and conveniences, and sociological speeches, Mr. Hopkins is building his political barricades. And he is manning them with voters—lots of them.

These defenders of Hopkins Land we have already mentioned—the WPA enrollees who still have their jobs, those who lost their jobs in the recent layoffs and want them back again and those who aspire to the WPA pay roll.

We have been told a number of times by various and sundry relief officials that the average WPA enrollee would prefer private over public jobs. Such noble statements are as impossible of proof as of disproof. We didn't gather much encouragement talking to members of Mr. Lasser's Workers Alliance. And we got very little substantiation from WPA enrollees who were not members of the Alliance. It was very interesting.

Why Try for Private Jobs?

Quite a few WPA enrollees told us that they were convinced that private industry had no place for them. Some said that they had lost hope of ever getting private employment of a higher or more remunerative grade than odd jobs, occasional common labor jobs or handy man posts at two dollars a day. Therefore why try? Their future was in membership in the Workers Alliance or some similar union—and WPA. Others told us that they would fight for WPA jobs and enlist in any political movement to perpetuate WPA "as a means to force private employers to come across directly or indirectly."

If, they argued, private employers of common labor thought to save money by refusing to pay "a living wage" they were mistaken. Such "enemies of the workers" would be taxed out of the money they proposed to save.

"Through WPA we'll get it anyhow," said one of these.

In view of all this, Mr. Lasser's Workers Alliance is regarded indulgently by Mr. Hopkins. Until the Alliance becomes somewhat more important numerically and until it has shorn itself of the popular suspicion that it is more concerned in encouraging Socialist and Communist activities than in the true welfare of the unemployed, Mr. Hopkins will not bestow upon it more than his benign tolerance. Nevertheless, the Alliance's potential worth to Mr. Hopkins' plans is too valuable to antagonize.

If Mr. Lasser has any dependable idea of the Alliance's membership, he guards his secret well. He estimates his membership at nearly nine hundred thousand with an average dues-paying enrollment of 250,000. In the larger

(*Continued on page* 70)

THOMAS

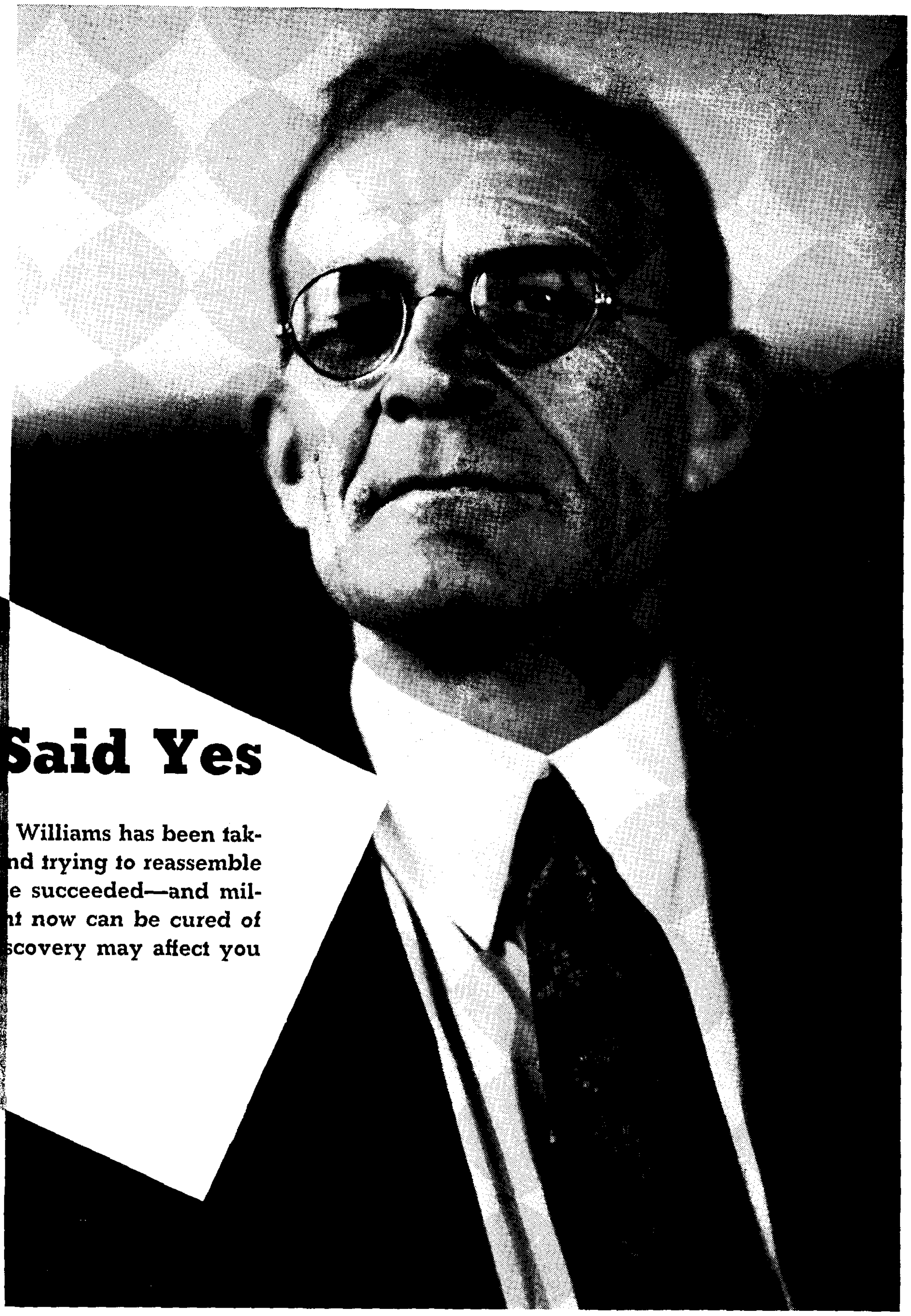
One of the small-city Workers Alliance organizers, Harry Snyder, a WPA foreman in Des Moines, Iowa

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

By J. D. Ratcliff

The Rats Said Yes

For twenty-five years Robert R. Williams has been taking tiny bits of bran apart and trying to reassemble them. A few months ago he succeeded—and millions of people in the Orient now can be cured of beriberi. Here's how his discovery may affect you



Robert R. Williams, whose discovery of vitamin B1 offers hope to millions of beriberi sufferers

IN TONDO—the slum district of Manila—a young American scientist held a sick baby on his lap. Its face was blue enough to make one think it had been poisoned with cyanide and its mouth emitted spasmic gasps—voiceless crying. Its larynx was paralyzed. Neck veins throbbed and the suckling infant's heart fluttered wildly.

A crazed, helpless mother, crouching on the bamboo floor, looked on with wild-animal eyes. She knew what to expect: her baby would be dead within forty-eight hours. She, like nearly every other woman in Tondo, had seen that happen scores of times when women suffering from the sore-leg disease—beriberi—insisted on having children. The medicine the white doctors brought didn't help.

What the young man did next wasn't cricket. A chemist, not an M. D., he wasn't supposed to give anyone medicine. But he took a chance. Down the gullet of the nearly dead baby he forced a few drops of brown syrup he had made.

With dramatic suddenness disease symptoms began to clear. Color came back into the baby's cheeks and that awful throbbing of the neck veins stopped. Its heart settled into an even, rhythmic beat and the voiceless crying ceased. His syrup appeared to be a medicine that you could administer, then sit back and *see* it work. Within three hours the baby fell asleep.

When the young chemist got back to the Scientific Bureau that night he was something of a hero. For the first time in history the new dietary substance he had purified had cleared up a case of infantile beriberi.

The happenings of that afternoon launched Robert R. Williams on a research project that kept him busy for twenty-five years; a project that is just now in process of completion. It is one of the most stirring tales that have ever come out of a laboratory.

Possibly the importance of this to anyone living in Kansas City, Boston or San Francisco may seem remote. Quite rightly it may be said that not more than one American doctor in a thousand has ever seen a case of Oriental beriberi. But they've seen *Occidental* beriberi. Possibly they diagnosed it as neuritis, or tossed it into that vague catch-all, heart trouble. But they've seen it and its cure must invariably go back to that brown syrup with which Williams dosed the Filipino baby.

Adventures in Science

After he graduated at the University of Chicago in 1908 Williams, a slender, blue-eyed youngster with adventure churning in his blood, went out to the Philippines—health's poorhouse. For a few months he taught school on Negros Island, then he moved over to Manila to a job in the Scientific Bureau.

Natives regarded the Bureau, housed in a spotlessly clean white building, with considerable mistrust. It was constantly issuing troublesome orders. Its men would seal up wells that had supplied good enough water for generations. And its agents made people wash their hands with "medicina" before they pawed over fruits in the public markets.

As a side line to its fight against bubonic plague, amoebic dysentery and cholera, the Bureau had to make geologic and mine surveys. It analyzed soils and checked scales of Manila merchants just to make sure they didn't mean one pound when they said two pounds. There were other duties—duties too numerous to list.

Used to variety after a few months of this work, Williams wasn't even mildly surprised one day when a young Army captain—Edward Bright Vedder—popped in and started pulling a newspaper wrapping off a quart bottle. Vedder, a doctor on the Army's board of tropical medicine, spilled a little of the bottled stuff on the table. It was, he said, rice bran. Something hidden in that bran—the Lord alone knew what—would prevent and cure beriberi.

In case Williams wasn't familiar with the disease, he could get an idea of its *(Continued on page 68)*

World Series Hero

By Quentin Reynolds

The unforgettable story of Buck Dolan and Buck Dolan's wife, a couple of big-leaguers who played the game into extra innings, and then some

THE girl reporter was very young and it was obvious that she didn't know very much about baseball. Oh, she knew about Buck Dolan—everyone in New York knew about Buck Dolan. The boss had said to her, "Go and see Anne Dolan. Get a human-interest story out of her. Ask her what it feels like to be the wife of the great hero."

Now the girl reporter was in the apartment near the Polo Grounds where the Dolans lived. She was a bit puzzled. Anne Dolan was sweet and she answered questions readily enough, but she seemed so placid! She seemed to be waiting for something—Buck, the girl reporter guessed.

She should have been very happy today. She should have been wildly excited, the girl reporter thought. Instead she just sat there, knitting. Once she arose and went into the kitchen.

"Buck likes steaks," she said, smiling. "He says that Rogers Hornsby once told him, 'There are base hits in steaks.' "

When she came back from the kitchen the girl reporter said, "I want to know everything about you and Buck. You see, you are big news today."

"I?" Anne Dolan's eyes smiled. "I'm only Buck's wife."

"Oh, but you've helped him so much. He has said that in interviews. I want the whole story of you and Buck. How did he get his nickname 'Buck' for instance? Did he play ball when he was a youngster? Then there is the story of the past four years. No one knows anything about that at all." The girl reporter smiled engagingly. "It must be wonderful to be married to the world's greatest ballplayer."

Anne Dolan looked up and a shadow flitted across her gray eyes. "Must it?" she said.

The girl reporter was puzzled. She sensed that there was a story behind that shadow in Anne Dolan's eyes. And she was right because Anne Dolan said suddenly, "I'll tell you the story. I'll tell you most of it, the important part. You know Buck and I both came from Waterloo, Kansas. You want to know how he got the name of Buck?"

Anne's eyes were soft now as they looked back through the years. She wasn't Anne Dolan then; she was Anne Goodrich and she wore a white starched dress and a blue ribbon in her hair. . . .

"YOUR ma has been looking for you, James." The girl looked pleased in her white starched dress with her straw-colored hair tied up with a blue ribbon. She swung on the gate in front of the frame house with the big porch and she added happily, "You're going to catch it, all right. You're late for dinner. And, James, look at your clothes!"

"Don't call me James." James Dolan was eight going on nine and for some obscure reason of which he himself was not even conscious he did not like to be called James.

"All right, smarty," the girl called after him as he walked up the steps. "Just wait, smarty. Wait till your ma sees your clothes and how dirty you are."

James walked into the house and the inner glow which had filled him during the past hour faded a little. His mother with arms akimbo stood looking at him sternly.

"Where's Pop?" he said hurriedly. "Mom, I gotta see Pop. I got something important to tell him."

"Look at your trousers." Her frown was ominous. "Look at your hands. And the dirt on your shirt. James, what have you been doing?"

"I want Pop. I have to tell him something, Mom." On the boy's face there was an expression that puzzled Mrs. Dolan. Men had always puzzled Mrs. Dolan. Now take her husband Jim, for instance. A good provider he was, indeed, except he did spend an awful lot of his time at that silly ball park cheering for the Waterloo Blues. He said that often he picked up a fare or two at the ball park. She sniffed. A likely excuse. Still, he did all right. Once it was with a horse and a carriage. Now he had an automobile and it did seem like he was able to carry twice as many people.

YES, men were strange creatures. There was this boy of hers now. There was some relation between him and his father that she couldn't understand. Why, on the hottest day in summer the lad would beg his father to let him help wash the car, but let her try to get him to help with the dishes!

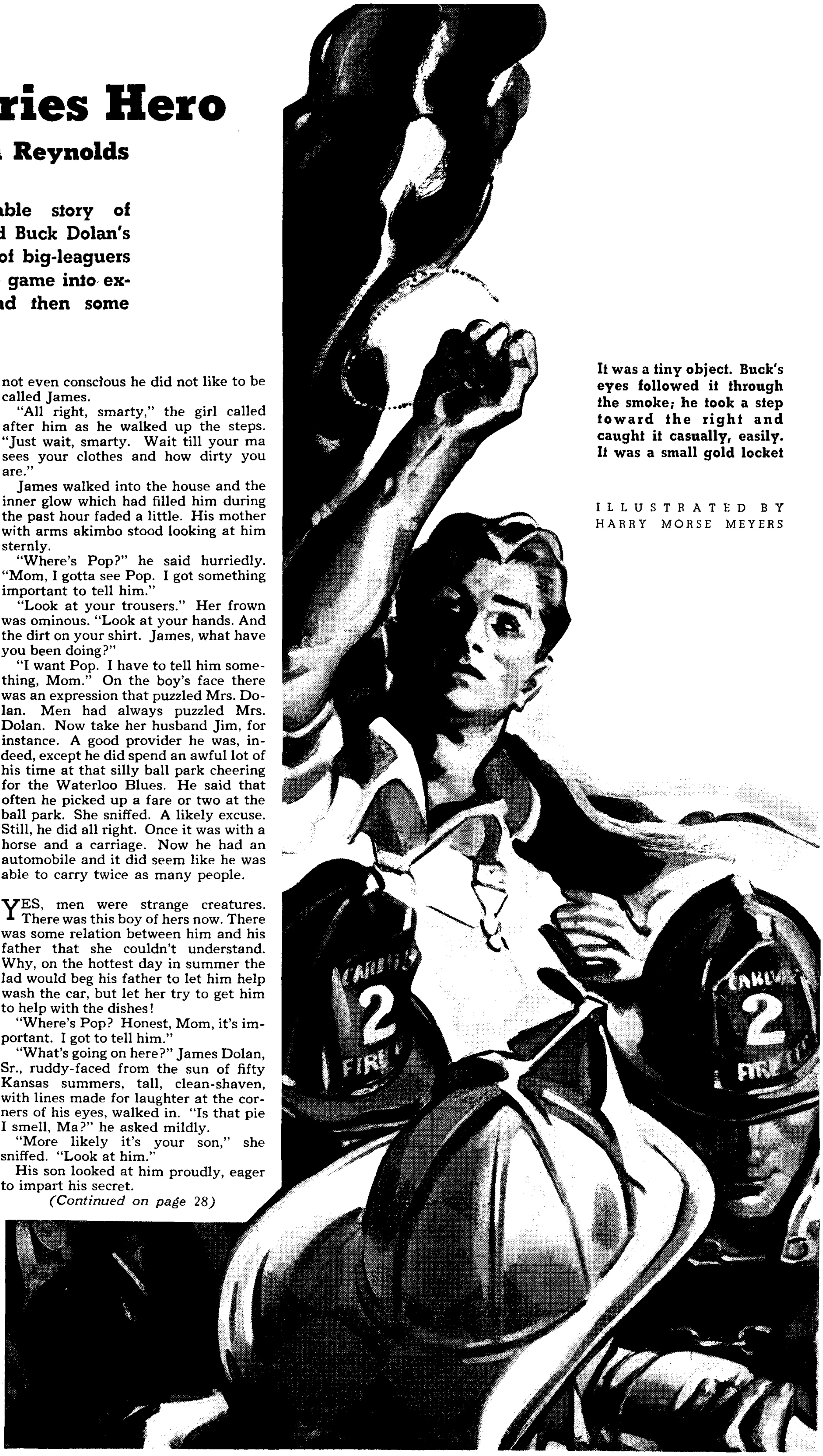
"Where's Pop? Honest, Mom, it's important. I got to tell him."

"What's going on here?" James Dolan, Sr., ruddy-faced from the sun of fifty Kansas summers, tall, clean-shaven, with lines made for laughter at the corners of his eyes, walked in. "Is that pie I smell, Ma?" he asked mildly.

"More likely it's your son," she sniffed. "Look at him."

His son looked at him proudly, eager to impart his secret.

(Continued on page 28)



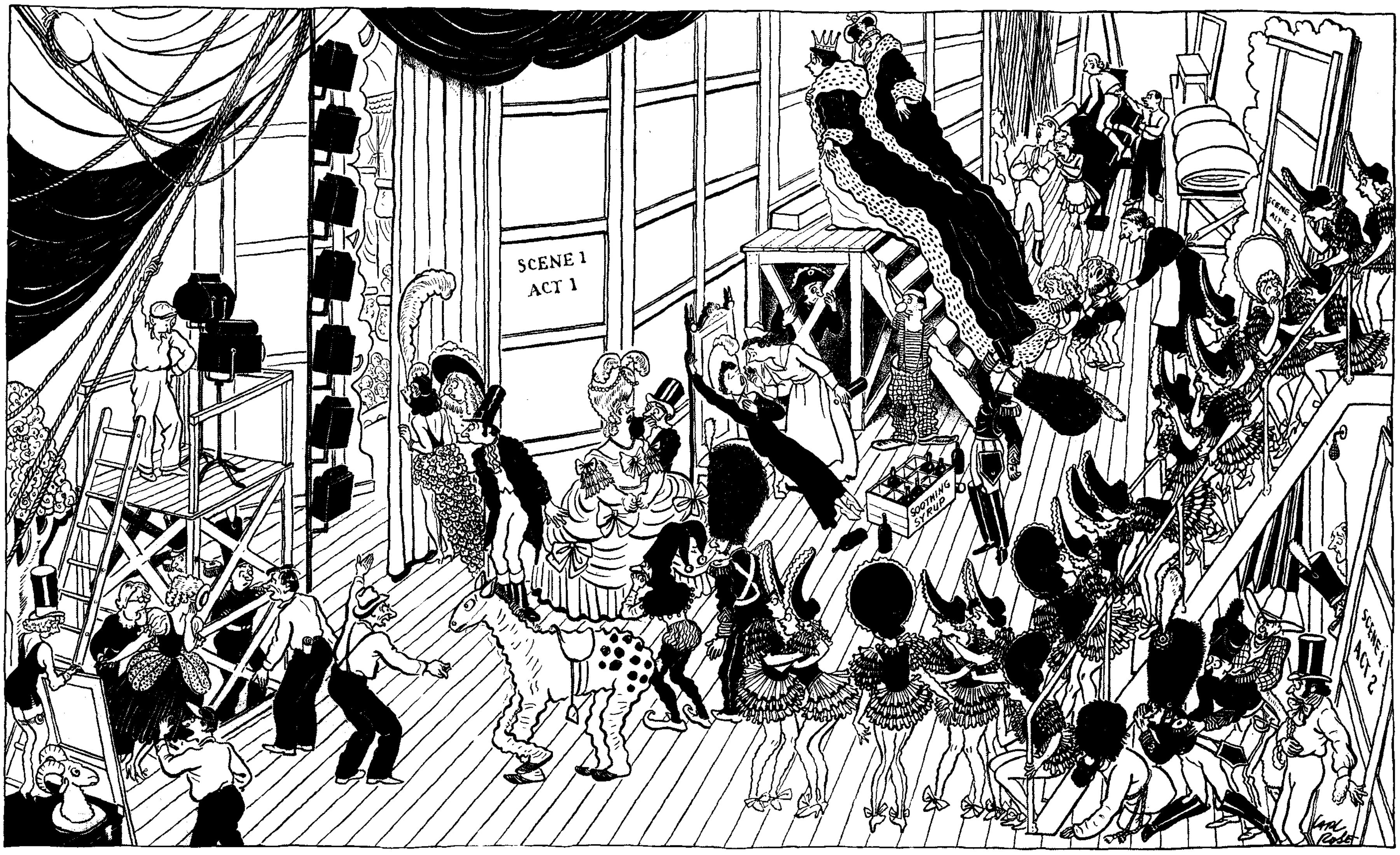
It was a tiny object. Buck's eyes followed it through the smoke; he took a step toward the right and caught it casually, easily. It was a small gold locket

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Take a Deep Breath

By Janet Lane

If self-consciousness sets you tripping over the furniture and blurting out the wrong thing, take these tips from actors and speakers who suffer the same pangs—but never show any sign of it when they step into the limelight



Some actors have attacks of self-consciousness only now and then. Others, like Caruso, continue to suffer agonies at every public appearance

EVA LE GALLIENNE had just rounded out her one thousandth repertory performance. I asked her if she had stage fright. She shuddered. "Yes. And it gets worse every year."

I went to Gertrude Niesen. "Stage fright," she said, "I should say so. Even after hundreds of broadcasts I'm as nervous as a beginner every time I step up to the microphone."

Boris Karloff's voice went spooky at the bare word. "I shudder and shake before every scene. After twenty-five years, too."

It isn't strange. Everybody's self-conscious and you can't help being extra conscious of yourself when in one more minute you've got to step out before a sea of strangers and give a brilliant, moving, and letter-perfect performance—or else!

Some actors and speakers have attacks only now and then, sudden, painful, inexplicable. Some get over the worst of it, while others, like Caruso, continue to suffer private agonies at every public appearance to the end of a long, successful career. But here's the point. They all have it—that self-conscious dread of making a bad appearance—and they all go on in spite of it.

So, if you're given to social or business stage fright, if your tongue turns to cotton when you meet your prospective in-laws or your brain turns to jelly when you outline your new promotion scheme to the sales force, take a few tips from the actors and actresses who've learned to step into the limelight no matter how they quake.

Part of their cures are physical—for self-consciousness is partly physical. Anatomically, it ties your muscles into bunches—that's why your voice comes out in odd croaks and your knees tremble when you put your weight on them. That's what makes you trip over the boss' feet and spill coffee on your hostess' best dinner cloth. Only a release from this abnormal tension will let your brain and body function normally again, and the quickest, least conspicuous way to untie the kinks is to take a few deep breaths. Not gasps from the top of your lungs, you understand—quick, gasping breaths are associated with terror and will throw you into worse panic—but slow, rhythmic, deep ones that reach all the way to the bottom of your lungs down near the small of your back. "Breathe yourself into calm" is a dramatic coach's byword, and that's what many a star is doing as she stands in the wings waiting for her cue.

Every stage and screen star has some pet relaxing stunt, something that eases her up all over before a big scene or an opening night. Jane Pickens, most famous of the Pickens Sisters, has a particularly good one. "I have to laugh at it myself," she says, "it's so simple. I just lie on the floor—not a soft bed or couch, mind you—but on the floor with my arms crossed on my chest and my knees bent so that the soles of my feet are flat on the floor. If I'm very nervous and fidgety I may stay there as long as half an hour—or do it three or four times a day before some special broadcast or appearance."

It does sound simple, but it was given her by a famous posture and exercise teacher and, like deep breathing, it works because anatomically it makes you let go all over against the hard floor until you untie all the knots in your joints and nerves.

Another thing that will help you release your physical tension is to train yourself to move slowly. Think of the most poised person you know—and you'll realize you never saw her talk or move unnecessarily fast. You never saw her scurry along the street at a jog-trot, or lunge across the room to greet a friend, or arrive panting and disheveled for an appointment. Her social confidence has not been undermined by awkward mistakes, for she takes time before she speaks and so doesn't stumble into the wrong remarks. She takes time to look where she's going and therefore doesn't bump and apologize her way through life.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, hurry is just a physical habit, a manifestation of nerves. Whether you hurry and rush because you're nervous, or whether you're nervous because you

(Continued on page 67)

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

Sundown Jim

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE hope of finding five outlaws believed to be at large in the "Pocket country" of the Silver Lode Range, Jim Majors, a deputy United States marshal, goes to the little town of Reservation. A stranger, he arrives just in time to see Ben Maffitt, a brutal bully, shoot and kill a man named Pete Riley.

When a girl (a waitress known as "Tony," as Majors learns later) runs to Riley's body and kneels beside it, Majors speaks to her and, noting that she is on the verge of fainting, insists on escorting her to her room, where another girl—Pedee Barr's daughter, Katherine—intimates that the killing was prompted by jealousy.

A few minutes later, in a saloon where Ben Maffitt and some of his friends are drinking, Majors is forced into a fight by two men. He hurls one of them into the street; the other, Brick Brand, he knocks out. Impressed by the stranger's courage, Buff Sultan (who has many enemies) introduces himself and announces that he wants Majors' help. But he declines to go into detail. The next day, Majors rides out to Pedee Barr's home. On the way, he stops at an old house where a beautiful girl, Edith Sultan, gives him directions for finding the Barrs. He notes that she seems very nervous, apprehensive about something.

Barr, an old-school Southerner, gives him a frosty reception. He makes a number of cryptic remarks; then: "If you set yourself against us, expect no charity from me." As they converse, Katherine Barr comes in. When Majors leaves, she runs after him. "I want to talk to you sometime," she whispers. "But don't come into this valley again!"

Back in Reservation, Majors has a large notice printed—a notice wherein, over the name of J. J. Majors, deputy United States marshal, it is announced that the government will pay five hundred dollars for information concerning Ed Dale and four other men who are "wanted." This notice Majors tacks on the bulletin board of Charley Chavis, the town marshal, who makes it quite clear that he does not care to co-operate with the new arrival.

But Majors has a friend: Dobe Hyde. Hyde introduces himself, gives him a cordial invitation to pay him a visit. A sly, foxlike person, Hyde makes an unfavorable impression on Majors. When he rides away, Charley Chavis gets on a horse and follows him; he is careful not to let Hyde see him.

III

MEANWHILE Majors remained in his tracks, his eyes thoughtfully considering the hotelman. He said in a speculative tone: "Broderick? Was that the name? Jack Broderick?"

The hotelman's big shape was wholly sagged in the rocker. He stared through the window, away from Majors. He said, "Yeah," reluctantly.

"Your name reminds me of something, though I never met you in the Sundown country. You stayed back in the Yellow Hills."

Jack Broderick's huge shoulders settled deeper into the chair. "I guess," he murmured, "you know me now."

"No," said Majors quietly, "I'm doing you a favor. I don't know you."

Broderick's moon-shaped face came about. "Why?"

"Put it down in the book, Broderick. A favor—for a favor. I'll ask for my favor later." Broderick started to speak, but Majors went rapidly from the lobby, remembering something. At that moment Katherine Barr walked from the store with a package under her arm and started across the street. She saw him and for a brief interval he felt the quick search of her eyes, even in the semidark; afterward she went on to the restaurant. Majors walked to the stable, saddled the big gelding and left Reservation by the road which led to the Barr ranch. Beyond town a short distance he stopped and drew aside into the black shadows of a pine tree. He waited half an hour before Katherine Barr came along, riding alone.

He said, "Wait," and cut across the road.

She advanced until she was beside him. "I think," he said, "you had something to tell me."

"Maybe," she answered. "Maybe I did."

There was a thin cut of a moon in the low sky, silver-pale and shedding almost no light along the earth. The near-by shoulders of the Silver Lode massed up a darkness that lay over them. He could see her shoulders swing and he could catch the vague outline of her features. But there was something quick and alive and stormy in this girl and it came out to stir him now, though he didn't know why.

"I'm sorry my father suggested the apology. It wasn't necessary."

"Let it stand."

SHE remained silent for a moment. The river was near by, the wash of water over its shallow gravel bed a low rumor in the dark. Wind rolled down from the peaks, steady and cold. She said: "I should like to be friendly, but I can see no chance of that. Do you know what all this means?"

"No," he said, "not yet."

She said, "Perhaps you will. You leave the impression of being able to take care of yourself. But I wonder who will tell you the story."

"Make a difference?"

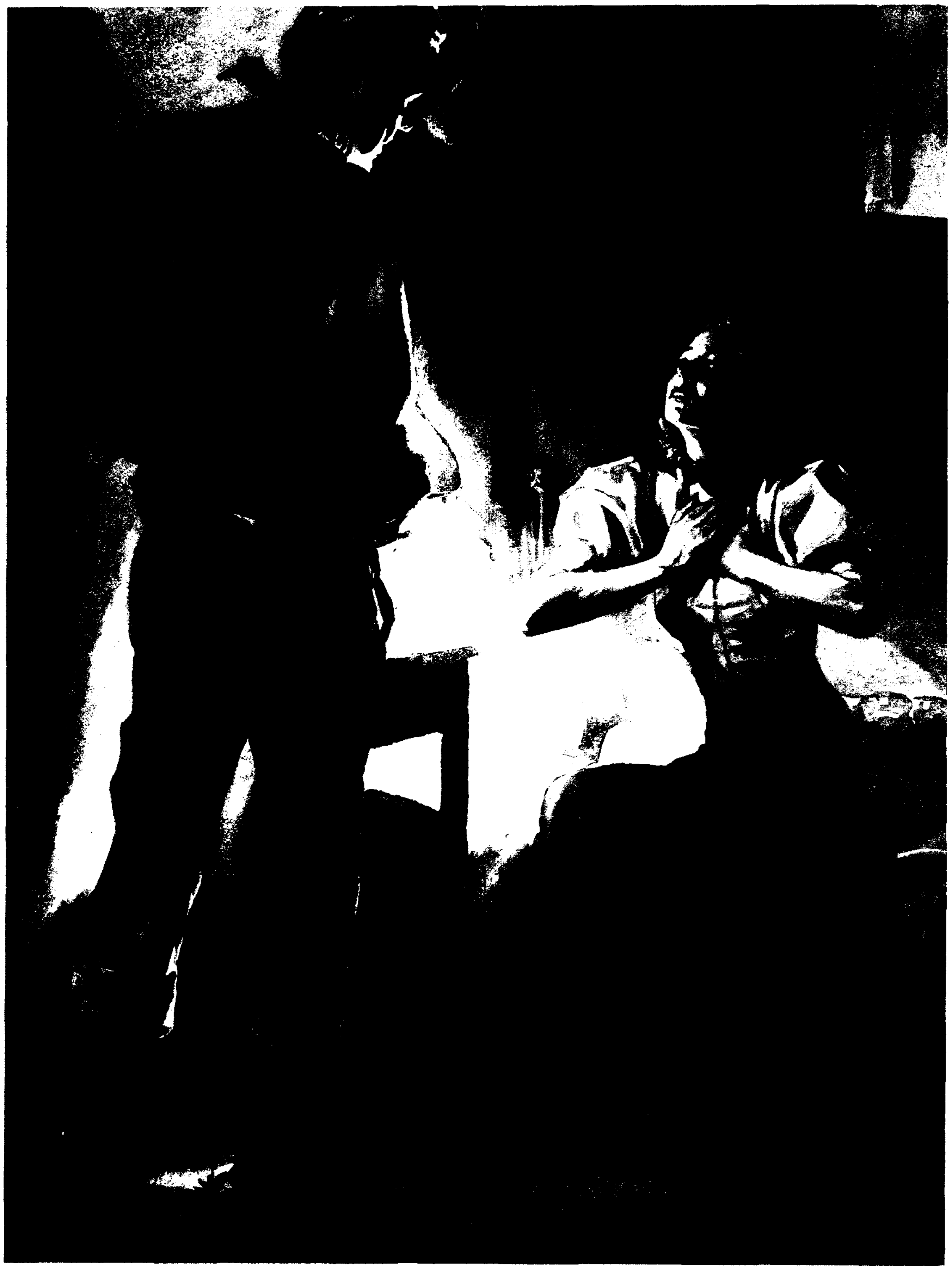
"Yes," she answered. "It makes all the difference. There are only two sides in the valley. Your information has to come from one of those sides. Whichever side tells you the story, your judgment will be colored."

"One side right and one side wrong?" he suggested.

She delayed her talk again. When she did answer it was in a slower, quieter voice: "I have not said that. I belong to one side. I believe in my people. I do not say we are wholly right, but right or wrong, that's where I must be."

"I'll listen," he said.

But she said, "No," in a voice instantly aroused, and he knew then how deeply



"Why should I care what happens to people?" she said. "Nobody cares what happens to me" she felt. The wild, partisan instinct of her family governed her life also. She added: "You must find out for yourself. I was told, in the store, what you were. That's what I thought yesterday—and so did my father. It is impossible for me to trust you, or for anybody to trust you. Do you see why? Because, whatever you try to do, it will be for one side and against the other. You may not mean it that way, but nevertheless you cannot make a single move in the valley without taking part in our quarrel. That's why we can't trust you. And if you are wise you'll trust nobody either."

He said, "I came here to get certain known outlaws. What's that got to do *with a quarrel?*"

She said, "You'll see."

"You want that quarrel settled?" he asked her.

Once more the same swift suspicion was in her talk. "It never will be settled. Maybe you think we ought to be open-minded. Maybe you think I ought to be generous enough to forgive. But my oldest brother was killed ten years ago in this fight and I know who did it—and never, never will I forgive that!"

He said quietly: "I guess it is a good thing the Lord made some women with gentleness in 'em—like the girl Tony. I like her better."

HER indrawn breath cut a thin echo in the night. He might, he thought, as well have hit her with his hand. Her shoulders swung and she slapped him *across the face, full force.* She was outraged. "Don't you suppose I feel sorry for her? It's a tragedy—but how could I help that? How could anybody help it?"

He said distinctly, unfavorably: "You are less a woman than I thought. Good night."

There was a distant rumor of a traveler, coming out of the depths of the canyon. Katherine Barr murmured: "That will be one of my brothers. He'd shoot you if he found you with me—"

"Or he might get shot," said Majors briefly. The Barr pride and the Barr assurance raked him the wrong way; it made him rough with his talk. "Your family is a little brash."

"You'll regret that!"

"I have found," he told her, more gently, "that life is largely a matter of regret. Which is about the extent of my wisdom." *He had backed his horse into* the coagulated darkness beneath the pine tree, waiting there. Katherine Barr went on at a walk. Thirty yards down the road he heard the oncoming horseman draw suddenly up. "Katherine! You'll catch the devil for traveling to town alone!"

Katherine Barr said: "Never mind, Ring." Afterward their voices faded in the distance.

Majors returned to town, put away the horse and went up to his room. He sat down on the bed's edge; and was like that, scowling over the bowl of his pipe when somebody knocked softly on the door and opened it without invitation. Tony was there. She hesitated a moment, watching his expression with the faint break of a smile softening her cheeks; and presently she stepped in *and shut the door.*

He said: "Tony, you're a little sudden."

It took away her smile and he could see the change in her pliable lips. She said, almost humbly, "Don't you ever get tired or lonely? I do."

He said, "Sit down, Tony. I'd like to ask a couple questions."

She came over and dropped to the edge of the bed. She was smiling again, her expression frank and soft—and personal. There was a sweetness in this girl that a hard-earned knowledge of the world had not destroyed. It was something that still remained, giving a faint fragrance and desirability to her.

DOBE HYDE rode into the Sultan yard and called across the dark, "Hey, Buff," and waited until the front-room light went out and the door opened. Sultan was just inside the threshold, making no target. Dobe Hyde said, "It's me, Buff. It's Dobe Hyde. Come here."

Buff Sultan walked down the steps. The light came on again in the room and Edith Sultan appeared a moment before closing the door.

Dobe Hyde said: "Listen. That new feller is a deputy marshal. Who y' suppose got him in here?"

Sultan said: "Don't know."

"Well, he's after some of Ben Maffitt's bunch. I took a good look at him. He ain't any fool."

"No," said Sultan. "He's tough."

"Well, now," drawled Dobe Hyde in his piping voice and let it go like that for a moment. Afterward he said: "Supposin' he gits some of those boys and makes it hot for the Pocket bunch? Kind of takes away old Pedee Barr's support, don't it? You see what I see, Buff?"

"Maybe," said Buff Sultan cautiously. "Maybe I do."

"Sure you do. Well, you and me ain't never done no business together before. I been a feller to play my own hand strictly. But maybe we can work somethin' out on this. Come over and see me in the mornin'." He turned back to the main road. Buff Sultan hadn't spoken and old Dobe finally threw his shrill voice behind him: "Think you'll come?"

"Maybe," said Buff, and returned to the house.

Edith Sultan said, "What did he want?"

HER brother shook his head. "Not sure. Mysterious. Wants me to drop over and see him tomorrow."

"You be careful with that old pirate."

"Sure—sure," agreed Buff. But then he said, "Where you going?" His sister had put on an old riding hat and was on her way to the door. She turned at his question, a slim, thoroughly alert girl with the lamplight heightening the color of her cheeks and catching the laughter of her eyes. Her lips showed him a pursed smile. Buff grumbled: "Hell of a time to be ridin', Edie."

Still smiling at him, she went out. He stood in the middle of the room, scowling over her departure, hearing her ride down the road to Reservation.

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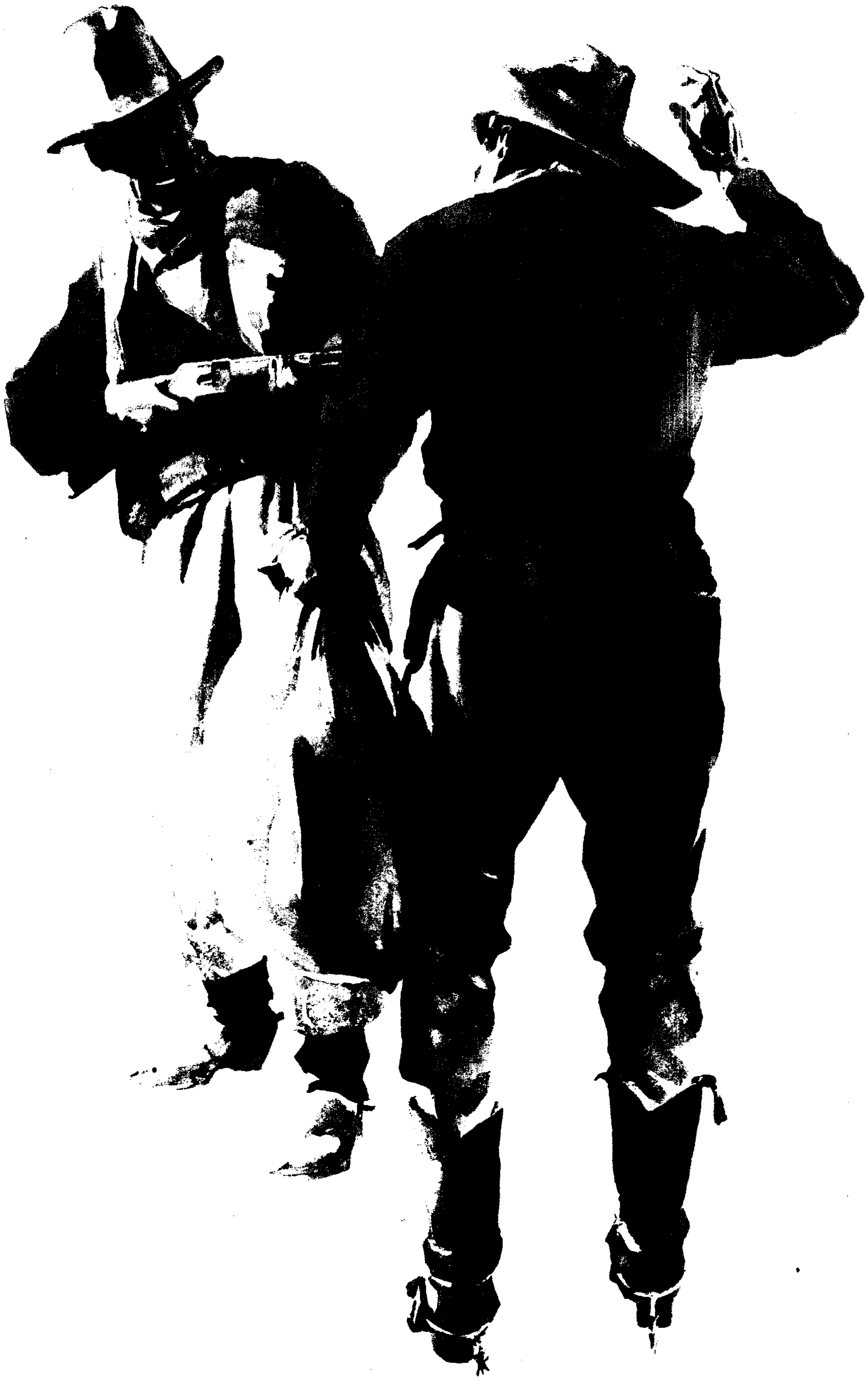
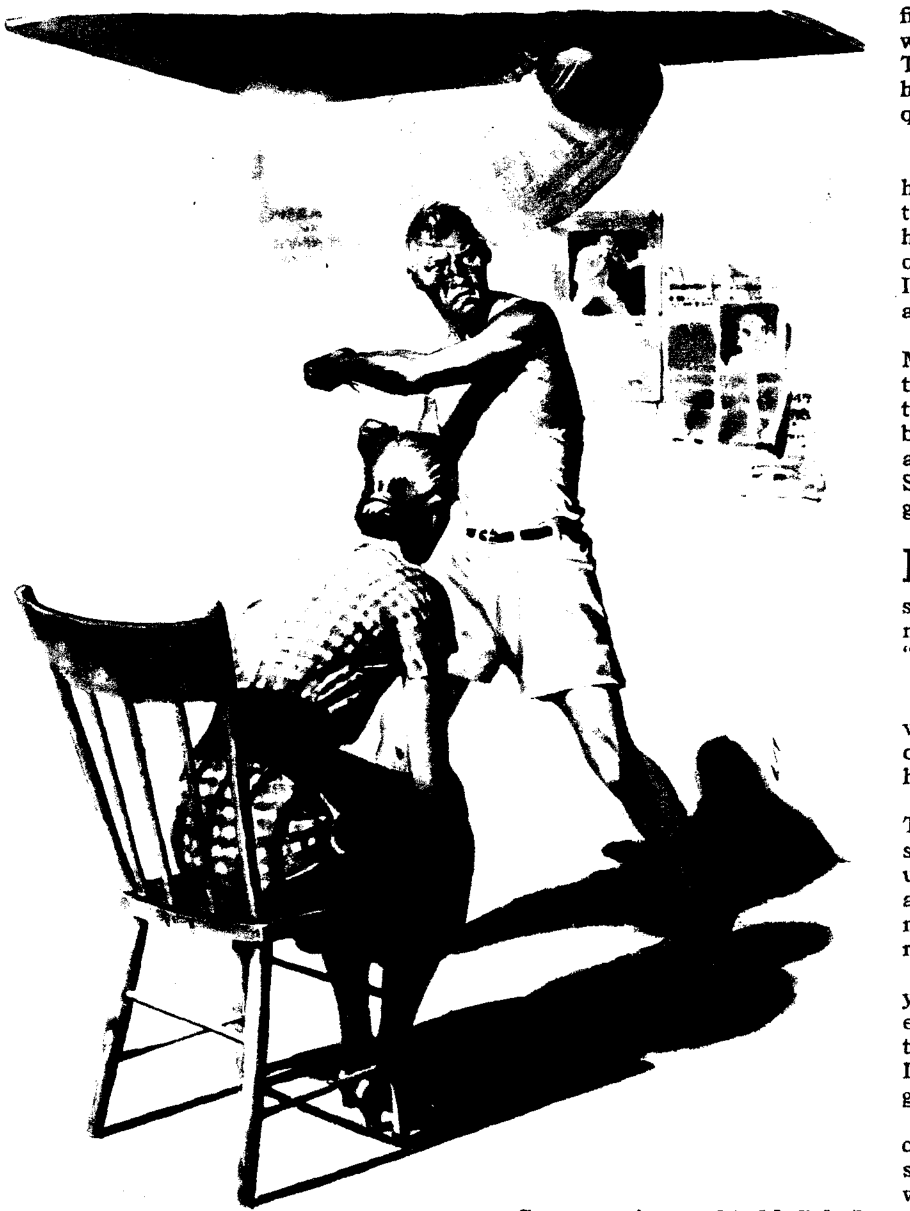


He walked on until he was only the space of an arm from Majors' gun. "Take it easy—take it easy," he grunted

McCabe's Girl

By Maurice Barrangon

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



Can you picture this McCabe? He was training every day of his life. Driving himself. Going around in a groove

HE WAS once the middleweight champion. That much I know. I've been through the records—looked at pictures taken years ago—and it's the man, all right. The same man I saw in the farmhouse that night.

It's not so easy to check on the woman. After all, she was just—his girl. So far I've found no pictures of her.

Sometimes I wake up in the night hearing that punching bag. It was the damnedest thing. You're in a farmhouse, miles from nowhere. There's snow and sleet blowing around outside. An elderly couple take you into their kitchen and sit you down near the stove, and they make coffee for you, and all the time you can hear this drumming sound coming from below. From the cellar.

It had to be a punching bag. Nothing else makes quite that sound. It's a peculiar rhythm you can't forget. I knew what it was.

Neither the farmer nor his wife said anything about it. They didn't seem to notice. For all I know, they didn't hear it. A hearty pair—I'd say they were in the sixties—and they were bound and determined I should feel at home. I began on my coffee, and I was listening to the sound, wondering about it, when it stopped. Pretty soon there were footsteps coming up a flight of stairs.

WHEN I first saw him in the lamplight, all I got was the old-fashioned turtle-neck sweater. He came in and walked across to the sink. He was about my height, and straight and slender except in the shoulders. Wide, heavy shoulders. There was a swing to him; almost a swagger.

Only his hair gave him away. Gray. And thin. At first I thought it was a trick of the light.

I remember he picked up a tumbler, filled his mouth, spat, took a few swallows. Then he turned, and he had the brightest pair of eyes I've ever seen. A leathery face, bony and thick-skinned and scarred around the eyes. A peculiar twist to one of the ears.

He came toward me. Nobody said anything and it dawned on me there'd been a hush from the moment this man had appeared. Not a word from anybody. The silence lasted too long.

The farmer spoke my name; then, "Shake hands with Kid McCabe, the middleweight champion of the world."

That's what he said. It seemed to me there was a warning note in his voice. The fighter and I shook hands and I could feel the power of his arm. He made some remark about being glad to see me, and then he said, "What paper you on?"

"No paper," I said. "I'm just a visitor. Hope you don't mind."

The old man broke in and explained the roads were bad; ice had been forming on the windshield of my car, and I'd had to stop. McCabe nodded and said, "Glad to have you," and then he told us he was going back downstairs and work two more rounds. He said it offhand, just like that. I was thinking fast, or trying to. All the time, in the back of my mind, I had an idea the name McCabe was familiar. I knew I'd seen it somewhere.

The farmer's wife hadn't spoken a word. She'd drawn off to one side. The fighter was saying something about two more rounds on the light bag; something about working up speed. I was listening to him but my eye was attracted to the doorway.

A GIRL was standing in the other room, in the dim light just beyond the door. A slender girl; a woman, rather. I couldn't tell how old she might be. She was looking at me in a calm, level way. I stared back at her and she didn't seem to mind.

I made out a woolen hat and a plain overcoat. Her dress was pink where it showed below the coat. As I say, she might have been any age; older than I'd first thought. Poised. Chin up.

McCabe finished what he had to say and started to leave. He said, "See you again," and went through the doorway. The girl turned and went with him. I heard them going downstairs.

There we were, the old couple and myself, and the place was quiet except for the sleet on the window. Not a word out of either of them. The farmer lit another lamp. Then he said, "I'll take you up, now, if you're ready."

I picked up my valise and followed him. We went through the room where the girl had been standing; through to the front hall. We were climbing the stairs when I remembered who Kid McCabe was.

I tell you it was cold upstairs in that house. The wind seemed to blow right through. The room—my room—had the slant of the roof on one side. My guide set the lamp on a bureau, and I hoped he'd come out and say something. But he didn't.

The punching bag was going again, telegraphing through the planks. I saw there'd be no conversation unless I started it. I said, "Kid McCabe was a great champion."

It seemed to me the old man was afraid. He answered in a whisper; one of those loud whispers: "Did you know he was here? Is that why you came?"

I told him I'd not even known the man was alive. That was true, though I knew by this time where I'd seen the name. Once in a while some sports writer mentions him among the famous ones of twenty years ago. A courageous fighter, from all accounts; a slugger who'd take three blows to get in one. That kind doesn't last long, and the end had been sudden for McCabe. I tried a question.

"Wasn't he hurt badly in his last fight?"

The old boy opened up, then. I think he'd been wanting to talk all along. He told me about the fight. How McCabe had hit the back of his head on the floor of the ring the last time he went down. In the eighteenth round. He'd been there and seen the fight, the old fellow had.

He rambled on, and it came out that McCabe had used this very farm as a training camp in the old days. All the time, while he was talking, I was remembering more I'd read about McCabe. And about the girl. He'd had a girl friend. She'd been at the ringside and seen him go down; seen him carried off.

McCABE was unconscious a long time after the fight; so long they were scared he'd never come around. The old man made a remark about it. He said, "Some folks might say he never did."

"You mean he's—punch drunk?"

"No. Not like that." I thought his voice was going to crack. "He just doesn't remember. It did something to his mind."

I told him I'd heard of such cases. They often can't recall some rounds. He said, "McCabe remembers everything up to three days before the fight. That's all. That's all he knows. Always three more days. He keeps on training—goes right on—"

There it was. Can you imagine? Can you picture this McCabe? Training every day of his life for a fight he'd lost twenty years ago. Working faithfully. Driving himself. Going around in a groove. Always three more days.

The old man was saying, "You'll be careful, won't you? We're scared folks'll say something. We don't know what would happen. But we're afraid."

I told him I understood. He said, "Good night," and mumbled something about breakfast at six. Then he left. I'd meant to ask about the girl—the woman I'd seen downstairs with McCabe. But he was gone. It was a long time before I turned down the wick of the lamp.

BREAKFAST was in the kitchen, just the farmer and his wife and myself. There was no sign of the fighter and I couldn't help feeling disappointed. It was still dark, but the snow had stopped and the air was clear. I started out to the barn to get my car. It was almost dawn.

There was a light in the barn, and when I got the doors open I saw him standing there in sweater and cap, one foot on the running-board of the car. I said, "Morning, McCabe," and he opened the door for me and said, "You'll be there to the fight?"

I said I wouldn't miss it and told him he seemed to be in great shape. He looked pleased; gave me a grin. He turned and motioned, and suddenly she was standing beside him, the woman I'd seen the night before.

The fighter said, "I want you to meet my girl." She simply nodded. Then she spoke, and I thought she was speaking more to McCabe than to me.

"We're going to get married," she said. "After the fight."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Appointment with Death

By Agatha Christie

The Story Thus Far:

THE grim-faced Mrs. Boynton, an American widow who is touring the Near East with her family—Raymond, Carol and Lennox, her stepchildren; her own daughter, Ginevra; and Lennox's wife, Nadine—makes it quite evident that, with the exception of Jefferson Cope (a middle-aged American who attaches himself to the party), she will not permit her family to make any friendships.

In Jerusalem, in answer to some cutting remarks made by Sarah King, a young English medical student whom she has snubbed, Mrs. Boynton makes a cryptic remark: "I never forget. Remember that. I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face!" And with that, she goes away—to Petra. Accompanied by Dr. Theodore Gerard, a noted French alienist, Miss Amabel Pierce, a timid little English spinster, and Lady Westholme (a personage with decided opinions), Sarah King also goes to Petra. Aware of Mrs. Boynton's power over her children, she is astounded (but not displeased) when young Raymond Boynton, with whom she had exchanged a few hurried words, comes to her and tells her that he loves her!

Another surprise follows quickly. While seated in front of one of Petra's caves, Mrs. Boynton suddenly dies. A natural death? Dr. Gerard does not think so. It is his theory that someone, using his hypodermic syringe (stolen and later returned) and some digitoxin, a heart poison, has murdered the old martinet! Perhaps Lennox Boynton or Nadine is guilty—they have been on the verge of separating, because of Mrs. Boynton's tyranny. Possibly the entire family, acting in concert, has poisoned Mrs. Boynton!

The law—represented by Colonel Carbury and Hercule Poirot, a detective—now steps in and takes charge. Poirot questions Sarah King, who examined the body. Next he interrogates Lady Westholme. Lady Westholme informs him that, while walking by Mrs. Boynton's cave (shortly before the old troublemaker died) with Miss Pierce, she had called to Mrs. Boynton, who had replied with a grunt! Miss Pierce (who had spent the remainder of the day walking with Lady Westholme) confirms this statement.

The next witness is Carol Boynton. She states that she had spoken to her mother shortly before her death. "She might perhaps have had a shock of some kind?" Poirot queries.

Carol hesitates. "Yes," she says slowly, "she might."

Poirot gazes at the girl. Then: "And what did you do next, Mademoiselle?"

MARIO COOPER

A strange secretive smile lifted the beautiful corners of her mouth

VII

I WENT to my tent," Carol said, "and lay down for about half an hour. Then I went down to the marquee. My brother and his wife were there reading."

"And what did you do?"

"Oh, I had some sewing to do. And I picked up a magazine."

"Did you speak to your mother again on your way to the marquee?"

"No, I went straight down, M. Poirot. I don't think I even glanced in her direction."

"And then?"

"I remained in the marquee until Miss King told us she was dead."

"And that is all you know, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes."

Poirot leaned forward. His tone was the same, light and conversational:

"And what did you *feel,* Mademoiselle?"

"What did I feel?"

"Yes, when you found that your mother—pardon, your stepmother, was she not?—what did you feel when you found her dead?"

She stared at him.

"I don't understand what you mean!"

"I think you understand very well."

Her eyes dropped. She said uncertainly: "It was—a great shock."

"Was it?"

The blood rushed to her face. She stared at him helplessly. Now he saw fear in her eyes.

"*Was* it such a great shock, Mademoiselle? *Remember a certain conversation you had with your brother Raymond one night in Jerusalem?*"

His shot proved right. He saw it in the way the color drained out of her cheeks again.

"You know about that?" she whispered.

"Yes, I know."

"But how?"

"Part of your conversation was overheard."

"Oh!" Carol Boynton buried her face in her hands. Her sobs shook the table.

Hercule Poirot waited a minute, then he said quietly:

"You were planning together to bring about your stepmother's death."

Carol sobbed out brokenly:

"We were mad that evening!"

"Perhaps."

"It's impossible for you to understand the state we were in!" She sat up, pushing back the hair from her face. "It would sound fantastic. It wasn't so bad in America, but traveling brought it home to us so."

"BROUGHT what home to you?" His voice was kind now, sympathetic.

"Our being different from other people! We—we got desperate about it. And there was Jinny."

"Jinny?"

"My sister. You haven't seen her. She was going—well—queer. And Mother was making her worse. She didn't seem to realize. We were afraid, Ray and I, that Jinny was going quite, quite mad! And we saw Nadine thought so too, and that made us more afraid because Nadine knows about nursing and things like that."

"Yes, yes?"

"That evening in Jerusalem things kind of boiled up! Ray was beside himself. He and I got all strung up and it seemed— Oh, indeed it did seem *right* to plan as we did! Mother—Mother *wasn't* sane. I don't know what you think, but it *can* seem quite *right*—almost noble—to kill someone!"

Poirot nodded his head slowly.

"Yes, it has seemed so, I know, to many. That is proved by history."

"That's how Ray and I felt—that night. . . ." She beat her hand on the table. "But we didn't really do it. Of course we didn't do it! When daylight came the whole thing seemed absurd, melodramatic. Oh, yes, and wicked, too! Indeed, indeed, Monsieur Poirot, Mother died perfectly naturally of heart failure. Ray and I had nothing to do with it."

Poirot said quietly: "Will you swear to me, Mademoiselle, as you hope for salvation after death, that Mrs. Boynton did not die as the result of any action of yours?"

She lifted her head. Her voice came steady and deep.

"I swear," said Carol, "as I hope for salvation, that I never harmed her. . . ."

Poirot leaned back in his chair.

"So," he said, "that is that."

There was silence. Poirot thoughtfully caressed his superb mustache. Then he said:

"What exactly was your plan?"

"Plan?"

"Yes, you and your brother must have had a plan."

In his mind he ticked off the seconds before her answer came. One, two, three.

"We had no plan," said Carol at last. "We never got as far as that."

Hercule Poirot got up.

"That is all, Mademoiselle. Will you be so good as to send your brother to me?"

Carol rose. She stood undecidedly for a minute.

"M. Poirot, you do—you do believe me?"

"Have I said," asked Poirot, "that I do not?"

"No, but—"

She stopped.

"You will ask your brother to come here?"

"Yes."

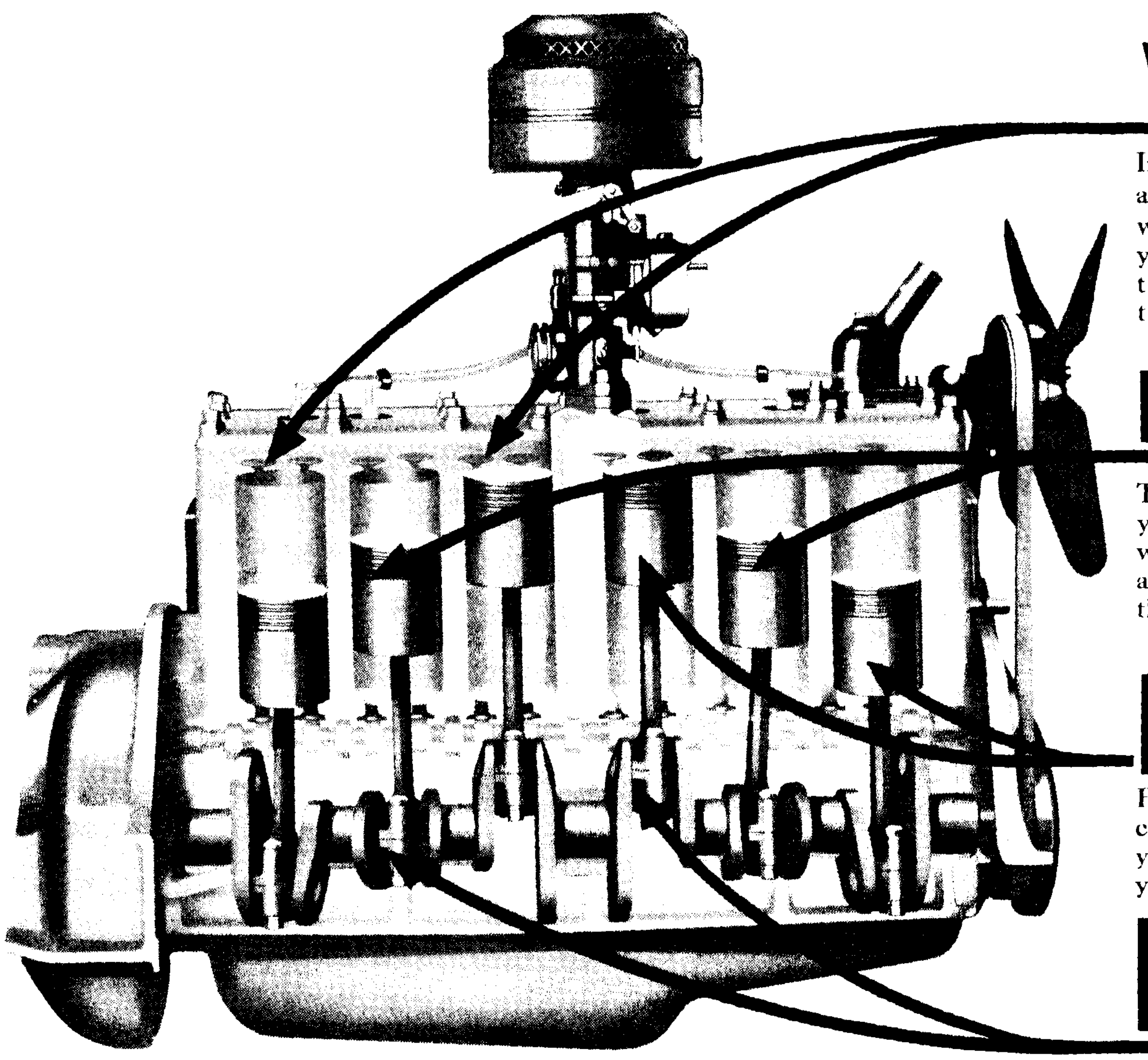
She went slowly toward the door. She stopped as she got to it, turning around and facing Poirot passionately.

"I *have* told you the truth—I have!"

Hercule Poirot did not answer.

Carol Boynton turned *(Continued on page* 43*)*

Every time you **start** your engine



valves wear

Intake and exhaust valves are constantly opening and closing. To reduce wear on their stems, which are closely fitted into valve guides, your oil must circulate the second your engine turns over—retain its protective qualities under the extreme heat of steady driving.

rings wear

To maintain compression, prevent power loss—your piston rings must fit properly. To reduce wear here and insure maximum power, you need a fast-flowing, tough-bodied motor oil . . . one that gives protection at *all* times.

pistons wear

Pistons are fitted into cylinders to extremely close limits. To cut down wear on these parts, your oil must flow fast, reach them the instant you start, yet stand up under long runs.

bearings wear

To reduce friction, bearings are widely used throughout your engine. Hence they require adequate lubrication at all times. To avoid the expense of "burned-out" bearings, your oil should flow to them the instant you start—hold its body under high temperatures.

STARTING causes more wear than all the running

Automotive engineers say that approximately three-fourths of engine wear occurs during the starting period.

Unless the motor oil you use is fast-flowing, every time you step on the starter over one hundred closely fitting metal parts rub together "dry" of lubrication.

To reduce engine wear, Shell engineers have developed a motor oil that is both *fast-flowing* and *tough bodied*...the new Golden Shell.

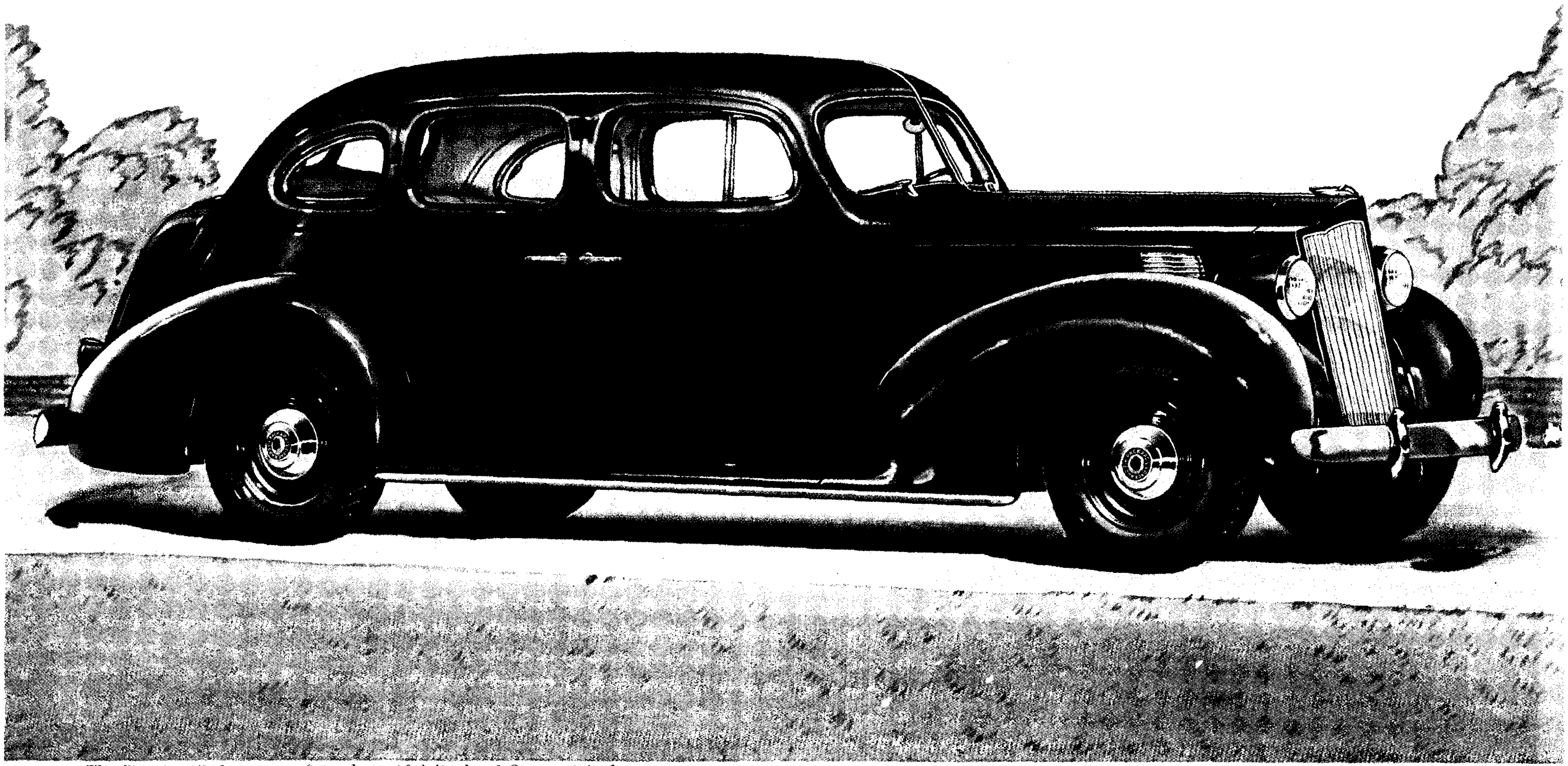
FAST-FLOWING—it cushions all moving surfaces the instant your engine turns over. TOUGH BODIED—it stands up under the high temperatures of steady driving . . . resists breaking down into sludge and carbon.

There's a Shell dealer in your neighborhood.

Golden Shell — the **new** motor oil

SHELL

Announcing the new 1938 PACKARD SIX



The Touring Sedan, one of five beautiful Packard Six models for 1938

. . . and no other 1938 ca

INTO the new 1938 Packard *Six* and *Eight* have been crowded more really sensational improvements than usually come to light in a five-year period.

Below, in all sincerity, Packard makes you a series of promises that cannot be matched by any other 1938 car, regardless of size or price.

We promise you an absolutely new sensation in riding comfort; the *gentlest* ride ever built into a motor car; a ride that actually makes bad roads seem smooth, and smooth roads seem even smoother than they are.

We promise you the surest rear-wheel traction ever found in an automobile. The rear wheels hold the road as if they were grooved there. Your Packard rounds turns as though it were running on rails, like a train. This vastly increased "sure-footedness" is the greatest contribution to safety since the advent of four-wheel brakes.

NOTE: *The foregoing promises are made possible by, not one, but THREE epochal improvements in the rear suspension. Working together, these developments produce advancements in comfort and safety that go far beyond the fondest drafting board dreams.*

We promise you that you need lubricate the new Packard *Six* and *Eight* chassis *only twice a year.* And there are only 15 points that ever require lubrication.

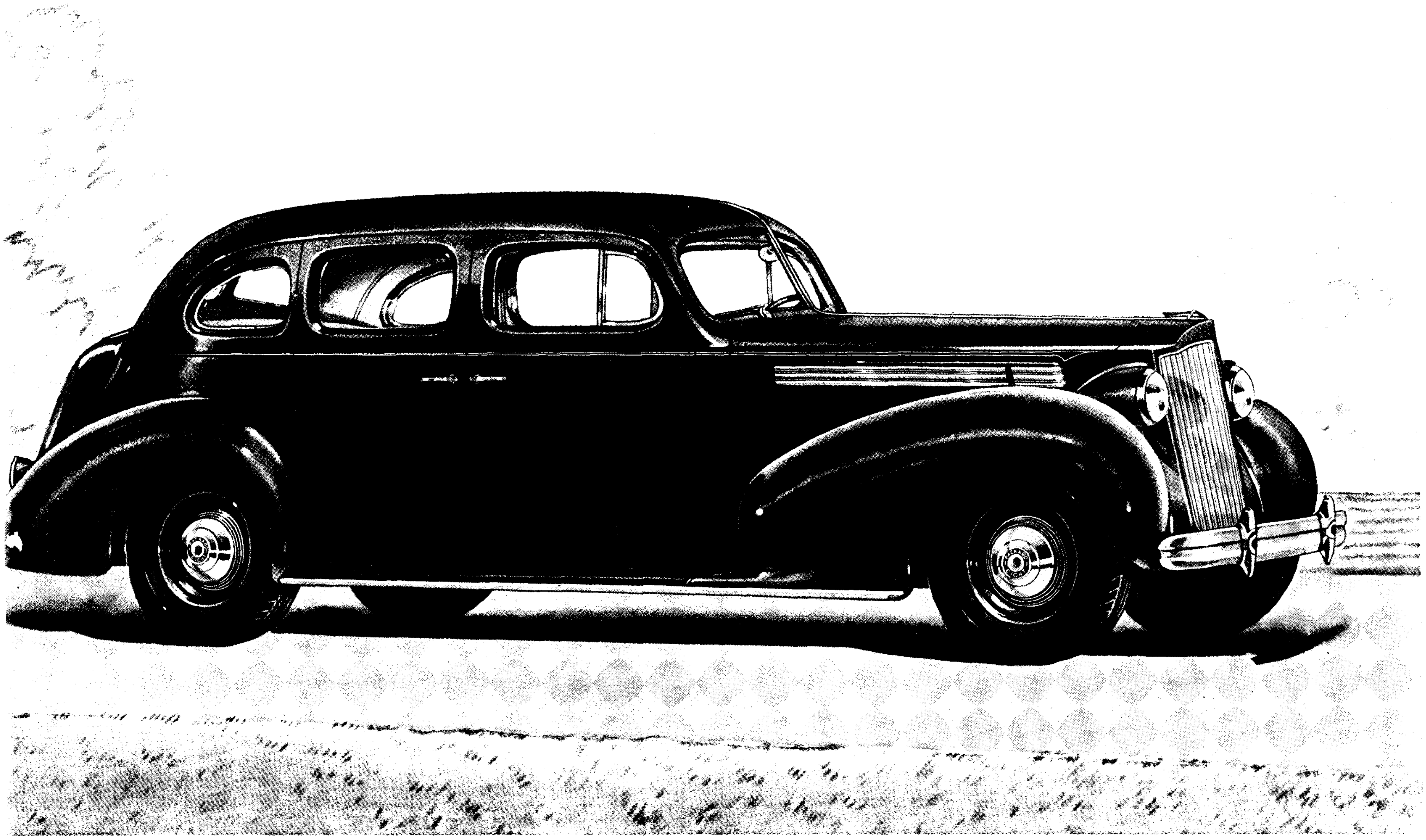
We promise you the first really quiet all-st
body with an all-steel top. Packard has discover
how to eliminate body noises in steel bodies thro
long and patient research in cooperation with a gr
University.

We promise you just about the roomiest cars
their respective prices you have ever stepped in
Bodies are far wider. The wheelbase of both t
Packard Six and Packard Eight has been increa
seven full inches. And the enlarged trunks w
hold enough luggage to carry you round the wo

We promise you two lives—long style life
long mechanical life, *and no other car can make*

Announcing the new 1938 PACKARD EIGHT

FORMERLY CALLED THE PACKARD 120



The Touring Sedan, one of the nine beautiful Packard Eight models for 1938

an make all these promises

omise. This year's Packard lines are more smartly
reamlined than ever, although they still preserve their
ckard identity, still proclaim your car a Packard, still
ard it from early style obsolescence. And Packard's
mous long mechanical life has been still further
ngthened.

We promise you that there is no pride of owner-
ip equal to that of driving the car that bears the most
stinguished name in motoring.

We promise you that no other cars can equal
ese new Packards in all-around excellence—an
cellence that could only come from 38 years of
perience in making the world's finest motor cars.

We promise that if you can afford any new car you can afford a Packard; because, your present car will probably cover the down payment, and convenient monthly terms can be arranged on the balance. And in economy of operation and maintenance these new Packards challenge the *lowest* priced cars.

So far these are only promises. All we ask is the chance to make good on every one of them. Go to your Packard showroom, and drive one of these 1938 Packards. Test it against every promise we have made. Do it as soon as you can—and we promise you the greatest motoring satisfaction you've ever had in your life.

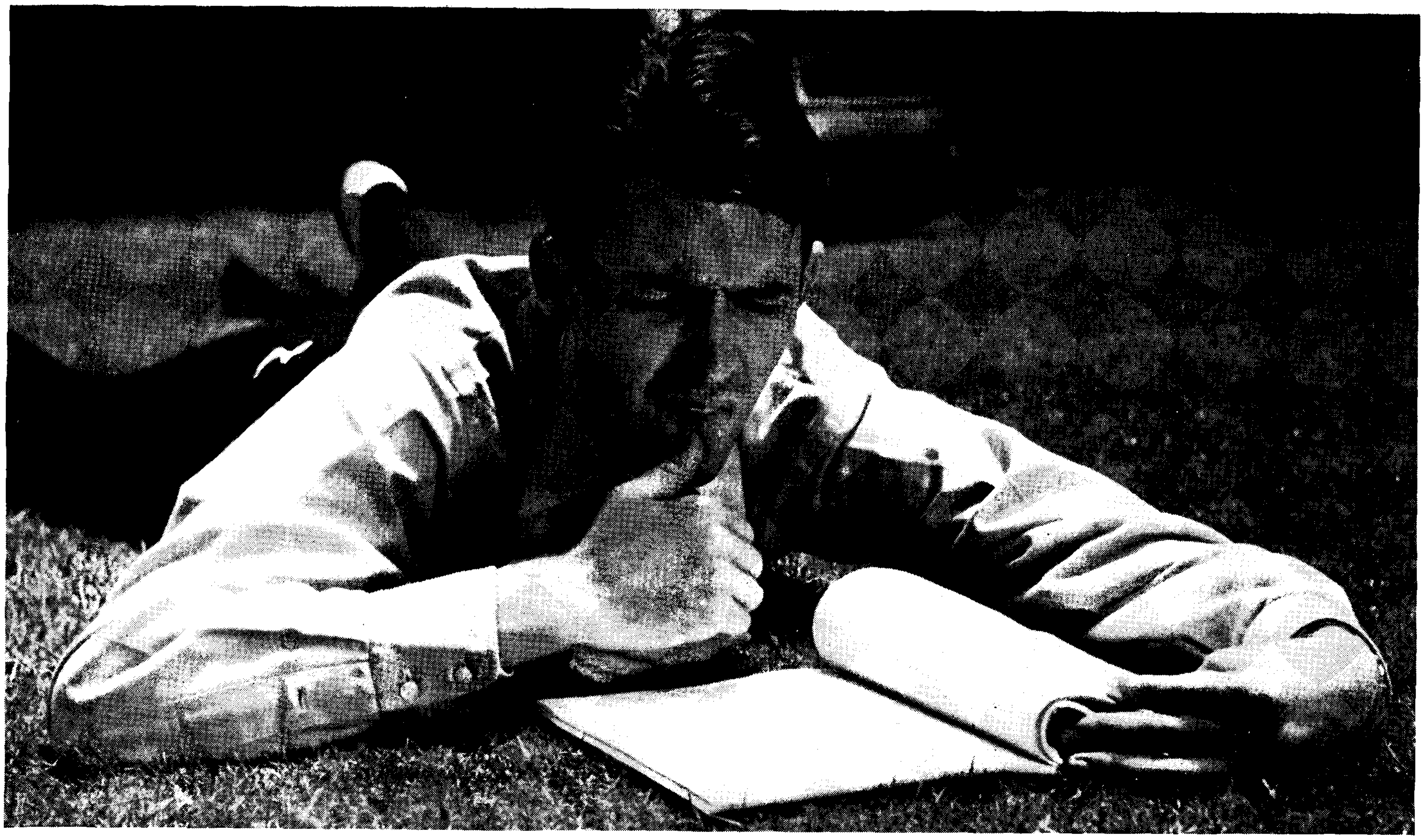
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

AND WHAT ABOUT PRICE?

Naturally, you are eager to know how much these new Packards will cost, delivered to your doorstep. May we suggest that you visit your own Packard dealer, who will give you the exact local price on whatever model you are interested in, and show you how easy it is to own one. *This much we can assure you, these new Packards are the greatest dollar value in Packard history.*

* * *

Each Tuesday night at 9:30 E.S.T. over the NBC Coast-to-Coast Red Network, Lanny Ross and Charles Butterworth have as their guest one of the topmost stars of radio, stage or screen. Don't miss Packard's big star-studded full hour show.



James Stewart, star of Seventh Heaven and hero of one of the movies' latest success stories

Blade of Beverly Hills

By Kyle Crichton

The rise to favor of Mr. James Stewart of Indiana, Pennsylvania—a new type

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL DORSEY

THE newest round-about-towner in Hollywood is a skinny young guy named Stewart whose father is in the hardware business in Indiana, Pa. Wherever you go after dark in that section of Southern California you'll see young Jimmy Stewart in white tie and tails looking like something about to ascend. He has an alert, kiddish, eagle-beaked appearance and everybody likes him. As for the ladies of Hollywood, they are standing in line.

The reason for this is obscure because Stewart is not the Valentino type nor the Clark Gable type nor the Robert Taylor type. He is the kid from Elm Street who rents the tux to go to the Junior Prom. He might be termed a cross between Buddy Ebsen and Alfred Lunt, but so long as he can keep the hearts bumping as they are now, there is no telling how he will end up in movies. His last appearance was in Seventh Heaven with Simone Simon.

Before that he was in After the Thin Man and Born to Dance, in the second of which he took chances with his audience-appeal by singing a song. It is scarcely likely that M-G-M is so dumb as to allow a repetition of that.

They still don't understand about Jimmy's being an actor in Indiana, Pa. J. M. Stewart & Co. was established in 1840 and has never been out of the hands of the family, but this business of making monkeyshines before an audience is new. They were talking about it no later than last fall when Jimmy came east for a visit.

"Nobody in this family was ever an actor," they said, shaking their heads in amazement and sorrow. After the proper silence, one of the Stewart uncles had a thought.

Hollywood looks on Stewart as a big, genial kid

"Didn't we have a fourth or fifth cousin who was in vaudeville once?" he inquired. They sat up at this and Father Stewart hit his leg after a pause and said:

"You're right! You're absolutely right." He stopped and turned around thoughtfully. "Whatever did become of that fellow?" he asked. "The last we heard I think he was in jail."

This will give an idea of the theatrical background of young Mr. Stewart, who is now the blade of Beverly Hills.

The most he did about pictures in the early days was go down to the op'ry house every Tuesday after school to see the Houdini serial.

"Hanging by the toes from Brooklyn Bridge," says Jimmy. "Vats of acid. Getting out of strait jackets."

He was so persistent about seeing Mr. Houdini that the manager finally had him ushering and eventually he was up relieving the operator in the booth during the supper hour.

The next step was when he went to Mercersburg Academy and was on the debating team which went to town on Should America Allow Japanese Immigration? Jimmy did his best but the Japanese stayed out

What got him into the Triangle shows at Princeton was the fact that he could play the accordion, having mastered the instrument in a surprisingly few easy lessons. Before it was through he had played in Golden Dog, The Tiger Smiles and Spanish Blades, which are still remembered by young ladies in places as far from Princeton as Birmingham, Milwaukee and Little Rock.

Jimmy started out to be an architect but found that he couldn't do right by his accordion when he had to be sitting over a drawing board day and night. He tried civil engineering but quit at the request of everybody concerned in the matter. So there was a little arrangement made in the way of a special course entitled Steam Engineering, which had as its favorite subject Plumbing 201. The first half year seemed soft and the second term was even softer.

"I found that we were repeating it," says Jimmy.

He also went out for cheerleader and in his senior year, 1931, was tops in his profession. In fact, he was tops in the whole stadium because that was the year Princeton beat Amherst in *(Continued on page 66)*

Headachy, Logy?... take a laxative that COUNTERACTS GASTRIC ACIDITY, too

1. Lower than a lizard's tail—that's how my usually peppy husband said he felt this morning. Mumbled about a headache. Talked about feeling dull and logy. Then a bright idea dawned on me. I gave him some Sal Hepatica—two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water—and told him severely, "Never mind what this is. Just take it." He did and . . .

2. Presto—soon things were brightening. You see, Sal Hepatica helps two ways—it cleanses the intestinal tract—quickly, gently. And it counteracts gastric acidity, turning a sour stomach sweet again. And, say, what a difference this two-way action makes! Soon, you should have seen him!—He was...

3. On top of the world! Sal Hepatica's two-way action had cleared his head, chased that logy feeling, made him feel full of pep! And when he learned what it was that had turned the trick, he agreed with me—Sal Hepatica is worth its weight in gold! "From now on", said he, "I'll remember Sal Hepatica—the laxative that counteracts gastric acidity, too."

Sal Hepatica
(ORIGINAL)
Effervescent
Saline Combination
CAREFULLY BLENDED
WELL BALANCED
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL MYERS CO NEW YORK

P. S. . . . As every wife should know, Sal Hepatica's double action helps other troubles, too. When you've a cold coming on, when you've over-eaten, or over-indulged, this mineral salt laxative acts not only as a laxative but as an acid-fighter, too. You try it. See for yourself!

TUNE IN: "Town Hall Tonight"—Full hour of music, drama and fun. Every Wednesday night—N. B. C.—coast to coast.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

World Series Hero

Continued from page 17

"Pop," he said, "don't call me James any more. You promised. You did. He told me this morning, Pop, and you promised—"

The boy gulped and then he ran toward his father and threw his arms around his waist. He hugged his father and he half laughed, half cried: "Spike told me I could hit curve balls. He said, 'Tell your father that Spike Nelson says his son can hit curve balls.' Now, Pop, you promised!"

Mrs. Dolan continued to stare in wonder but her husband was holding James tightly and running lean fingers through the dark, tousled hair. In his face there was a look that she hadn't seen since that day when he tiptoed into the bedroom to find her lying there with a son at her breast. His eyes were bright and then he said very slowly as though making a great effort to talk casually, "Sure, I promised—Buck. Come on, Buck, let's go upstairs and wash and you can tell me all about it."

"Whatever is this nonsense?" Poor Mrs. Dolan was hopelessly confused. "Buck? What do you mean calling him Buck?"

Mr. Dolan smiled slowly. "Now, dear, it's a little secret between Buck and me. From now on he will never be anything but Buck. How's that, son?"

THE boy couldn't talk. He clutched his father fiercely.

"But why? Why?" Mrs. Dolan was bewildered.

"Because this morning Spike Nelson told him that he could hit a curve ball. That's why, my dear. Now, son, let's wash up. Say, even Buck Finn takes a shower after the game."

Upstairs the boy explained excitedly, "See, Pop, the Blues have been letting us use their diamond in the morning if we come in after the game and clean up the paper and soda bottles. Well, today we had a game and Spike Nelson umpired. The first time I got up he said, 'Hey, kid, you're getting to bat more like Buck Finn every day. Maybe some day you'll be able to hit a curve ball like him.' So I said, 'As soon as you say that I can hit a curve ball my father is going to start calling me Buck.' "

"Then what?" Dolan senior was as excited as his son. Spike Nelson, groundkeeper for the Blues, had once been a good minor-league player. He knew baseball all right, old Spike did.

"Then, Pop, Whitey Barry pitched one and, Pop, I looked at it and just laughed. It was a mile wide. So he pitched another, a curve, too, and I socked it. Boy, what a sock! I got to third easy on it. Well, Pop, ask me how many times I got up and how many hits I got."

"How many times did you get up and how many hits did you get?" his father asked gravely.

"Oh," the boy said casually, "I only got up four times—and, Pop, I only got four hits! That's as good as Buck Finn could do, hey, Pop?"

"I'll say it is—Buck."

"Then when the game was over Spike turned to me and said, 'Hey, kid, tell your father that Spike Nelson says you can hit a curve ball.' "

His father smiled slowly. "You're going to be a great ballplayer, son. You're going to be greater than Buck Finn even. But let's wash. It's silly, but you know how women are."

"Pop," the boy sighed happily, "call me that again. Just once, will you, Pop?"

His father laughed and slapped him on the shoulder. "Okay, Buck," he cried. "Now let's go after that apple pie."

The girl reporter said, "He must have been a sweet youngster."

Anne smiled gently. "I always thought so. But he never saw me in those days. All he saw was baseball. His father had always wanted to be a great player but he just didn't have the natural ability. He encouraged Buck though, and in Buck's success he got some sort of satisfaction that had been denied him. Buck played at high school and then he played with the Waterloo Blues and finally—he was only nineteen—he got a chance with Peoria in the Three Eye League. You know," Anne explained apologetically, "I've lived with baseball all my life because of Buck, and I use baseball terms like any ballplayer."

"And then McGraw heard about him?"

"Then Mr. McGraw heard about him," Anne corrected. "You would never call him anything but Mr. McGraw if you had met him. He was very nice to Buck. Buck was only a frightened kid, not knowing how good he was when he came to the Polo Grounds. It was during the middle of the season. . . ."

"What can you do, son?" McGraw asked gruffly.

"I can hit curve balls," Buck Dolan said.

McGraw looked at him. "I hear you can. I also hear that you're a bit weak on going back after high ones in short right field. I hear you haven't learned how to get back to first after grabbing a ball hit to your right."

"I can hit curve balls," Buck said doggedly.

McGraw smiled as he looked at the boy. Buck was built solidly and his face was burned black. He had soft, solemn eyes that made him look younger than his twenty years. One strand of his heavy black hair kept falling over his right eye. Maybe that caught McGraw's attention. Matty had a thatch of hair and always some of it kept dropping over his right eye. Maybe the kid reminded McGraw of Matty, who had first come to the Giants as a first baseman.

"Sit on the bench and get to know your way around. There's only one rule in the club: behave yourself." McGraw turned away and someone gave Buck a uniform. It didn't fit him very well but the clubhouse attendant didn't bother much. Hell, the kid would be back in Peoria or Greenville or some such place within a few days. Buck took his cut during the pre-game batting practice and he didn't know, of course, that McGraw's eyes were following every move he made. He hit a few nice ones but everyone does that in batting practice.

HE WAS on the bench when the game started, feeling excited and lonely and still a bit scared. The Giants were playing the Cincinnati Reds that day and big Eppa Jeppa Rixey was having a good day against them. The Giants got two on in the fifth and Lefty O'Doul went to the plate. O'Doul was leading the league then and Buck leaned forward to watch the Irishman. But O'Doul fanned ingloriously. He came back to the bench and sat next to Buck.

He stuck out his hand. "My name is O'Doul. What's yours and what can you do?" He smiled.

"Buck Dolan, and I can hit a curve ball, Mr. O'Doul," Buck told him.

O'Doul looked at him sharply and then laughed. "I wish I could. That's all big Rixey has but all I'm getting today is a horse collar. And listen, kid, none of that 'mister' business around here. Look what's written on your shirt."

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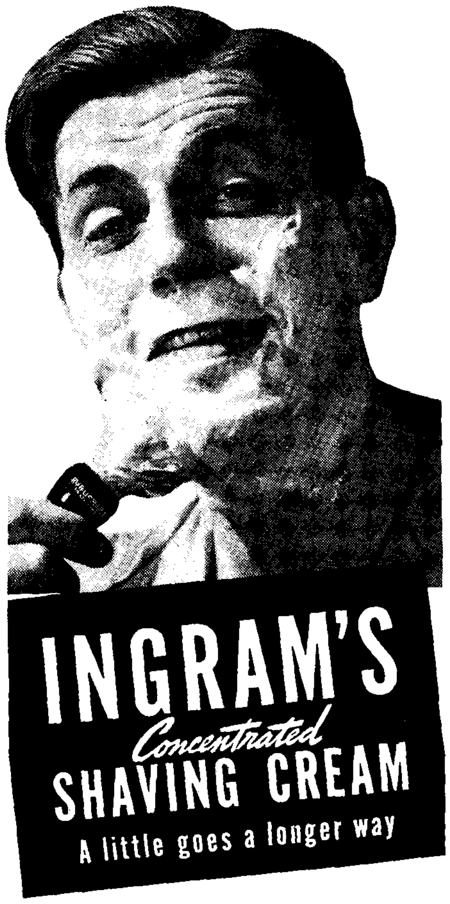

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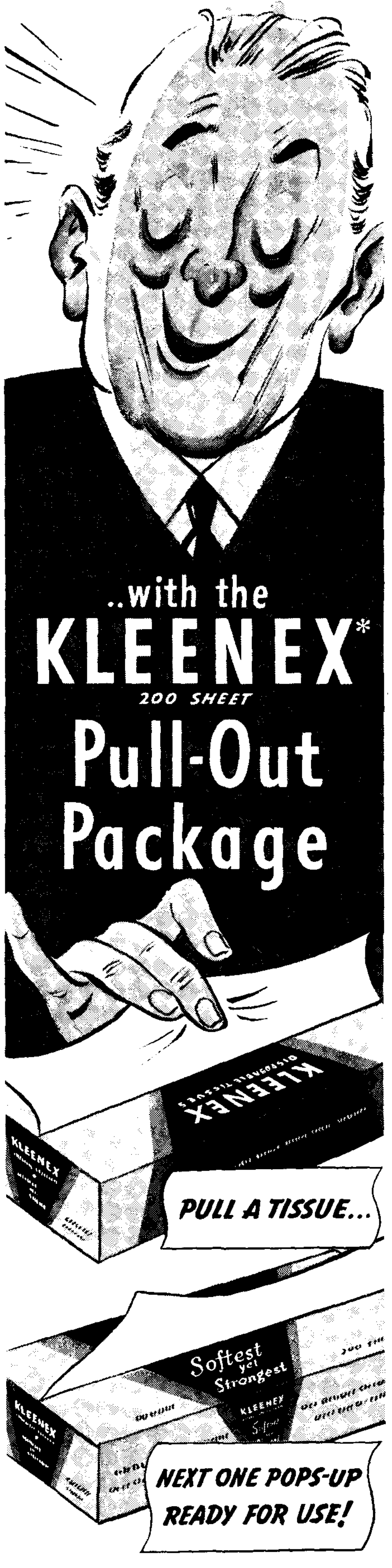
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Buck looked down at the block letters on his chest: Giants. "You're a big-leaguer now, kid," O'Doul said. "You're a Giant and that's the biggest big-league club there is. You're in the family now, Buck. You're one of McGraw's men. Forget that you ever played in the bush leagues. That's past history. If you can hit curve balls you're here from now on."

"I can hit curve balls," Buck said.

Two innings later the Reds got to Luque for six hits and before McGraw could yank him five big runs had crossed the plate. When the Reds counted twice more in the seventh to make it 7 to 0, the game seemed hopelessly lost.

AS THE Giants trotted out of the dugout to play the first half of the eighth, McGraw said to his regular first baseman, "Clark, call it a day. Go in and have that ankle baked." He looked down the bench.

"Dolan, get in there at first," McGraw said casually.

Buck sat there frozen. "Me?"

"Get in there," McGraw said, "Roush is the next batter. Don't worry about him. He'll hit into the left-field stands probably."

Buck picked up his glove and walked toward first base. His heart was pounding. There were twenty thousand people in the Polo Grounds but Buck Dolan felt very much alone.

"Dolan in place of Clark," the announcer droned, and twenty thousand people looked at their programs. Dolan? His name wasn't even there. Oh, yes, the kid from Peoria.

Roush was a murderous hitter. He took two and then he swung a bit under one of Bentley's hard ones. The ball soared to the right, high over first base, some forty feet back of Buck. Instinctively he went back. Automatically he held up his gloved hand but the ball hit it and then jumped out. Buck stood there for a moment in panic. Then he scrambled for the ball and threw it toward second. Roush was already sliding feet first into the bag. Groh was up next.

He slashed a grounder far to Buck's right. Buck ran for it, got there in time and then started for first base to beat Groh out. When he got there Groh was standing on first and so was Bentley, looking his astonishment.

"In this league, kid, the pitcher covers first on a play like that. Next time just throw the ball over." Bentley wasn't unkind, just a bit annoyed.

By now the crowd was laughing openly. Hot tears were in Buck's eyes as he took his position. Mercifully the next three men flied to the outfield and Buck walked to the dugout, his heart a lump of lead in his chest. McGraw didn't say anything.

O'Doul said, "It's your turn, kid. Watch that hook of his."

Buck looked at McGraw but McGraw was looking the other way. Buck wished he could go away and hide. Instead, he looked the bats over.

"You haven't got your bats yet, have you, kid? I use a thirty-two-ounce stick. Want to use it?" O'Doul had a name for being kind to rookies.

Dolan just nodded; he couldn't speak. He took the bat O'Doul handed him and walked to the plate. There were a few derisive yells from the crowd and Manning, the Reds' catcher, said, "Don't crowd that plate, sonny boy. Rixey is awfully fast today and wild."

Then, suddenly, Buck was calm. That wasn't Rixey out there pitching—it was Whitey Barry, the kid he'd gotten four hits off twelve years before. The catcher was nobody but Jimmy Reardon, who'd caught Whitey that day. The umpire wasn't Bill Klem—it was old Spike Nelson. Rixey threw one that missed the corner of the plate by an inch. Buck never moved his bat.

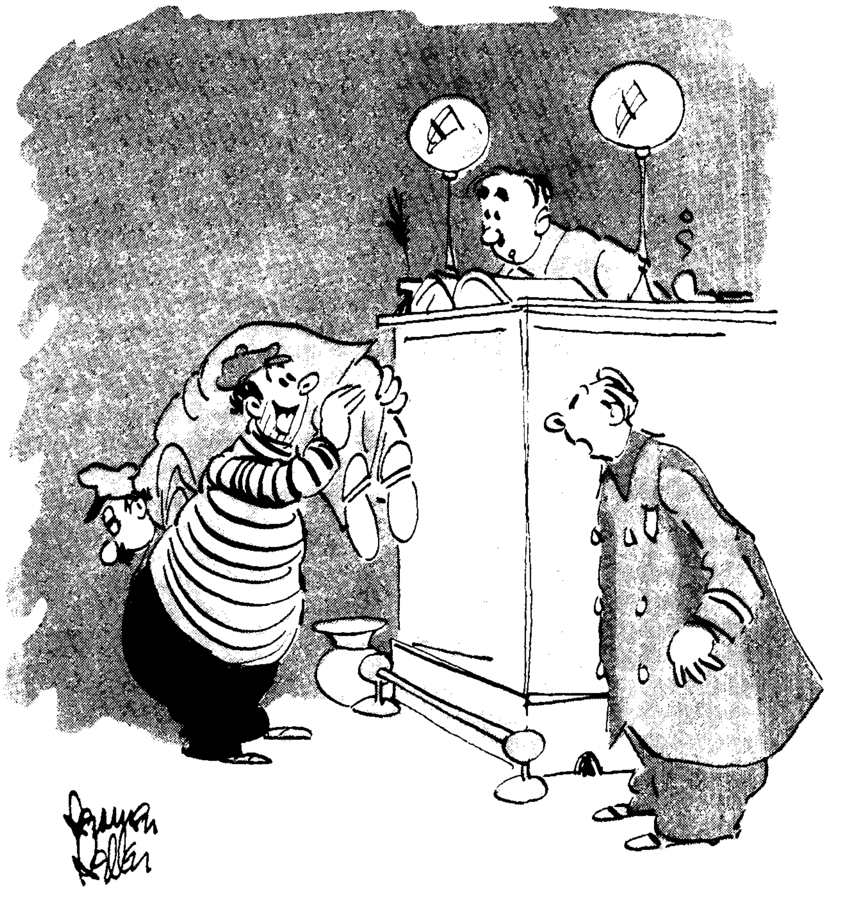
"Ball one," Klem called.

This time it was a hook that seemed about to cut the heart of the plate but at the last moment it curved away. Buck looked at it contemptuously.

"Ball two," Klem called.

From the bench, McGraw was watching closely. O'Doul turned to him. "The kid doesn't fall for bad ones."

Again Rixey wound up. The ball came fast and it broke just in front of the plate. Buck swung and his bat connected. The ball shot far out into deep right field and two Cincinnati outfielders were chasing it. The Reds' right fielder



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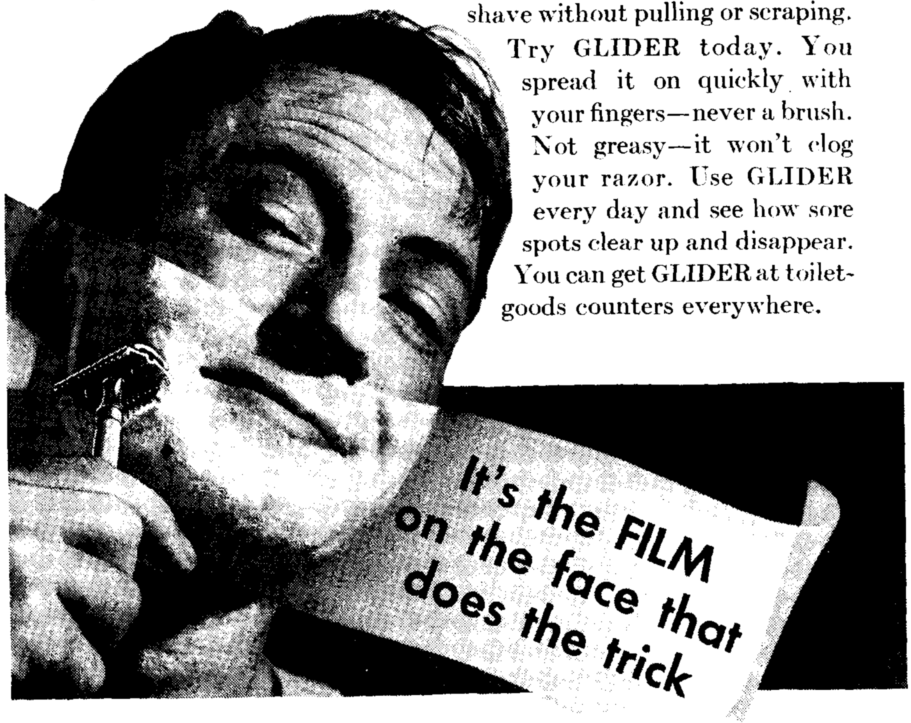
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got the ball and shot it to third. Dolan slid in just as the ball arrived. His slide was beautiful and the umpire waved his hands palms down. Dolan was safe.

The next two men went out. Dolan took a long lead off third, and he looked toward the Giants' third-base coach for instructions. "Use your judgment, kid, McGraw isn't giving me any signal."

Rixey held the ball in his hand. Then he wound up slowly. There was a roar from the crowd. Dolan was streaking for home. He made a beautiful slide, eluding the frantic clutch of Manning.

"Safe," Klem roared, and Dolan trotted to the bench.

"A well-hit ball," Snyder grinned.

A half dozen players slapped him on the back. They told him he was a sweetheart, a honey. Dolan laughed. Why, this was the same kind of talk the ballplayers used in Waterloo, in Peoria. O'Doul almost knocked him down with a slap on the back. "I'll say you can hit a curve ball, kid. And you can steal a base, too."

Buck sat there trying not to look pleased; trying not to meet McGraw's eye. He knew how bad he had looked on those two fielding chances he'd had. He knew what a czar McGraw was. McGraw wouldn't have a sloppy fielder on his team.

"Dolan," McGraw snapped. Buck turned slowly toward the manager. Now it was coming. He'd heard about the McGraw tongue-lashings.

"Listen, Dolan, forget about that fly ball you missed. I saw Hal Chase miss one like it, once. Forget about not remembering that the pitcher covers first on balls hit to your right. That could happen to anyone. Just remember that you hit a triple off Rixey. And remember that you stole home." McGraw smiled. "That uniform doesn't fit you very well, kid. Tell Doc Jones to have *one made for you that will.*"

THE girl reporter was leaning forward. "And Buck stayed there in the line-up from then on, didn't he?"

"Yes, until—well, you know of course. Buck's mother and father died during his first season with the Giants. His father died first and then his mother just wasted away and she followed in a few months. Buck was mighty lonely then. His father had always been his pal and when he was gone Buck was lost."

"So you were married?" the girl reporter said.

Anne nodded. "Right at the end of the season. The day after the last game. I wore a corsage of white orchids and lilies of the valley. Mr. McGraw sent them."

"You must have been very happy."

"Yes," Anne Dolan said quietly. "We were very happy, as happy as two people can be. And then. . . ."

ANNE heard Buck's cheery whistle even before he'd put his key in the door.

Then he came in and walked toward her and put his arms around her. Then he stepped back and he said, "Honey, I always told you he was my cousin."

"Who, darling?"

"Vance. The old dazzler. Honey, what I did to Vance today! I got four for four—that's all. You know Vance is throwing a curve these days instead of that fireball. Well, baby, you know how I can hit curves."

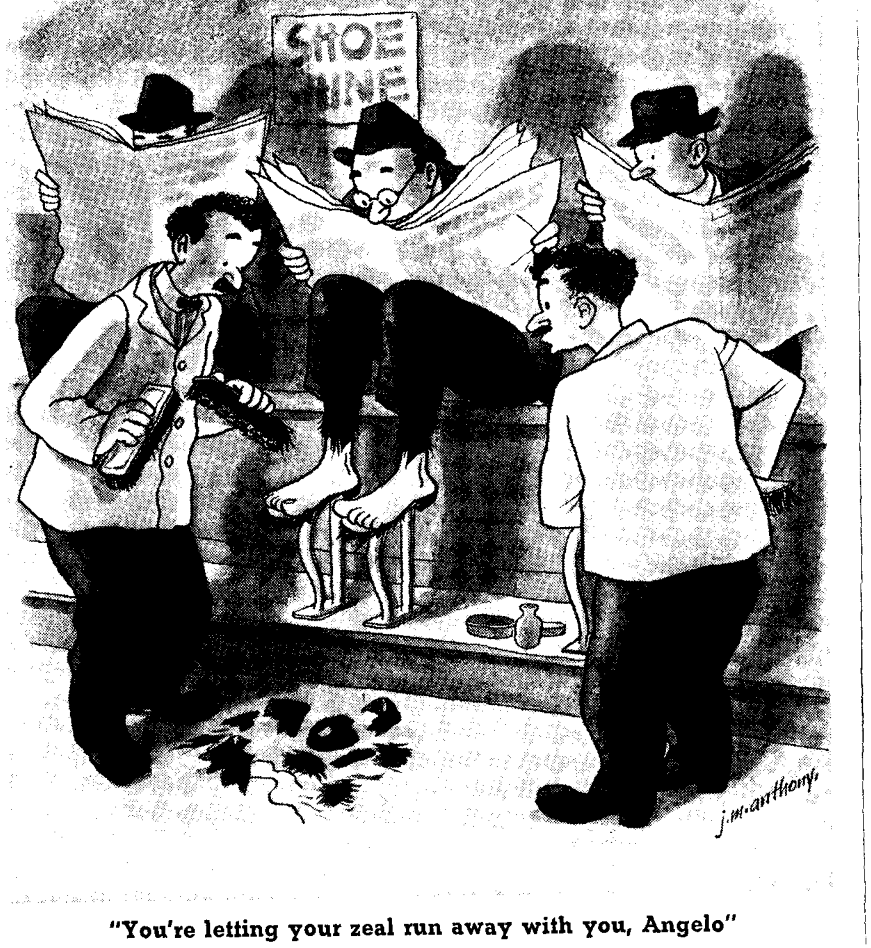
She looked at him adoringly. "You can hit curve balls better than anyone in the league. Mr. McGraw told me that in Florida."

He flushed with pride. "Yeah, I can hit curve balls. I stole two bases today, too, honey. Off Al Lopez too, and that guy has an arm like a rifle. What's for dinner?"

She smiled. "Listen, big boy," she mocked. "You take care of the base hits in this family and I'll take care of the steaks."

It was an old joke between them.

It happened only three days later. Buck had been having a great day. The Giants were in the thick of the pennant fight and every game meant something. Going into the seventh the score was tied. Fitzsimmons had held the Cubs to



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WELL, IT WAS YOUR TIP GAVE ME THE HANG OF IT, PARDNER!
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two hits but the Giants hadn't been able to do much with Larry Trent. Usually Trent had a million dollars' worth of stuff but only about ten cents' worth of control. Today his control was good. Buck had gotten two hits off him but both times had died on the bases. Now in the seventh it looked as though Trent was wavering.

Mel Ott hit safely and Jackson walked. The next two men went out and now it was up to Buck. There was a roar from the crowd that began high in the upper tiers, gathering momentum as it rolled down to explode at the plate.

Fitzsimmons urged, "Get me one run, Buck, and I'll hold them."

Buck nodded grimly as he stepped to the plate. He looked toward Snyder coaching on third for the sign. He nodded, as he got it. "Take the first ball," the signal said. Trent wound up and threw a hard one—outside. It was a ball and Buck grinned. He felt there was a base hit in that bat of his. Just let Trent put one across. "If it's good, hit it," Snyder's sign said, and Buck took his stance. It looked good. It was Trent's fast high ball cutting the outside corner. Buck stepped in to hit it. He half swung and then the ball curved in. It missed his bat and with a sickening thud crashed against the side of his head just in front of his ear.

PLAYERS came rushing from the dugout and there was a hushed silence from the stands. Buck had fallen limply. Trent came running in to the plate, white-faced.

"I threw a fast one. It wasn't a hook," he said.

Hartnett, the Chicago catcher, said, "Wasn't your fault. The ball sailed."

The trainer came running, took one look at Buck lying there and called, "Ice—get some ice from the water cooler."

They had taken X-rays by the time Anne reached the hospital. The Giants' doctor was with Buck when she walked into the room. He was looking at the negatives, his lips pursed.

Anne didn't look at Buck—that is, at first. She looked at the doctor.

"There's no fracture," he said simply. She stared at him.

"There's no fracture," he repeated gently. "A concussion, yes—but no fracture. Do you understand?"

"No," she said quietly.

"Understand this, my dear." He put an arm about her shoulders. "He will be all right. Don't be frightened. We'll keep ice packs around his head and pretty soon he'll wake up and want to know what hit him. He'll be as good as new in two weeks."

She shook her head a little. "He won't say, 'What hit me?' Doctor. He won't. He'll say, 'I can hit curve balls.' "

Three weeks later Buck walked out of the hospital. The doctors said that he was cured. The sports writers wondered whether or not he'd be bat shy when he returned to the game.

It was Dolan Day at the Polo Grounds when Buck returned. There were fifty thousand people there to greet the homecoming hero—fifty thousand people in a happy holiday mood. The Giants had missed Buck's punch and were floundering in fourth place. But now everything would be all right. Buck Dolan was back. It was St. Louis against New York.

Willie Sherdel had always been easy for Buck. Sherdel threw what the ballplayers called soup. He threw soft, tantalizing curves. A smart pitcher, Sherdel—but Buck grinned. Umpire Klem leaned forward.

"Good to see you back, Buck," Klem said, and he too smiled.

"If you mean it, give me the close ones," Buck grinned.

Then Sherdel threw one. It came up slowly full of spin and Buck braced himself. Then the ball seemed to leap at him. Startled he drew back and as he did so he threw his arm up.

"Strike one," Klem called.

"Is that guy trying to dust me off?"

Delancey, the catcher, looked puzzled. "Why, Buck, the ball cut the outside corner. It was nowhere near you."

Cold fingers gripped Buck's heart for a moment. The ball was nowhere near him? Again Sherdel threw the ball. Buck never moved his bat. The ball was low and a foot outside. He bent over to pick up a handful of dirt and then turned in amazement as Klem cried, "Strike two."

"Bill, you're crazy," Buck said in bewilderment. "The ball was low and outside. Never hit the plate."

"It split the plate, Buck," Klem said gently. He knew what was happening. McGraw sitting there on the bench knew, too.

Again Sherdel wound up. Buck's teeth were set. Sherdel threw a sweeping curve. It looked like Buck's kind of a ball, high and inside—that was his groove. He swung, then stood in amazement as he heard the thud of the ball in Delancey's mitt and Klem's cry, "You're out."

The crowd was quiet, shocked. Even they could see that Buck had swung at a very bad ball, a ball that was low and far outside. Buck walked to the bench, his face set in grim lines.

McGraw looked away and then went down to the water cooler at the end of the dugout. When the inning ended Buck took his place at first base. Frisch, first up for St. Louis, slashed a wicked grounder to his right and Buck started at the crack of the bat. His steel legs carried him fast and then he stuck his mitt out at the ball. But the ball didn't hit his mitt. The ball hit his right leg and bounced away toward second. Buck stood there and now panic seized him. He'd seen that ball. He'd been in position to field it—but then the ball wasn't there. The crowd, sensing something that it didn't understand, was still.

Buck walked back to first. "A lucky hit, Frank," he told Frisch.

Frisch said quietly, "Sure it was, Buck. With another game under your belt you'll be gobbling up hot ones like that." Then Frisch looked away.

Hubbell was pitching as only Hubbell can pitch. He got the next two men on strikes and the third man flied to Ott.

THE Giants staged a rally in their time at bat, made three runs and then it was Buck's turn again. The quiet was even louder than the cheers which had greeted him before had been.

Sherdel threw his first ball. It came straight, true, aiming right for the heart of the plate. It got bigger and bigger and then Buck threw himself on the ground.

"Strike one," Klem called.

Buck picked himself up and automatically began to brush the dirt from his uniform. There was still that strange silence from the crowd. Everyone in the Polo Grounds that afternoon knew that tragedy was being enacted there at the plate—everyone but Buck. Then Buck knew it.

Sherdel's second pitch looked high to Buck. He didn't move his bat. "Strike two," Klem said.

There wasn't a sound from the crowd. Even the St. Louis players, usually a talkative lot, were silent. The Giants' bench was like a tomb. Buck stood there alone at the plate fighting something he couldn't see. Something was wrong—something that he didn't understand. The next pitch looked good and he swung beautifully with every muscle and nerve of his body co-ordinating—except one. He swung rhythmically, smoothly, as he had always swung—but he missed the ball by three feet. Then he knew.

"You're out," Klem said quietly.

"Not out—through," Buck whispered to himself, as he walked back to the dugout. His face was white.

"You need a few days' work to get the old batting eye back," O'Doul said with forced cheerfulness, and then he turned away when Buck looked at him. Buck walked toward the clubhouse. He didn't wait for McGraw to say anything. He dressed in silence. Then, just before he left, he looked at the locker that had been his for four years. There it was—"Buck Dolan" written in chalk. He rubbed the chalked name away.

THE girl reporter looked at Anne. "That was four years ago, wasn't it?"

Anne nodded. "We went to the best brain and the best eye doctors in the world. They couldn't do anything for Buck. When there is a bad concussion it means that a lot of little blood vessels which feed the brain are ruptured and the blood can't get through. Then, you see, that part of the brain which takes nourishment from those blood vessels starves. Whatever part of the body it controls is affected. Cerebral anemia they call it. In Buck's case only one sense was affected—the sense which enables a person to judge the speed and the exact position of an object which is traveling toward him."

"Did the doctors hold out any hope?" the girl reporter asked.

Anne smiled. "Doctors always hold out hope. They were very kind. One of them said, 'Why, it isn't serious. Your eyesight is clear and sharp even if it is inaccurate. You can read as well as ever. You won't even have to wear glasses. But of course you can't play ball and you can't drive a car. You'd probably hit the first car you met on the road. The approaching car would be two or three feet from where you thought it was.'"

"Buck must have felt bad," the girl reporter said.

"Buck almost died," Anne Dolan said. "Baseball was his life. Now he had to forget it. We took assumed names and bought a small farm in Kansas near Carlville. Carlville is a very small town, so small that it had a volunteer fire department. We worked hard on the farm. Buck worked fifteen hours a day trying to forget, trying to reconcile himself to a new life. Nearly four years passed. Then," she said, "we had a fire in Carlville."

THEY both awoke with a start. They looked at each other.

"It's a fire," Anne said. The wailing of the fire siren calling out the volunteers filled the room. They threw on clothes hurriedly and in a few minutes Anne was driving furiously toward Carlville, two miles away. There was only one large building in Carlville, the hotel, and it was burning like a haystack. Smoke was pouring from the lower windows of the five-story building. Feeble jets of water were being swallowed up by the smoke. The farmers, shopkeepers and youngsters who made up the volunteer fire department were joking and laughing. It was great fun to put out a fire.

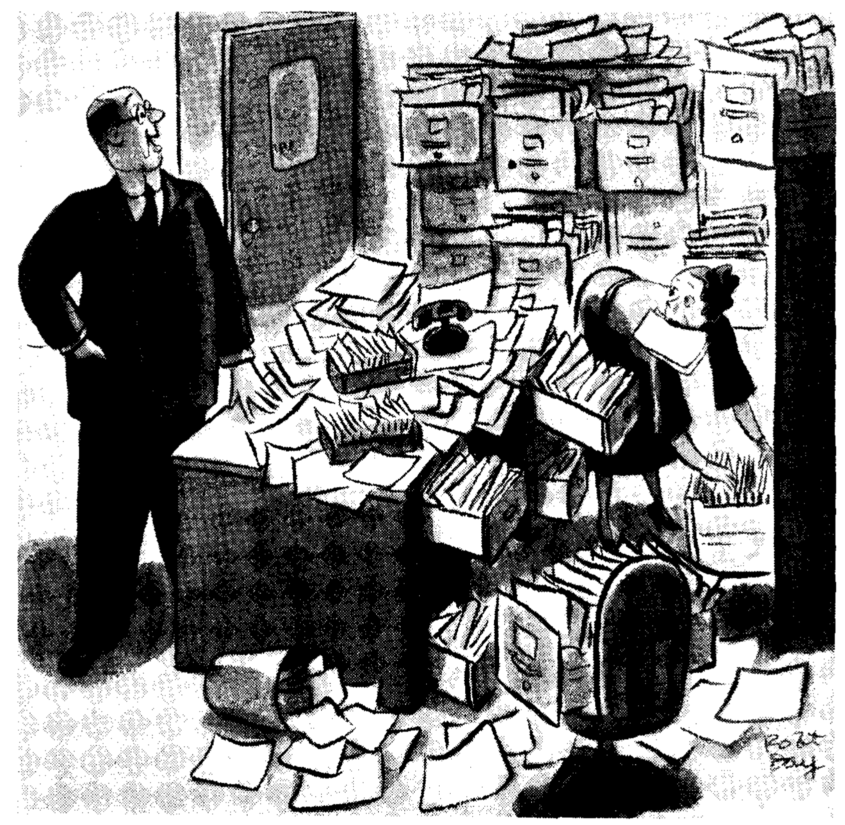
But the fire refused to be put out. Now smoke and sheets of angry flame shot forth from the second-story windows and then the third. Buck, with four others, was holding a hose directing its inadequate stream toward the windows. Suddenly a scream cut through the uproar and as the horrified volunteers looked upward a woman appeared at a smoke-framed window.

Apparently she had just awakened. She leaned from the window and for a moment they thought she was going to jump. "Wait, wait," one of the men screamed. "We'll get a net!"

Some men hurried to get the net. The others, including Buck, stood helpless to do anything. The woman would be safe for a few moments; the flames were still below her but she didn't know that. Her face, seen dimly through the smoke, was white and terror-stricken. Then they heard her cry out, "Give this to my boy!"

They saw her fumble at her throat. Then she drew back her arm and threw.

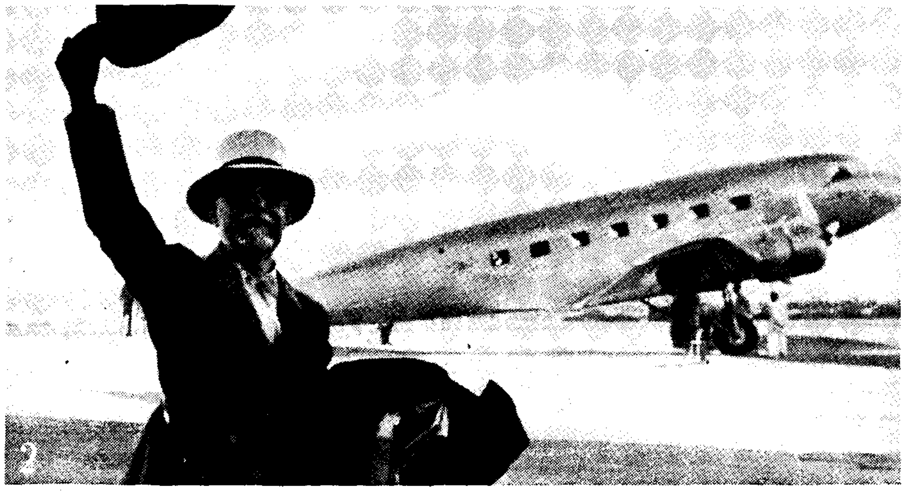
It was a tiny object. Buck's eyes followed it through the smoke; he took a step toward the right and caught it casually, easily. It was a small gold locket and, looking up from it, was the picture of a man smiling. By now volunteers were spreading a net, shouting hoarse commands to one another, but Buck didn't hear them. He was staring at the locket. He never saw the woman leap, never heard the joyous shout as she



"Well, if you can't find it, don't bother"

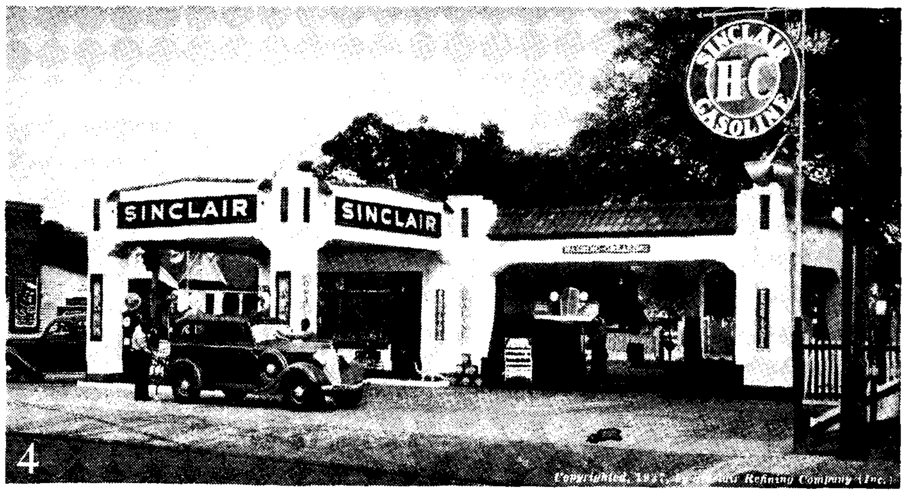
ROBERT DAY

Burton Holmes, famous globe trotter and lecturer . . .



. . . waves goodbye as he leaves by plane for one . . .

. . . of the far corners of the world. He travels thousands of miles every year in planes that are Sinclair-lubricated. In the United States, commercial airliners . . .



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. . . are big users of Sinclair lubricants. When you want safe, scientific lubrication for your car, go to your nearby Sinclair dealer's. He has been thoroughly schooled in applying Sinclair high-quality lubricants to each make and model of car.

HOW MANY SHAVES IN AN

Electric Dry Shaver?

ONLY SCHICK HAS THE EXPERIENCE TO ANSWER TRUTHFULLY THIS QUESTION

SCHICK SHAVERS have been used for five years. More than a million men shave with the Schick daily. Out of their day-by-day experiences come the proofs of the lasting qualities of this remarkable shaver.

No other shaver can possibly have this proof—none has been in use long enough to demonstrate that it can shave, day after day for years, *with no appreciable wear of the cutting surfaces.*

From thousands of unsolicited, unpaid-for letters we have chosen twelve extracts which speak for themselves. These all come from men whose sincere enthusiasm and gratitude impelled them to write to us about their experiences.

LAWRENCE ELLIS—*I and my brother-in-law have used it every day. This totals about 2520 shaves—cost me slightly above one half cent for each shave.*

W. A. N. —*My shaver has been used approximately 2733 times at an average cost of 6/10 of a cent.*

ED ERIKSEN—*I have now had over 1800 consecutive shaves.*

WILLIAM N. LEAF . . . *a daily user for the past five-hundred shaves.*

CHARLES DIMMLING—*Three of us used the Schick regularly—a grand total of 4600 shaves. This has all been done without a single repair.*

WILLIAM H. BIRD—*At Christmas, 1932, I was presented with a Schick. I have a son who also uses it. I figure this razor has done 3000 perfect shaves.*

DAVID LEWIS—*I have used my Schick every day since 1932—more than 1500 shaves.*

KENNETH C. MILLER—*This morning I used mine for the 1319th time.*

E. D. MICHALKE—*On November 8, 1932, I bought one of your shavers. My brother also used it for two years which means an average of 6 years use . . . it will probably last indefinitely.*

DAVID SIMPSON—*Today I have completed 1000 daily shaves with the Schick.*

D. A. TURNER—*Shaved every day for three years (1095 times) without spending a penny for repairs or replacements.*

SHIDELER H. HARPE—*He and a squad of fifty-some men used his Schick for 10 days while on flood duty.*

Now when Mr. Bird and his son had 3000 shaves from his Schick, he dropped it on a wash basin, broke it and sent it in for repairs. He was curious to know how much the cutter had worn. With the precision instruments in our laboratory, we measured the cutter. It had worn barely one-thousandth of an inch and had metal enough left for thousands more shaves.

How could shaving be more economical

The Schick was designed, not only to be the fastest, closest-shaving instrument in the world, but to last as long as human brains and skill could make it.

We do not know of any other shaver that duplicates or approaches these qualities. So that your investment in a Schick Shaver is a *proved certainty,* not an experimental hope.

The Schick *does pay for itself* over and over again as many user witnesses testify.

Go to an authorized dealer today

Let him show you the Schick, tell you how you can shave the toughest beard or the tenderest skin with NO BLADES, NO LATHER and no possibility of cutting or hurting yourself. $15, AC and DC.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. *Western Distributor:* Edises, Inc., San Francisco
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SCHICK SHAVER

landed safely in the net. He didn't hear her sob, "I thought I was done for. I wanted my boy to have that locket. It's a picture of his father who's dead. I didn't want the flames to get it. . . ."

Buck turned his back to the blazing building. His eyes searched for Anne and when he found her she was startled by his look.

"Let's go home, darling," he said.

They walked to the car and Anne started to get into the driver's seat.

Buck looked at her. "I'll drive, Anne." He turned into the main road which led to their farm. Far ahead Anne could see a car coming toward them.

"But never drive a car," the doctor had said. "You've lost your judgment of the speed and direction of objects moving toward you. You'd probably smash into the first automobile that you met on the road. . . ."

Anne sat there, her hands clenched. She saw the speedometer mounting to sixty and then seventy, and she looked at Buck. He sat easily, half smiling. He sat there holding the wheel casually and ahead the car came toward them.

And then suddenly they passed the car, passed it as one always passes a car that one meets on the road, with plenty of room to spare. They drew up in front of their house and Buck helped her out. They went inside.

"I'm hungry," Buck said. "I want a steak."

Anne looked into his eyes which for nearly four years had been dull and tired. She looked into them and suddenly she knew.

She choked a little but she managed to gasp, "Listen, big boy, you take care of the base hits in this family and I'll take care of the steaks!"

It was later, much later, when he told her, "That little locket came down through the smoke and you could only get a glimpse of it now and then. I didn't try to catch it—I just reached for it and it lay in my hand. That's a lot smaller than a baseball, honey. If I can catch a thing like that which is curving in the wind and half hidden by smoke I can hit curve balls. I guess nature finally did that job that the doctors couldn't do. Girl, I've got to make a phone call!"

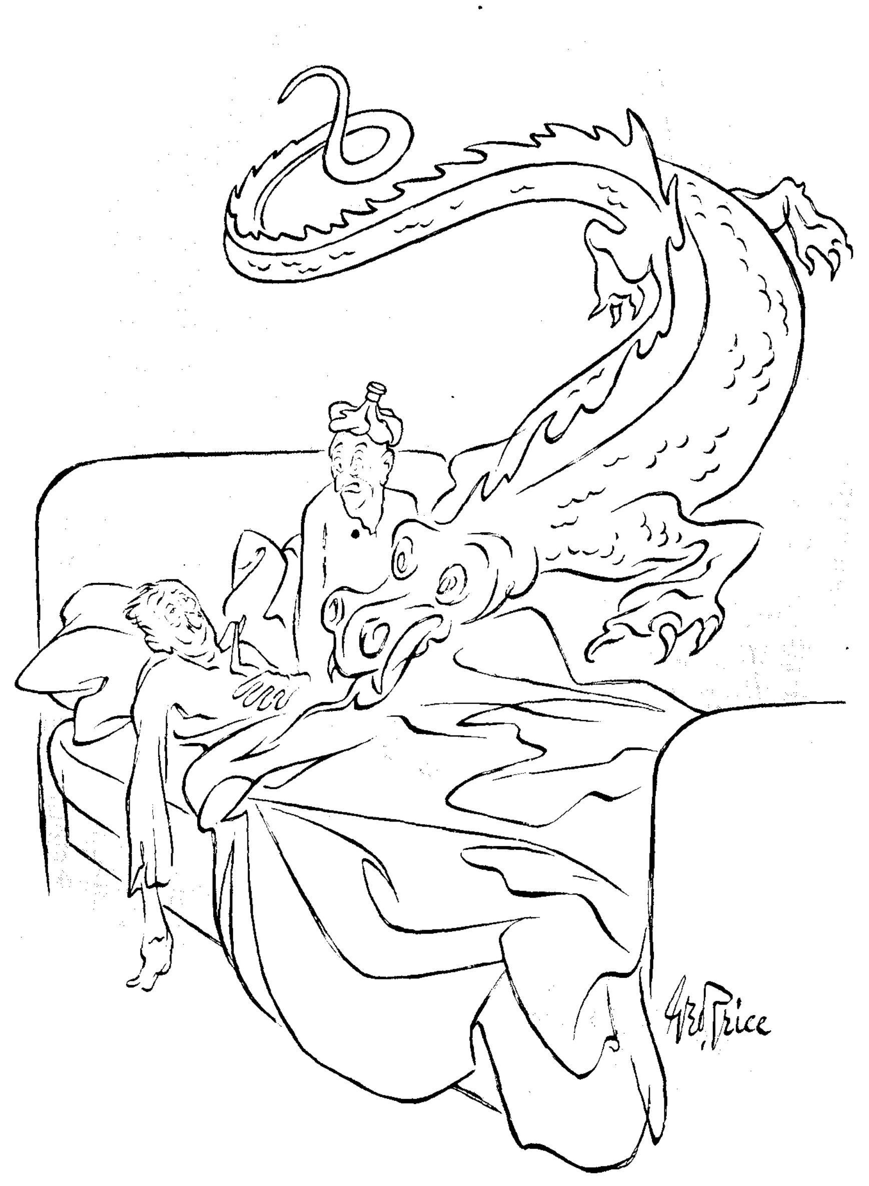
"THAT was only four weeks ago," the girl reporter mused. "Buck joined the team in Chicago, didn't he? I know he stepped into the line-up without a day's practice and got four hits that first day. I know that almost singlehanded he won the pennant for the Giants. And I know what he did today in the deciding World Series game."

She knew that all over New York, all over the country, in fact, headlines were screaming, "Dolan's Two Homers Win for Giants." She knew that today Buck Dolan was the greatest baseball hero the game had ever known.

"I've told you this story," Anne said suddenly, "to explain what I meant when you said, 'It must be great to be married to the world's greatest ballplayer,' and I said, 'Must it?' You looked puzzled then. Now you understand."

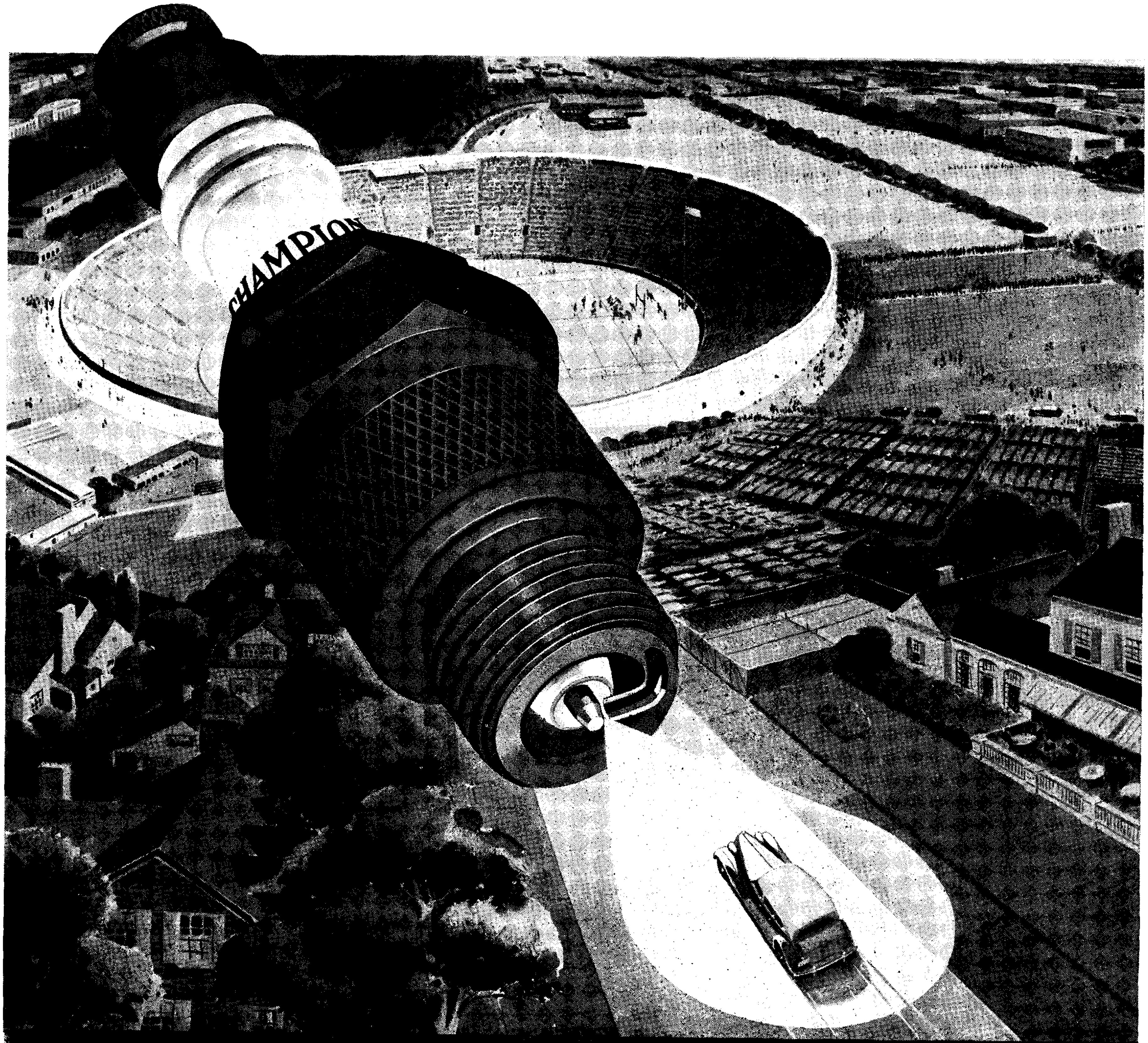
The girl reporter said, "Yes, I understand. I guess it isn't so wonderful after all." It was then they heard a whistle and someone was inserting a key into the lock of the door. Then the door burst open and Buck Dolan, grinning widely, stood there.

Anne turned to the girl reporter and said quietly, "You're quite wrong, my dear. It is wonderful."



"Some connection with that Far Eastern trouble, possibly"

GEORGE PRICE



SMOOTH ENGINE PERFORMANCE DEPENDS ON SPARK PLUGS

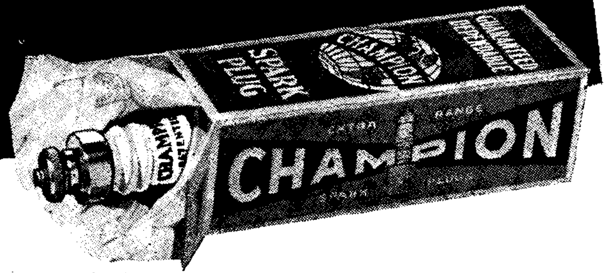
Smooth, powerful performance in an engine is like smooth, powerful performance in a football team. It is the result of perfect harmony and balance.

That's why smooth engine performance depends to an extraordinary degree on spark plugs—for smoothness in an engine can come only with perfect combustion in every cylinder.

Champions alone are permanently compression or gas tight due to their patented Sillment seal. Only gas tight spark plugs which are immune from overheating, pre-ignition and excessive burning of electrode wires, can possibly remain in their designated heat range, which is the secret of smooth, balanced engine performance.

That is why you should insist on Champions and install a complete new set when replacing spark plugs every 10,000 miles. This is a regular practice with millions of motorists. They know the cost of new Champions is quickly saved in lessened gas consumption—quicker starting—faster acceleration—and greater dependability.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON



CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL

Everything is Fine

Continued from page 10

"All right," he said. "You alone."

Smacko Bridges stood looking after him. Roger and the rest of them had gone, but I stayed because I was sorry. I told him we had not wanted to go any farther, but we had a code of honor.

"That's all right," Smacko said. "Maybe I had it coming to me." And I gave him a handkerchief so he could mop his face. "It's only—" He caught his breath and paused. "It's only when I see Hedley I want to kick him, that's all. I can't help kicking a guy like that. I can't help it, that's all."

It is only when one sets down such details that they do not seem susceptible of proper explanation. Though they appear as lucidly harmless as the events in a wholesome book for boys, even then there was something ugly in the background, some abnormality which we could not understand.

There was a good deal we never knew which was locked in a sinister sort of silence that lay behind the droning of the classes and the tolling of the bells. It lay impersonal somewhere in the silence of George Hedley, and George Hedley was afraid that night. In spite of his effort at reticence, he was desperately afraid.

Smacko was in the sixth-form room for more than an hour. We stood outside in the hall waiting to be called in after him, but we were never called.

"Hendricks, come here a minute, please," George Hedley said. He looked white and clammily moist, and I thought he was going to cry.

"Well, what do you want?" I said.

"Tell me the truth," Georgie answered, and he had trouble with his voice. "Did you do that to Smacko on account of me?"

"Yes, we did," I said.

"He doesn't know, does he?" George Hedley asked. "He doesn't know it was on account of me?"

"Of course he does," I said, "or else we wouldn't have done it."

His lips twisted and he blinked his eyes, and he twitched as though he had been slapped.

"Oh," he said, "you shouldn't have done that."

"Why?" I said. "You better tell me what's the matter."

HIS face twitched again; he started to speak and stopped; and then he whispered: "He'll never let me alone—he'll drive me crazy!"

"No, he won't," I told him. "Just you stop being afraid of him. You're all right."

Georgie's lips grew steady.

"I'm not afraid," he said. "It isn't what he does to me. It's just what I think—I might do to him sometime. You just don't understand."

"There isn't anything to understand," I said. "Everything's all right," because that explanation of his meant nothing then, absolutely nothing.

Georgie smiled. He was drawing back behind that complacent silence.

"Yes," he answered, "everything's all right."

Down at the end of the hall the door of the sixth-form room had opened and Smacko Bridges walked out alone. His heavy shoulders were sagging, and his face was contorted with emotion. I stood where I was, but Georgie started to go away.

"Hey," said Smacko, "wait a minute. I'm not going to hurt you. I want to shake hands with you, that's all." And he reached forward and took Georgie's hand.

"Don't," said Georgie, "don't!"

"I'm not hurting you," said Smacko. "You needn't bawl. I'm apologizing to you. Understand?"

"I didn't do anything," said Georgie. "It wasn't my fault, honestly it wasn't."

No one ever knew what happened after that, because George Hedley never told. It may have been what did not happen that was ugly. Perhaps something should have happened, and nothing did.

"Hedley," James Burton said, "is everything all right?"

"Yes, sir," said George Hedley, "everything is fine."

"You might as well tell us," we said to Georgie. "Is Smacko still sore at you?"

"No," said Georgie. "Everything is fine."

Yet anyone could tell it wasn't true; anyone could tell that George Hedley was afraid.

IT WAS *rare that one became friendly* with a member of an upper form, yet in all the time that followed those early acquaintances had a way of cropping up.

When I was at Bordeaux and I saw Smacko Bridges on the sidewalk, I was glad to see a familiar face. I was sitting at a café table fronting the great square. Just beyond soldiers were lounging past in a constantly changing ribbon of olive drab and horizon blue. It was easy to tell the officers and men fresh off the transports by their faces. I was watching them across the café tables when I saw Smacko Bridges in an infantry captain's uniform.

"Smacko," I called to him; "hey, Smacko!"

He heard me and turned his head, and then he sat down opposite at the little table, his neck muscles straining at the collar of his tunic, his cap with his captain's bars on it pushed off his low forehead.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Smacko said.

"Hospital," I told him, "but I'm going back to my outfit next week."

"Wounded?" Smacko asked.

"Yes," I said. "I got off easy. What are you with?"

"Over at Base Camp Number Two," said Smacko, "training casual troops. Say, you needn't look at me, either."

"I'm not looking at you," I said.

"Then," said Smacko, "don't act like I'm trying not to fight. I've been requesting transfer for two months, and they won't let me go."

"Why won't they let you go?" I asked.

Smacko gazed at me and scowled.

"Because I'm too damn' good at training casuals," he said.

"You would be good at that," I said.

Smacko grinned at me icily.

"Boy," he said, "you ought to know. I *beat sense into you often enough.* Come on, this place is lousy. I'll take you somewhere else. Boy, I know this town."

We did not have much in common except the school. It was the simple fact that we had known each other once which drew us together in that unfamiliar place, that and because Smacko had a pass which let us through the military police into the forbidden districts.

"Yeah," said Smacko, "all the permanent details stick together here. Don't worry."

He handed me his riding crop. The head of it was loaded.

"We all carry them at base camp," Smacko said, "and that's not all." He reached in his hip pocket and drew out a set of knuckles.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked him. "Cheer?"

"We need 'em at the base camp," said Smacko. "Half the outfit is ready to gang up on me all the time."

"Don't mind me, lady. I'm just part of the act" RICHARD DECKER

"You wouldn't last long at the front," I said.

"And that's the reason," he said, "they never send us up with an outfit that we've trained. You don't understand. You have to treat 'em rough. Half of the poor dummies don't know one end of a gun from the other." Then Smacko's voice became warm with enthusiasm. "Say," he added, "I've got one sweet company. My sergeants can handle anybody. You'll like 'em, boy."

The place where we ended up was in *a cellar on a side street.* Six or seven sergeants, who looked like ex-prizefighters, were seated around a table. They were drinking cognac and their blouses were unbuttoned.

"Hello, boys," Smacko called to them. "Meet Lieutenant Hendricks. We used to go to the same school."

I don't remember the names, except that the top sergeant was called Coone, but their faces are still quite clear.

"Look at him, boys," Smacko said. "He always was a lucky kid. He's been up to the front. Why do they always send the bums up to the front?"

"You ought to know," I told Smacko, "you're a bum."

Sergeant Coone balanced a bottle in his hand.

"Fresh, ain't he, Captain?" the sergeant said, and Smacko laughed.

"Don't mind him, Coone," said Smacko. "He's a good kid. He's never liked me, but I like him. Say, kid, I suppose you don't like me now?"

"Not much," I said.

Smacko mopped his forehead; the cellar was growing hot.

"Sometimes," Smacko said, "I don't like myself much either. Listen, can you get me to the front?"

"You're doing better where you are," I said. "It looks as though you're doing fine."

Then I found myself apologizing, because he looked unhappy. I liked him well enough then not to want to hurt his feelings.

GEORGE HEDLEY came to me out of nowhere, too, exactly like Smacko Bridges. He came like a disconnected thought, in a crowd of troops which had been given a day's leave in Bordeaux. *He was in a private's uniform,* walking slowly across the square, examining the cathedral.

"George," I said, and he stopped and saluted.

"Everything is fine," he said. "They chucked me out of Plattsburg, but of course I had to come."

"Are you all right?" I asked.

"Yes," he told me, "everything is fine."

"What's your outfit?" I asked.

He answered with that same deprecating smile.

"We're casuals; we're going to be trained here."

"Where?" I asked him.

Georgie gazed at me placidly.

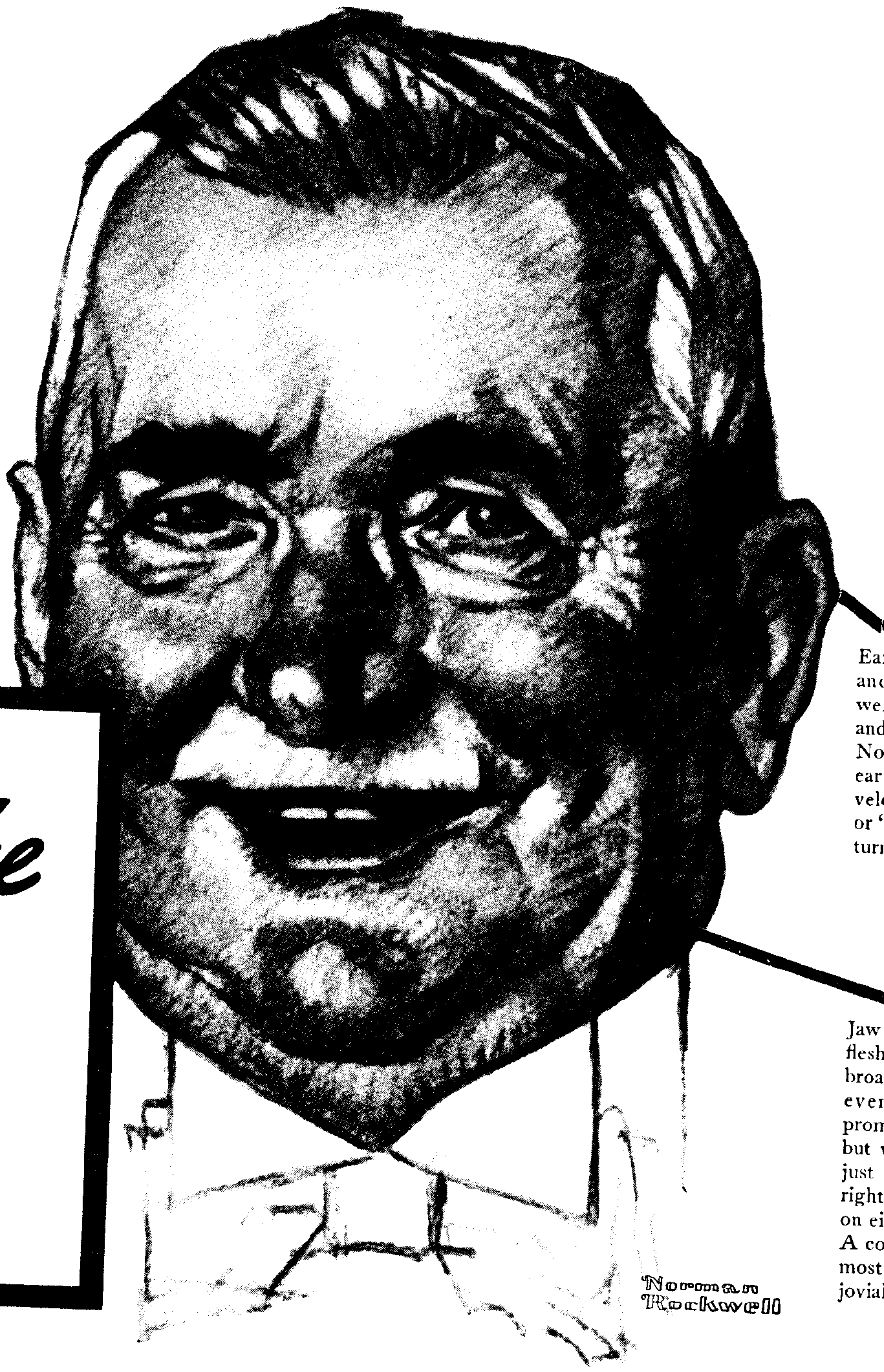
"We're going to Base Camp Number Two," he said. I did not tell him that Smacko Bridges was there, but he must have noticed some change in me, because he asked:

"What's the matter with Two?"

"Nothing," I told him. "Good luck!"

The brigade was moving up to the front line when I got back to it. It took three hours to go two miles in the traffic going to the front. General Hicks was sitting in the cellar of a broken-roofed farmhouse.

"You're looking well," he said. "Is your arm all right?"


Norman Rockwell

Have you the Earmarks
OF A WONDERFUL HOST?

GENEROUS EARS

Ears long, smooth-skinned, and set close to the head well below a broad forehead and highly arched crown. Note that the back of the ear is particularly well developed although the rims or "borders" are but slightly turned over.

JOLLY JOWLS

Jaw and neck soft, loose-fleshed and full. Chin round, broad, and with a smooth, even surface. Decidedly prominent in the middle, but with a deep depression just beneath the lips. Upright furrows in the cheeks on either side of the mouth. A combination that is an almost unerring guide to the jovial "hail fellow well met".

If *you're* the type who makes a grand host, you'll want to *delight your guests*—by serving this *"Double-Rich"* Straight Bourbon of Kentucky!

SCHENLEY'S
Cream of Kentucky
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit.* Made in the Bluegrass Country by master Kentucky distillers the good old Kentucky way.

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BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC.
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They're raising cabbage where

THE WORLD MOVES
FORWARD WITH STEEL

THIRTY-SEVEN dams—almost a billion dollars' worth—newly built or under way; one of them alone, Boulder Dam, to irrigate an area almost as large as Delaware and Rhode Island combined.

A parched region that could support only half a million people made fertile enough to support many millions. Thousands of farmers freed from the menace of flood. Southern California cities receiving a billion gallons of water a day; and enough left over to develop 1,800,000 horsepower, four times as much as Niagara Falls.

Mighty magic. Where does steel come in?

Six steel ropes, each thicker than a man's wrist, stretch across the canyon, supporting a steel cradle, bigger than a box car, that carries 200 tons of material each trip. This cableway provides a permanent means of conveying material up and down the thousand-foot canyon walls. Weird machines called "Jumbos" drilled the 56-foot diversion tunnels through solid rock—32 drills to each machine. Steel power shovels scooped up the rock and soil. 70,000,000 pounds of steel went into the dam alone, not counting the quantity used in other structures such as power houses. Hundreds of miles of steel pipe were used—some of it 30 feet in diameter.

No small part of this "pioneering" was done by men who may never see the finished job, men in the United States Steel mills and laboratories. Have you a pioneering problem in your industry? Put it up to United States Steel.

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UNITED STATES STEEL

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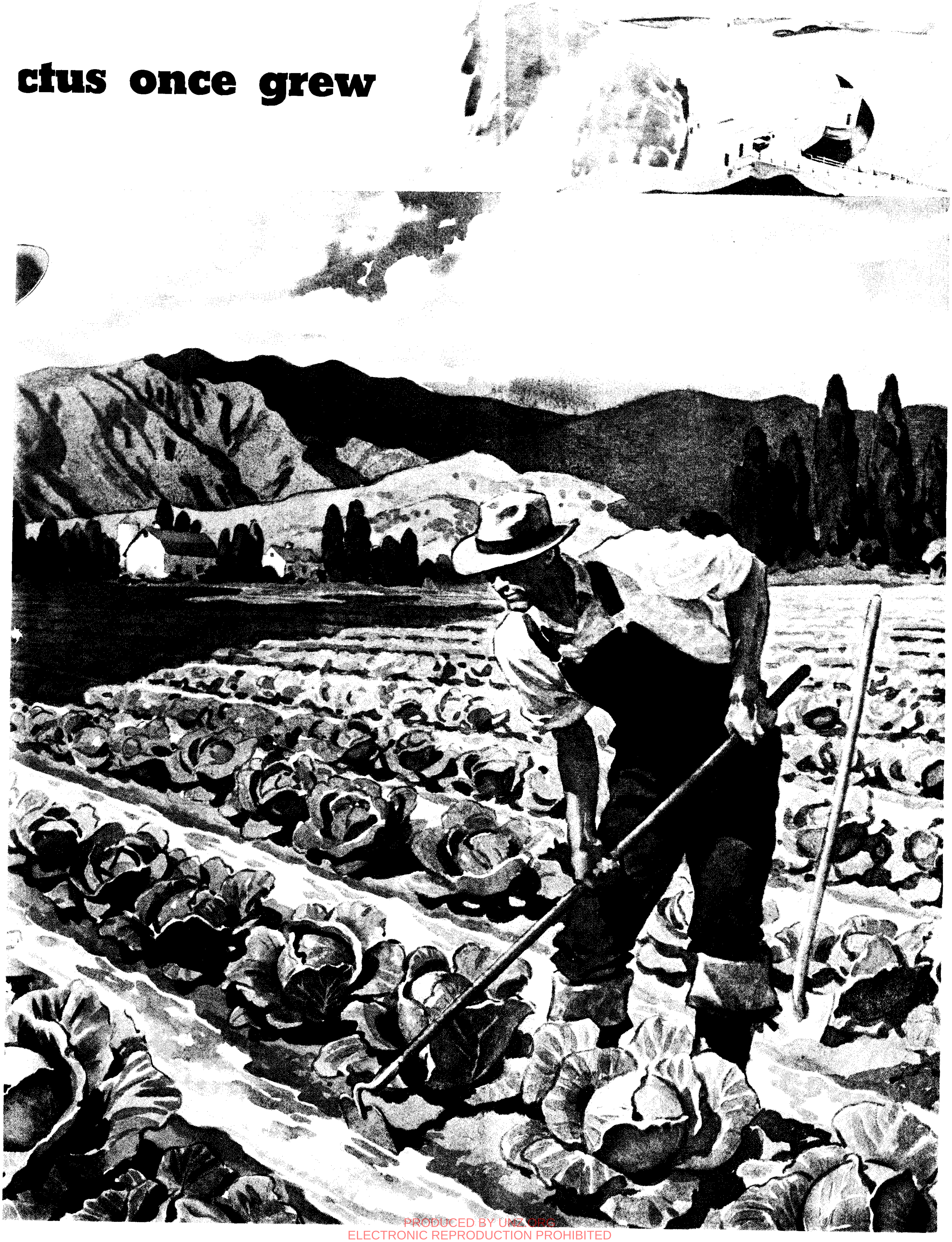


... and my pop says, "Gee whiz,"

To Niagara Falls
QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OIL
CERTIFIED — GUARANTEED

When we got to
Niagara Falls my pop bought
Some gas and the man looked
at the oil and he says
"It's still full" and my pop
says "Gee whiz, I never went
that far without adding oil
before." And the man says
"It must be Quaker State."
My pop says "Sure, but how
did you know it was Quaker
State?" The man says "People are
generally surprised how much
farther they go when they
use Quaker State." Having a
swell trip. Wish you were
along."

Hal

Retail price . . . 35¢ per quart

GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

"Yes, sir," I told him. "Everything is fine."

"You'd better go to sleep," the general said. "We're moving in the morning."

We were moving almost continuously after that, so that it is hard to recollect the sequence of days.

BRIGADE headquarters were in a patch of wood behind one of those rolling hills in the Argonne forest. It was raining and the general was seated beneath a shelter of elephant iron, looking at his map.

"Hendricks," he said, "go up and find where Colonel Groves' front line is, and telephone back the co-ordinates when you find it, if you find it."

There was not much life in the track leading up to the front line since traffic was stopped at daylight, but wreckage and bodies lay on both sides of the road, showing what might happen any time....

Colonel Groves had taken up his post of command in the end of a small house which might have belonged to a charcoal burner once. The colonel was in his undershirt, shaving. His face was peeling from sunburn and his hair had been cut close, so that his skull was of a mouse-gray color. He was talking to a major from a divisional staff as he dipped his face into the basin.

"Well, when are they coming up?" the colonel was saying. "We're only half strength now."

"They're at the railhead now, sir," the major said.

"And what about the officers?" said Colonel Groves.

"They're coming, sir," the major said.

The colonel plunged his face in a tin washbasin again and then he saw me.

"All right," he said, "go ahead and find the front line, and be sure to shoot our own men first."

It was always Colonel Groves' idea that his men were being killed by short firing.

"I'll go with the lieutenant," the major said, and picked his way beside me daintily through the trees.

The wood had been trimmed by high-explosive shells and in the hollows there was the pungent odor of mustard gas. There appeared to be no one left alive until we approached a clearing where a soldier was leaning against a tree.

"Where's the front line?" the major asked.

"Huh?" the soldier said.

"How long have you been here?" the major asked him.

"Just two days, sir," the soldier said. "We come up from Bordeaux."

The front line was a shallow furrow along the ridge of the next hill. I looked beyond the ridge and saw a small roofless town in the hollow five hundred yards away, and then I turned behind me for my map and saw Georgie Hedley leaning on a rifle.

"Hello, George," I said. "How long have you been here?"

"Just two days," George answered. "We came up from Bordeaux."

"Are you all right?" I asked him.

"Yes," said George, "I'm fine. Everything is fine."

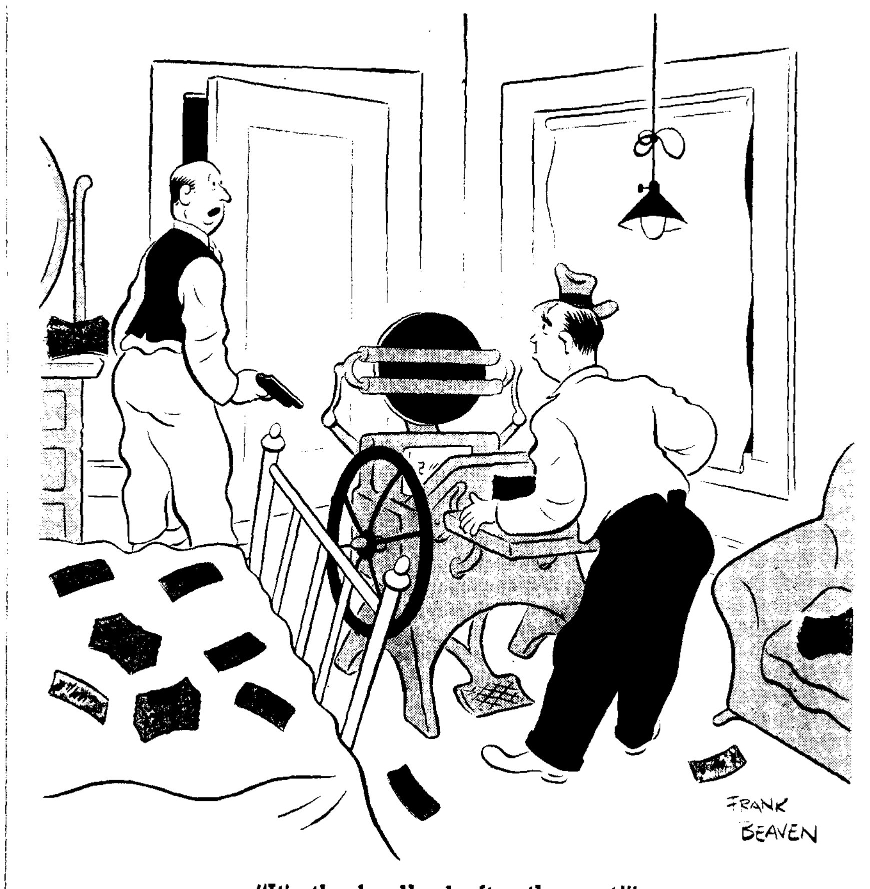
THE casualties were heavy in the latter days of 1918. Many of the replacements that came up had never heard a gun fired before they reached the front. Some had never had a gun in their hands until they started for the lines.

They would come up at night under the guidance of officers who had been sent back to get them, and parties of casual officers would follow, arriving in groups of half a dozen to report at headquarters for assignments. There were any number of strange faces at the front, and the heavy guns which moved forward from the corps artillery and the food and ammunition which were being heaped up in new dumps all meant the beginning of a new offensive.

The orders for the artillery came to brigade headquarters a day ahead. The artillery preparation was to start one minute after midnight. The infantry was to advance at three hours in the morning.

"Well," the general said, "there will be another show, gentlemen. The infantry will check their watches with the artillery. Major, you had better suggest that each battalion send an officer back here tonight to get the time."

There was the usual hurry about headquarters which preceded an attack, the usual comings and goings, the customary complaints and requests.



"It's the landlord after the rent!"

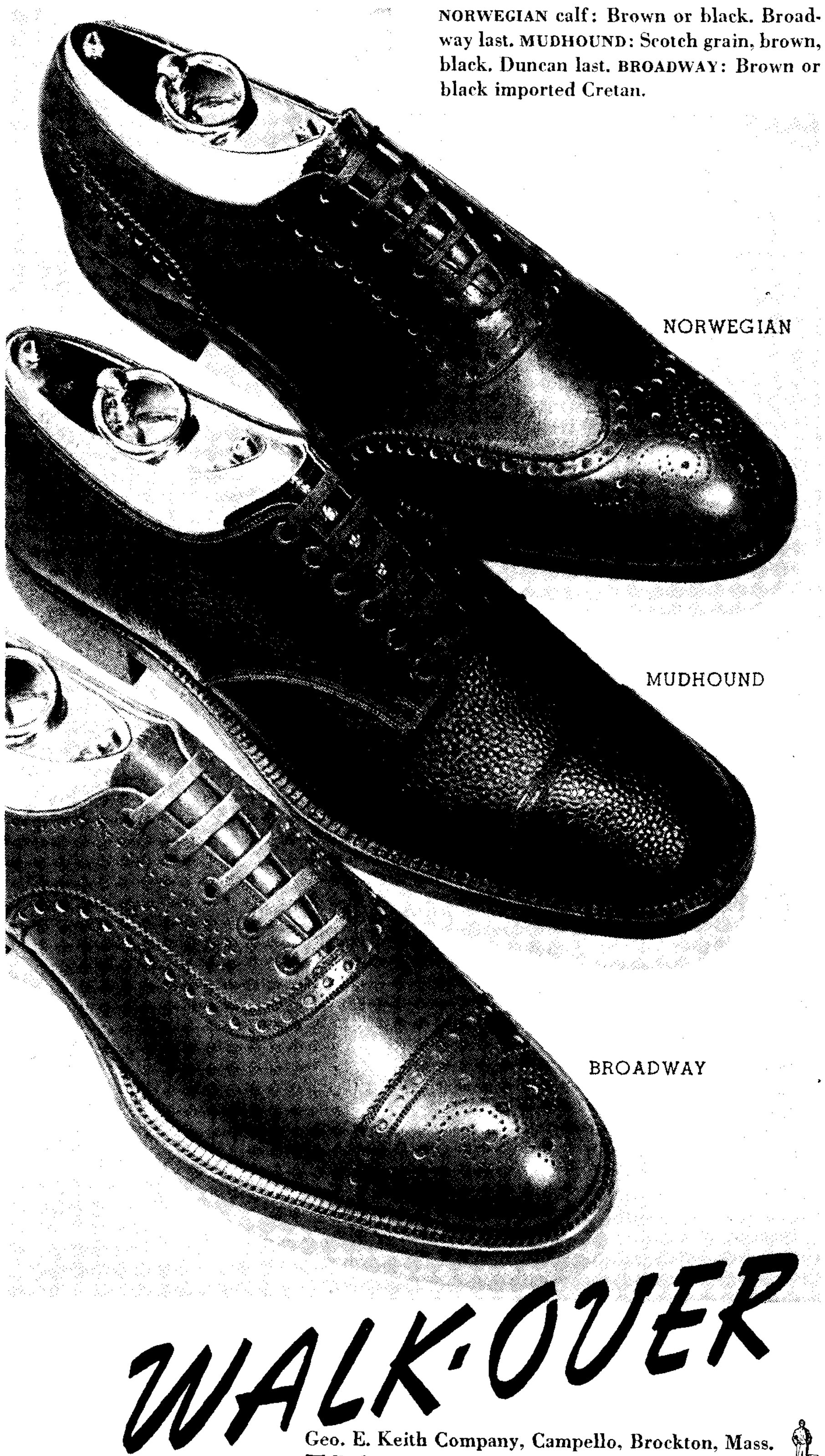
FRANK BEAVEN

Who's afraid of mud?

● Farewell to puddle-jumping! You're ready to outride any weather in these handsome, husky Walk-Overs. Water-repellent leathers selected for plumpness. Stout oiled soles that are damp-proof, more flexible and longer wearing.

And dozens of extra hand operations... tailor-made linings, fibre pegs instead of iron nails in the heel-seat... help explain why these shoes will feel so comfortable and *keep* their good looks.

NORWEGIAN calf: Brown or black. Broadway last. MUDHOUND: Scotch grain, brown, black. Duncan last. BROADWAY: Brown or black imported Cretan.



WALK-OVER

Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.
Walk-Over prices $7.50 and up. Slightly higher West.

NEEDS MUM
NEEDS MUM
NEEDS MUM

Von Herold Says:

He's the blacksheep of his crowd

I'm exaggerating.

I don't mean that Mr. X. is exactly socially outcast because he needs Mum. But I'd hate to be in his shoes.

Folks like Mr. X.—or would like to. They admit he's smart and has a sense of humor and a big heart. But he's the object of many a little whispering campaign. Gosh, I'd hate to be Mr. X.

He's the perspiration aura type. Tubs scrupulously every a.m. But, like lots of men, perspires quickly underarm . . . and publishes it.

Some men are more so than others. Baths last about 20 minutes. THEN!

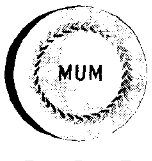
Just to be 1000 per cent sure and on the safe side in this perspiration aura business, it's bright to apply two dabs of Mum underarm regularly every a.m. If this will save one whisper against you a year, it's worthwhile.

If nothing else, you'll like yourself better, because Mum has a pleasant fragrance nice to have around all day. And it definitely kills perspiration odor *all day* without interfering with perspiration itself.

I'm human
-and humid
-it might
be me

Thousands and thousands of grown-up, two-fisted, hard-hitting, masculine men now use Mum every morning and before evenings out. (Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.)

I hope you have enough curiosity at this point to gamble a stamp to give Mum a free test. Scribble your name on the corner of this page and shoot it to Bristol-Myers Company for a free sample jar. Dept. M1-107, 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

I was sitting at a plank table helping the adjutant with his papers and answering his telephone when I heard a voice which I remembered.

"From Colonel Groves' regiment, sir," the voice was saying. "I've come to check on the time."

"Give the officer the time," the adjutant said, and then I was standing in front of Smacko Bridges. Smacko stood stolidly staring about him with his tin hat on the back of his head and his yellow hair in a moist mat over his forehead.

"Well," said Smacko, "I guess I'm up in time to see the show. I just stopped in to get the time."

"So you're out of Bordeaux?" I said.

"It looks like it," Smacko said. "Boy, I'm glad to be away from rookies." Then that nerveless face of his assumed a puzzled look. "Say," he said, "have you seen Georgie Hedley?"

"Yes," I said, "he's up here somewhere."

Smacko strapped back his wrist watch with his heavy fingers, and he took a long while doing it. He did not seem exactly nervous, but he did not seem easy in his mind. It was as though he were trying to say something, without knowing exactly how.

"Well," Smacko said, "take care of yourself. So long. I'll see you in Berlin." Then he hesitated and laughed.

"A lot of guys hate me," Smacko said. "I wonder why Georgie never liked me. You don't hate me, do you?"

"No," I said.

"It's funny," Smacko said slowly; "say, it would be funny if Georgie Hedley was up there in my outfit. If I don't see him, you give him my regards. So long. I'll see you in Berlin."

AT SEVEN o'clock the next morning the general called me.

"We'll be moving forward in an hour," he said, and tapped his finger on the large-scale map. "I want you to go up and find where the infantry will stop—the new front line."

There have been too many descriptions of a battlefield to make another one worth while. Three runners went with me, and we had a good long walk. The enemy had drawn back over a large area. There had been machine-gun fighting on the slope half a mile beyond the town that I had seen once. Columns of prisoners were marching back and our wounded who could walk were moving toward the dressing stations. I looked at the faces of some of them as I passed, but there was no one there I knew. Our infantry must have gone through very fast. There had been further resistance on another slope six hundred yards beyond. The olive-drab figures of our dead lay along the rise where they had fallen, most of them face forward. We walked among them carefully, without making a remark until one of the runners stopped and pointed.

"Lookit, sir," the runner said, "there's a captain. Some guy let him have it in the back."

I knew the shoulders and I knew the yellow hair. Smacko Bridges had nearly reached the top of the crest—part of him must have been silhouetted against the sky—before he had gone down, and then he had pitched forward with a bullet between the shoulder blades, and all expression had left his face.

"Wasn't that the lieutenant speaking to that officer last night?" the orderly said.

"Yes," I said, and I felt in Smacko's pockets to see if he had a letter, but there was no letter.

"Some guy shot him in the back," the runner said. "That's just what happened; some guy shot him in the back."

"Get a move on," I told the runners; "we're not out here to look for souvenirs."

There was the sound of bullets above our heads when we made our way cautiously up to the top of another crest. Through the glasses you could see the infantry supports halted near a square of woodland. There was a battalion commander behind them. I made my way forward and talked to him.

"We're sitting here for a while," the major said. "It's going slower on the right."

I thanked him and asked for the regimental P. C. "I'm just sending a runner there," the major said. "You can go on with him." And he raised his voice and called, "Orderly."

A man ran forward and I saw it was George Hedley.

"Take this message to the colonel," the major said, "and the lieutenant will go with you."

George Hedley saluted and walked along beside me.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

"Yes," said George, "I'm fine."

I watched him for a while before I spoke again, and then I said: "Smacko Bridges is dead back there."

George Hedley's lips were twisted upward, but he was not smiling.

"Oh," he said. "I'm sorry."

"But you're all right?" I said.

"Yes," George Hedley said. "I'm fine," and we did not speak again.

I DID not want to shake hands with George Hedley, but he was coming toward me and everyone was shaking hands. In that unchanged atmosphere of the school the half-familiar faces were blotting out the intervening years, so that we began to forget what we had been or done. The master's study was thick with smoke and a band was playing on the lawn outside.

"Hello," George Hedley said, "you don't remember me, do you? I'm Hedley, Georgie Hedley. I haven't seen you since the war. You told me that Smacko Bridges was dead, do you remember? I'm afraid I didn't say much. I don't say much, you know."

"Yes," I told him, "I remember."

"You see," George Hedley said, "I got to like him."

"You got to like him?" I repeated.

"Yes," George Hedley said. "He went out of his way to be nice to me at the base camp, and he told me to stick with him up there at the front.

"Yes," George Hedley said. His eyes were wide and guileless. "I was right with him when he went down. I don't believe he knew it. It wasn't a bad way to go."

THERE was no way of reading accurately George Hedley's thoughts, but the glass in his hand was steady. Nevertheless, I knew that some part of him was watching me just behind his eyes, and next, through some erratic association of ideas, something that he had said at school came back to me, something that should have been lost forever.

"He'll drive me crazy . . . it isn't what he does to me. It's just what I think I might do to him sometime. You just don't understand."

I understood him then, just as clearly as if he had told me, although neither of us spoke. It was no longer vaguely sinister, because the uncontrollable ugliness that had been in George Hedley's mind was just as clear as daylight. I felt hot with a sudden wave of resentment. Smacko Bridges was a better man than Hedley was, and Hedley had as good as told me. He had done what he had been afraid he would always do. There was no doubt any longer. I tried to control myself, to think of what to say, and then I knew it would do no possible good to say it.

"How are you getting on now, George?" I asked.

"Fine," he told me. "Everything is fine."

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Appointment with Death

Continued from page 22

away and went slowly out of the room.

Poirot noted the likeness between brother and sister as Raymond Boynton came into the room.

His face was stern and set. He did not seem nervous or afraid. He dropped into a chair, stared hard at Poirot.

Poirot said gently:

"Your sister has spoken with you?"

Raymond nodded.

"Yes, when she told me to come here. Of course I realize that your suspicions are quite justified. If our conversation was overheard that night, the fact that my stepmother died rather suddenly certainly *would* seem suspicious! I can only assure you that that conversation was—the madness of an evening! We were, at the time, under an intolerable strain. This fantastic plan of killing my stepmother did— Oh, how shall I put it?—it let off steam somehow!"

Hercule Poirot bent his head slowly. "That," he said, "is possible."

"In the morning, of course, it all seemed rather absurd! I swear to you, M. Poirot, that I never thought of the matter again!"

POIROT did not answer. Raymond said quickly:

"Oh, yes, I know that that is easy enough to *say*. I cannot expect you to believe me on my bare word. But consider the facts. I spoke to my mother just a little before six o'clock. She was certainly alive and well then. I went to my tent, had a wash and joined the others in the marquee. From that time onward neither Carol nor I moved from the place. We were in full sight of everyone. You must see, M. Poirot, that my mother's death was natural—a case of heart failure—it couldn't be anything else! There were servants about, a lot of coming and going. Any other idea is absurd."

Poirot said quietly:

"Do you know, M. Boynton, that Miss King is of the opinion that when she examined the body—at six-thirty—death had occurred at least an hour and a half and probably *two hours* earlier?"

Raymond stared at him. He looked dumfounded. "Sarah said that?" he gasped.

Poirot nodded.

"But—it's impossible!"

"That is Miss King's testimony. Now *you* come and tell me that your mother was alive and well only forty minutes before Miss King examined the body."

"But she was!"

"Be careful, M. Boynton."

"Sarah *must* be mistaken! There must be some factor she didn't take into account. Reflection off the rock—something. I can assure you, M. Poirot, that my mother *was* alive at just before six and that I spoke to her."

Poirot's face showed nothing.

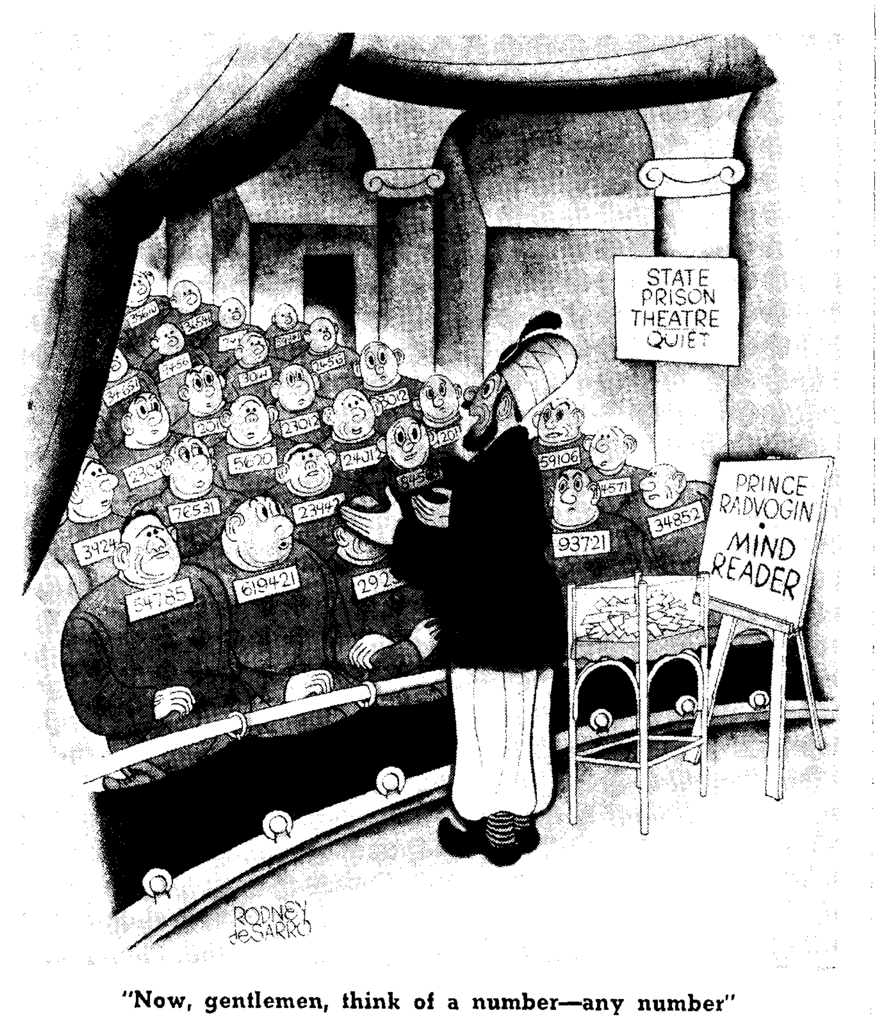
Raymond leaned forward earnestly.

"M. Poirot, I know how it must seem to you, but look at the thing fairly. You are a biased person. You are bound to be by the nature of things. You live in an atmosphere of crime. Every sudden death must seem to you a possible crime! Can't you realize that your sense of proportion is not to be relied upon? People die every day, especially people with weak hearts, and there is nothing in the least sinister about such deaths."

Poirot sighed. "So you would teach me my business, is that it?"

"No, of course not. But I do think that you are prejudiced—because of that unfortunate conversation. There is really nothing about my mother's death to awaken suspicion except that unlucky hysterical conversation between Carol and myself."

Poirot shook his head. "You are in error," he said. "There is something



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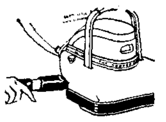


INSTANT Slip connector in slot and you're ready to use Cleaning Tools. No stopping motor. No detaching belt.

else. There is the poison taken from Dr. Gerard's medicine chest."

"Poison?" Raymond stared at him. "*Poison!*" He pushed his chair back a little. He looked completely stupefied. "Is *that* what you suspect?"

Poirot gave him a minute or two. Then he said quietly, almost indifferently: "Your plan was different, eh?"

"Oh, yes." Raymond answered mechanically. "That's why—this changes everything. . . . I—I can't think clearly."

"What was *your* plan?"

"Our plan? It was—"

RAYMOND BOYNTON stopped abruptly. His eyes became alert, suddenly watchful.

"I don't think," he said, "that I'll say any more."

He got up.

"As you please," said Poirot.

He watched the young man out of the room.

He drew his pad toward him and in small neat characters made a final entry. R. B. 5:50?

Then, taking a large sheet of paper he proceeded to write.

His task completed, he sat back with his head on one side, contemplating the result. It ran as follows:

Boyntons and Jefferson Cope leave the camp. 3:05 (approx.).

Dr. Gerard and Sarah King leave the camp. 3:15 (approx.).

Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce leave the camp. 4:15.

Dr. Gerard returns to camp. 4:20 (approx.).

Lennox Boynton returns to camp. 4:35.

Nadine Boynton returns to camp and talks to Mrs. Boynton. 4:40.

Nadine Boynton leaves her mother-in-law and goes to marquee. 4:50 (approx.).

Carol Boynton returns to camp. 5:10.

Lady Westholme, Miss Pierce and Mr. Jefferson Cope return to camp. 5:40.

Raymond Boynton returns to camp. 5:50.

Sarah King returns to camp. 6:00.

Body discovered. 6:30.

"I wonder," said Hercule Poirot.

He folded up the list, went to the door and called for Mahmoud.

The stout dragoman was voluble.

"Always, always, I am blamed. When anything happens, say always my fault. Always my fault. When Lady Ellen Hunt sprain her ankle coming down from Place of Sacrifice it my fault, though she would go high-heeled shoes and she sixty at least—perhaps seventy. My life all one misery! Ah, what with miseries and iniquities Jews do to us—"

At last Poirot succeeded in stemming the flood and in getting in his question.

"Half past five o'clock, you say? No, I not think any of servants were about then. You see, lunch is late—two o'clock. And then to clear it away. After the lunch all afternoon sleep. Yes, Americans, they not take tea. We all settle sleep by half past three. At five I who am soul of efficiency—always—always I watch for the comfort of ladies and gentlemen I serving, I come out knowing that time all English ladies want tea. But no one there. They all gone walking. For me, that is very well—better than usual. I can go back sleep. At quarter to six trouble begin—large English lady—very grand lady—come back and want tea, although boys are now laying dinner. She makes quite fuss—says water must be boiling—I am to see myself. Ah, my good gentleman! What a life—what a life! I do all I can—always I blamed—I—"

Poirot cut short the recriminations.

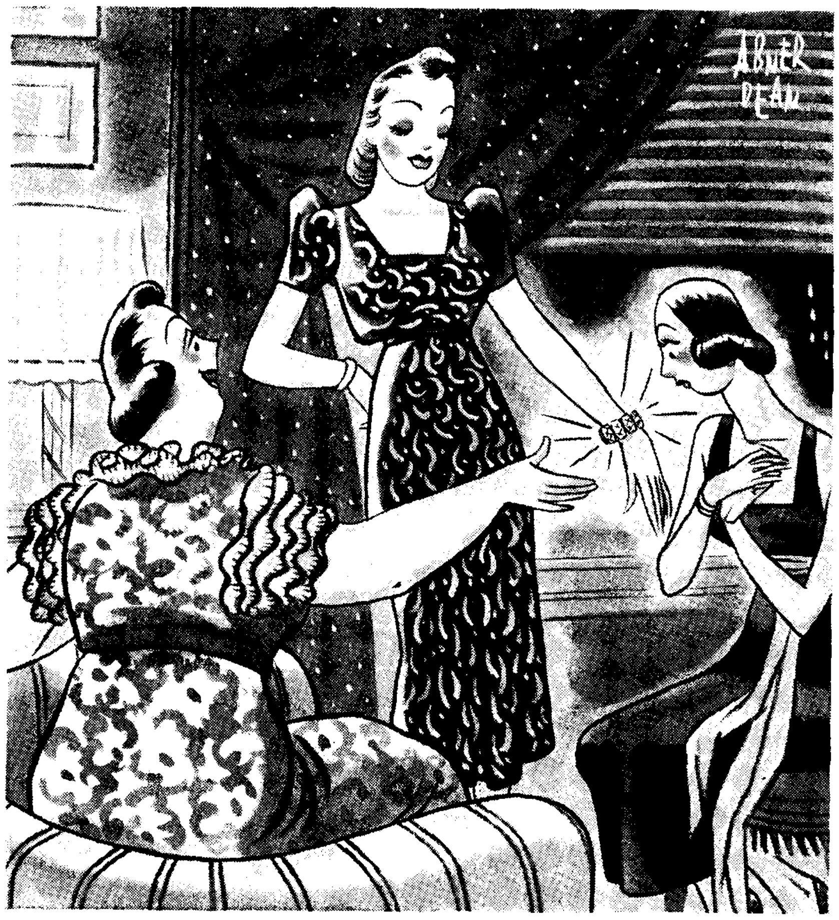
"There is another small matter. The dead lady was angry with one of the boys. Do you know which one it was and what it was about?"

Mahmoud's hands rose to heaven.

"Should I know? But naturally not. Old lady did not complain to me."

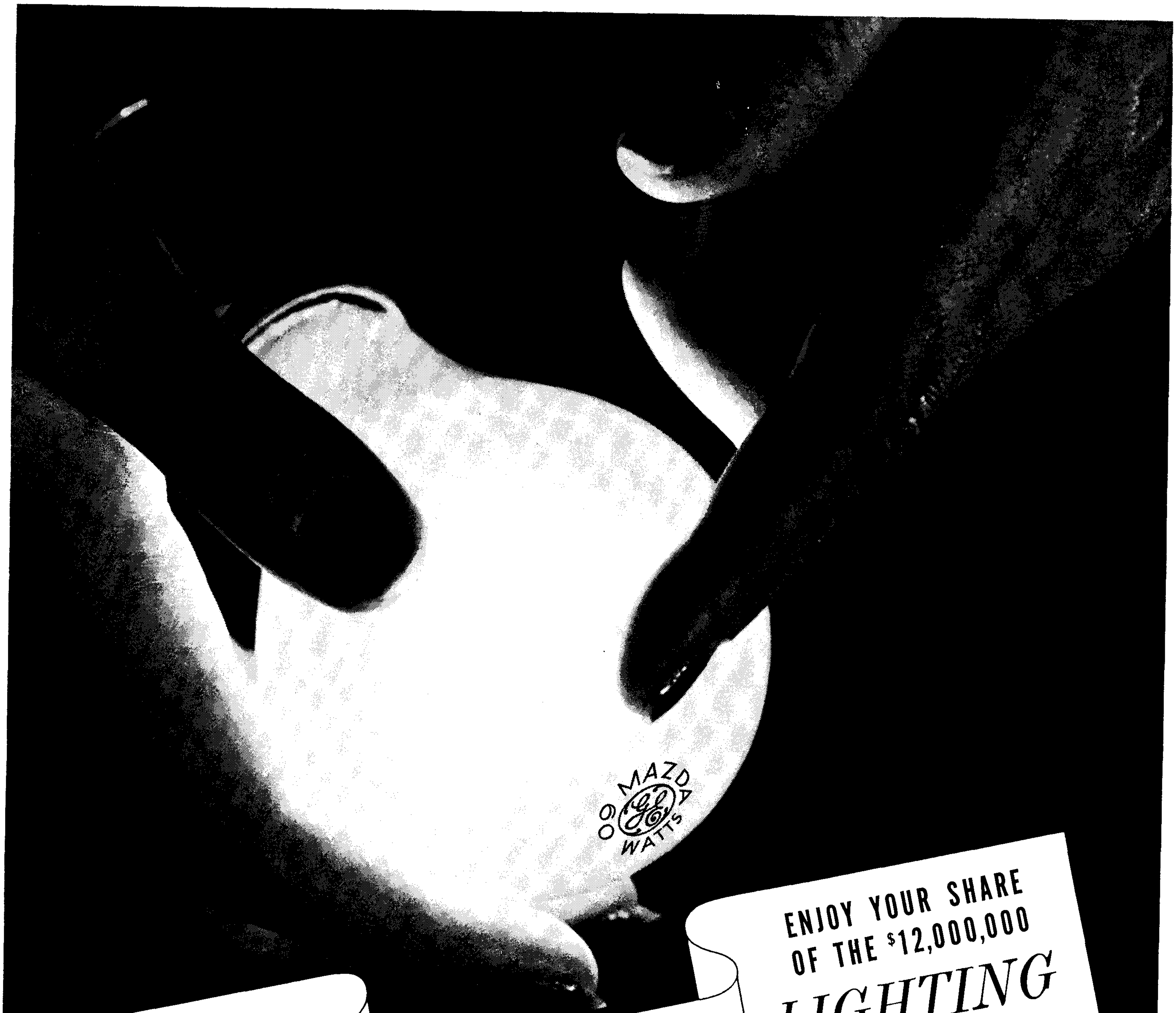
"Could you find out?"

"No, my good gentleman, that would be impossible. None of the boys admit it for a moment. Old lady angry, you say? Then naturally boys would not tell. Abdul say it Mohammed, and Mohammed say it Aziz, and Aziz say it Aissa, and so on. They are all very



"People just instinctively like her. Look what her boss gave her"

ABNER DEAN



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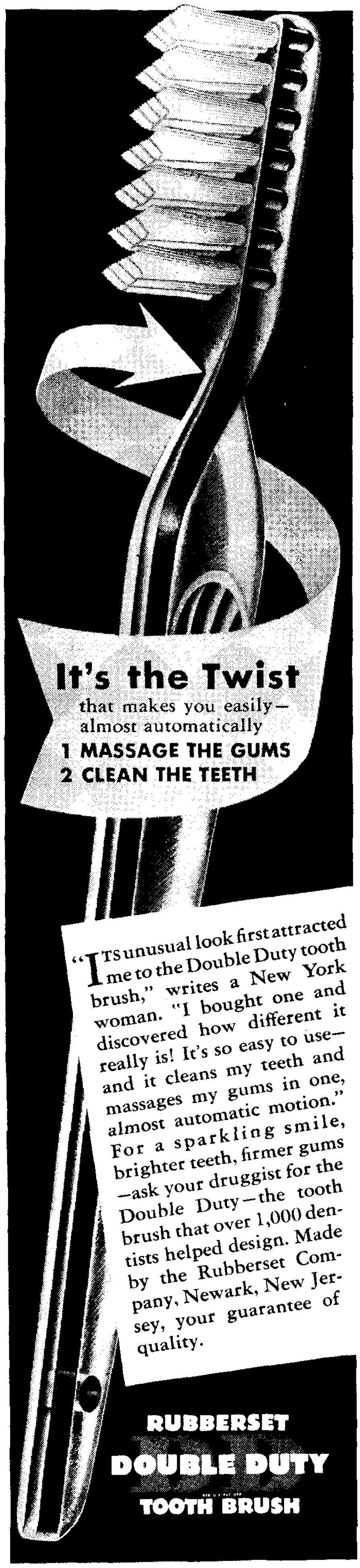

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stupid Bedouin—understand nothing."

Poirot contrived to escape from the dragoman's eloquence. Then he took his list to Colonel Carbury.

Carbury pushed his tie a little more askew and asked: "Got anything?"

Poirot sat down.

"Shall I tell you a theory of mine?"

"If you like," said Colonel Carbury, and sighed.

"My theory is that criminology is the easiest science in the world! One has only to let the criminal talk—sooner or later he will tell you everything."

"I remember you said something of the kind before. Who's been telling you things?"

"Everybody." Briefly, Poirot related the interviews he had had that morning.

"H'm," said Carbury. "Yes, you've got hold of a pointer or two, perhaps. Pity of it is they all seem to point in opposite directions. Have we got a case, that's what I want to know?"

"No."

Carbury sighed again. "I was afraid not."

"But before nightfall," said Poirot, "you shall have the truth!"

"Well, that's all you ever promised me," said Colonel Carbury. "And I rather doubted you getting that! Sure of it?"

"I am very sure."

"Must be nice to feel like that," commented the other. If there was a faint twinkle in his eye, Poirot appeared unaware of it.

He produced his list.

"Neat," said Colonel Carbury.

He bent over it. After a minute or two he said:

"Know what I think?"

"I should be delighted to hear."

"Young Raymond Boynton's out of it."

"Ah! you think so?"

"Yes. Clear as a bell what *he* thought. We might have known he'd be out of it. Being, as in detective stories, the most likely person. Since you practically overheard him saying he was going to bump off the old lady, we might have known that meant he was innocent!"

"You read the detective stories, yes?"

"Thousands of them," said Colonel Carbury. He added, and his tone was that of a wistful schoolboy: "I suppose you couldn't do the things the detective does in books? Write a list of significant facts—things that don't seem to mean anything but are really frightfully important—that sort of thing."

"Ah," said Poirot kindly. "You like that kind of detective story? But certainly, I will do it for you."

HE DREW a sheet of paper toward him and wrote quickly and neatly:

SIGNIFICANT POINTS

1. Mrs. Boynton was taking a mixture containing digitalin.
2. Dr. Gerard missed a hypodermic syringe.
3. Mrs. Boynton took definite pleasure in keeping her family from enjoying themselves with other people.
4. Mrs. Boynton, on the afternoon in question, encouraged her family to go away and leave her.
5. Mrs. Boynton is a mental sadist.
6. The distance from the marquee to the place where Mrs. Boynton was sitting is (roughly) two hundred yards.
7. Mr. Lennox Boynton said at first he did not know what time he returned to the camp, but later he admitted having set his mother's wrist watch to the right time.
8. Dr. Gerard and Miss Ginevra Boynton occupied tents next door to each other.
9. At half past six, when dinner was ready, a servant was dispatched to announce the fact to Mrs. Boynton.

The colonel perused this with great satisfaction.

"Capital!" he said. "Just the thing! You've made it difficult—and seemingly irrelevant—absolutely the authentic touch! By the way, it seems to me there are one or two rather noticeable omissions. But that, I suppose, is what you tempt the mug with?"

Poirot's eyes only twinkled a little.

"Point 2, for instance," said Colonel Carbury tentatively. "*Dr. Gerard missed a hypodermic syringe—yes?* He also missed a concentrated solution of digitalis—or something of that kind."

"The latter point," said Poirot, "is not important in the way the absence of his hypodermic syringe is important."

"Splendid!" said Colonel Carbury, his face irradiated with smiles. "I don't get it at all. *I* should have said the digitalis was much more important than the syringe! And what about that servant motif that keeps cropping up—a servant being sent to tell her dinner was ready—and that story of her shaking her stick at a servant earlier in the afternoon? You're not going to tell me one of my poor desert mutts bumped her off after all? Because," added Colonel Carbury sternly, "if so, that would be *cheating*."

Poirot smiled but did not answer. As he left the office, he murmured to himself: "Incredible! The English never grow up!"

SARAH KING sat on a hilltop, absently plucking up wild flowers. Dr. Gerard sat on a wall of stones near her.

She said suddenly and fiercely:

"Why did you start all this? If it hadn't been for *you*—"

Dr. Gerard said slowly: "You think I should have kept silent?"

"Yes."

"Knowing what I knew?"

"You didn't know," said Sarah.

The Frenchman sighed.

"I did know. But I admit one can never be absolutely sure."

"Yes, one can," said Sarah.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "You, perhaps!"

Sarah said:

"You had fever—a high temperature—you couldn't be clearheaded about the business. The syringe was probably there all the time. And you may have made a mistake about the digitoxin or one of the servants may have meddled."

Gerard said cynically:

"You need not worry! The evidence is almost bound to be inconclusive. You will see, your friends the Boyntons will get away with it!"

Sarah said fiercely: "I don't want that, either."

He shook his head. "You are illogical!"

"Wasn't it you," Sarah demanded, "in Jerusalem, who said a great deal about not interfering? And now look!"

"I have not interfered. I have only told what I know!"

"And I say you don't *know* it. Oh, dear, there we are, back again! I'm arguing in a circle."

Gerard said gently: "I am sorry, Miss King."

Sarah said in a low voice:

"You see, after all, *they haven't escaped*—any of them! *She's* still there! Even from her grave she can still reach out and hold them. There was something terrible about her. She's just as terrible now she's dead!"

She clenched her hands. Then she said in an entirely different tone:

"That little man's coming up the hill."

Dr. Gerard looked over his shoulder.

"Ah! he comes in search of us, I think."

"Is he as much of a fool as he looks?"

Dr. Gerard said gravely: "He is not a fool at all."

"I was afraid of that," said Sarah.

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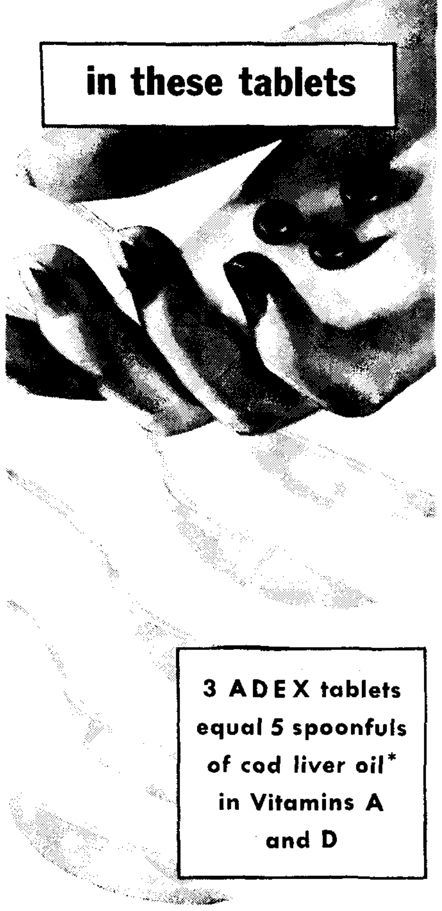

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With somber eyes she watched the uphill progress of Hercule Poirot.

He reached them at last.

"Alas," he said. "This stony country! My poor shoes."

"Why on earth do you wear patent-leather shoes in this sort of country?" Sarah asked.

"I like to have the appearance *soigné*," he said.

"I should give up trying for that in the desert," said Sarah.

"Women do not look their best in the desert," said Dr. Gerard dreamily.

Sarah said restively:

"Well, I don't suppose M. Poirot climbed up here to talk about style!"

"True," said Poirot. "I came to consult Dr. Gerard—his opinion should be of value to me, and yours too, Mademoiselle. You are young and up-to-date in your psychology. I want to know, you see, all that you can tell me of Mrs. Boynton."

"Don't you know all that by heart now?" asked Sarah.

"No. I have a feeling that the mental equipment of Mrs. Boynton is very important in this case."

"From my point of view she was certainly an interesting study," said the doctor.

"Tell me."

DR. GERARD was nothing loath. He described his own interest in the family group, his conversation with Jefferson Cope, and the latter's complete misreading of the situation.

"He is a sentimentalist, then," said Poirot thoughtfully.

"Oh, essentially! He has ideals—based, really, on a deep instinct of laziness. To take human nature at its best and the world as a pleasant place is undoubtedly the easiest course in life. Jefferson Cope has, consequently, not the least idea what people are really like."

"That might be dangerous sometimes," said Poirot.

Dr. Gerard went on:

"He persisted in regarding what I may describe as 'the Boynton situation' as a case of mistaken devotion. Of the underlying hate, rebellion, slavery and misery he had only the faintest notion."

"It is stupid, that," Poirot commented.

"All the same," went on Dr. Gerard, "even the most willfully obtuse of sentimental optimists cannot be quite blind. I think, on the journey to Petra, Mr. Jefferson Cope's eyes were being opened."

And he described the conversation he had had with the American on the morning of Mrs. Boynton's death.

"That is an interesting story, that story of a servant girl," said Poirot thoughtfully. "It throws light on the old woman's methods."

"It was altogether a very strange morning, that!" Gerard said. "You have not been to Petra, M. Poirot. If you go, you must certainly climb to the Place of Sacrifice. It has an—how shall I say?—an atmosphere!" He described the scene in detail, adding: "Mademoiselle here sat like a young judge, speaking of the sacrifice of one to save many. You remember, Miss King?"

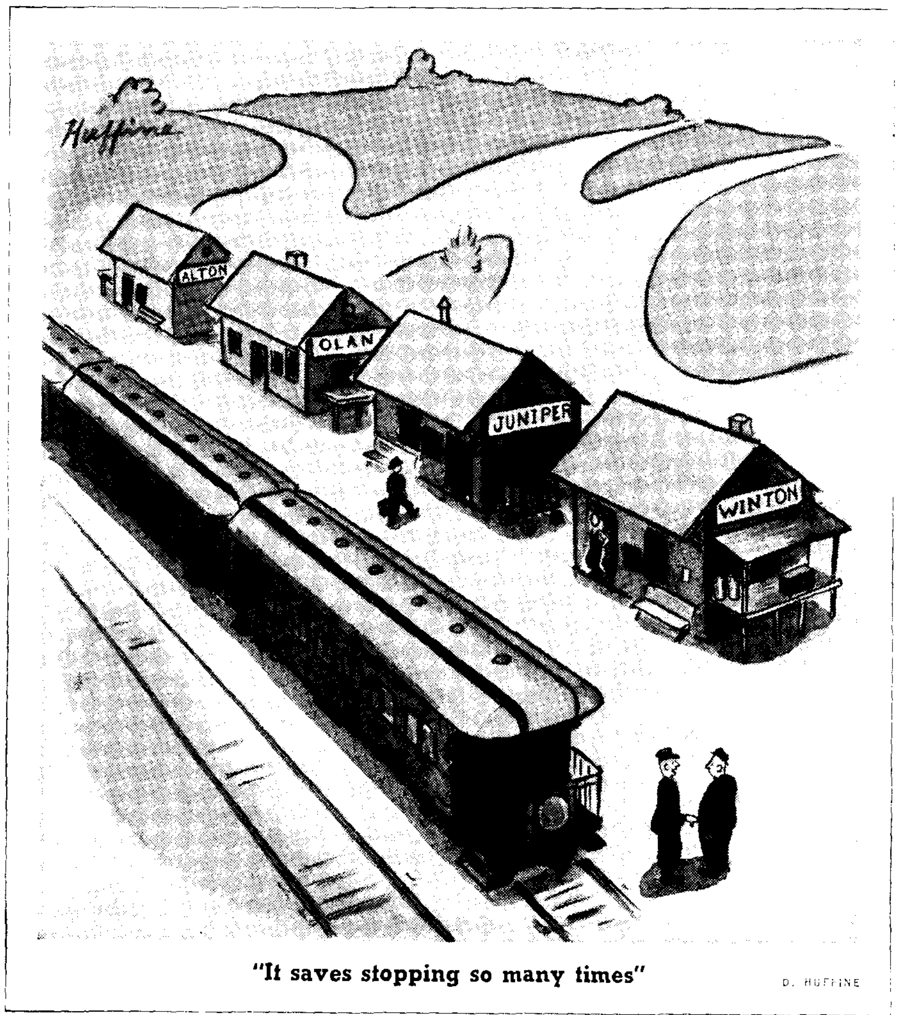
Sarah shivered.

"Don't! Don't let's talk of that day."

"No, no," said Poirot. "Let us talk of events farther back in the past. I am interested, Dr. Gerard, in your sketch of Mrs. Boynton's mentality. What I do not quite understand is this: Having brought her family into absolute subjection, why did she then arrange this trip abroad where surely there was danger of outside contacts and of her authority being weakened?"

Dr. Gerard leaned forward excitedly.

"But you see, that is just it! Old ladies are the same all the world over. They get bored! If their specialty is playing patience, they sicken of the patience they know too well. They want to learn a new patience. And it is just the same with an old lady whose recreation (incredible as it may sound) is the dominating and tormenting of human creatures! **Mrs.** Boynton—to speak of her as an animal trainer—had tamed her tigers. There was perhaps some excitement as they passed through the stage of adolescence. Lennox's marriage to Nadine was an adventure. But then, suddenly, all was stale. Lennox is so



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sunk in melancholy that it is practically impossible to wound or distress him. Raymond and Carol show no signs of rebellion. Ginevra—ah! the poor Ginevra—she, from her mother's point of view, gives the poorest sport of all. For Ginevra has found a way of escape! She escapes from reality into fantasy. The more her mother goads her, the more easily she gets a secret thrill out of being a persecuted heroine! From Mrs. Boynton's point of view it is all deadly dull. She seeks, like Alexander, new worlds to conquer. And so she plans the voyage abroad. There will be the danger of her tamed beasts rebelling, there will be opportunities for inflicting fresh pain! It sounds absurd—does it not?—but it was so! She wanted a new thrill."

Poirot took a deep breath.

"It is perfect, that. Yes, I see exactly what you mean. *It was so.* It all fits in. She chose to live dangerously, *la maman* Boynton—and she paid the penalty!"

SARAH leaned forward, her pale intelligent face very serious.

"You mean," she said, "that she drove her victims too far and—and they turned on her—or—or one of them did?"

Poirot bowed his head.

Sarah said breathlessly:

"*Which of them?*"

Poirot looked at her, at her hands clenched fiercely on the wild flowers, at the pale rigidity of her face.

He did not answer—was indeed saved from answering, for at that moment Gerard touched his shoulder and said:

"Look."

A girl was wandering along the side of the hill. She moved with a strange rhythmic grace that somehow gave the impression that she was not quite real. The gold red of her hair shone in the sunlight, a strange secretive smile lifted the beautiful corners of her mouth.

Poirot drew in his breath.

"How beautiful! . . . How strangely, movingly beautiful! . . . That is how Ophelia should be played—like a young goddess straying from another world, happy because she has escaped out of the bondage of human joys and griefs."

"Yes, yes, you are right," said Gerard. "It is a face to dream of, is it not? *I* dreamed of it. In my fever I opened my eyes and saw that face—with its sweet, unearthly smile. . . . It was a good dream. I was sorry to wake. . . ."

Then, with a return to his commonplace manner:

"That is Ginevra Boynton," he said.

In another minute the girl had reached them.

Dr. Gerard performed the introduction.

"Miss Boynton, this is M. Hercule Poirot."

"Oh." She looked at him uncertainly. Her fingers joined together, twined themselves uneasily in and out. The enchanted nymph had come back from the country of enchantment. She was now just an ordinary awkward girl.

Poirot said: "It is a piece of good fortune meeting you here, Mademoiselle. I tried to see you in the hotel."

Her smile was vacant.

He said gently: "Will you walk with me a little way?"

She moved docilely enough.

Presently she said, rather unexpectedly, in a queer, hurried voice:

"You are a detective, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"A very well-known detective?"

"The best detective in the world," said Poirot, stating it as a simple truth.

Ginevra Boynton breathed softly:

"You have come here to protect me?"

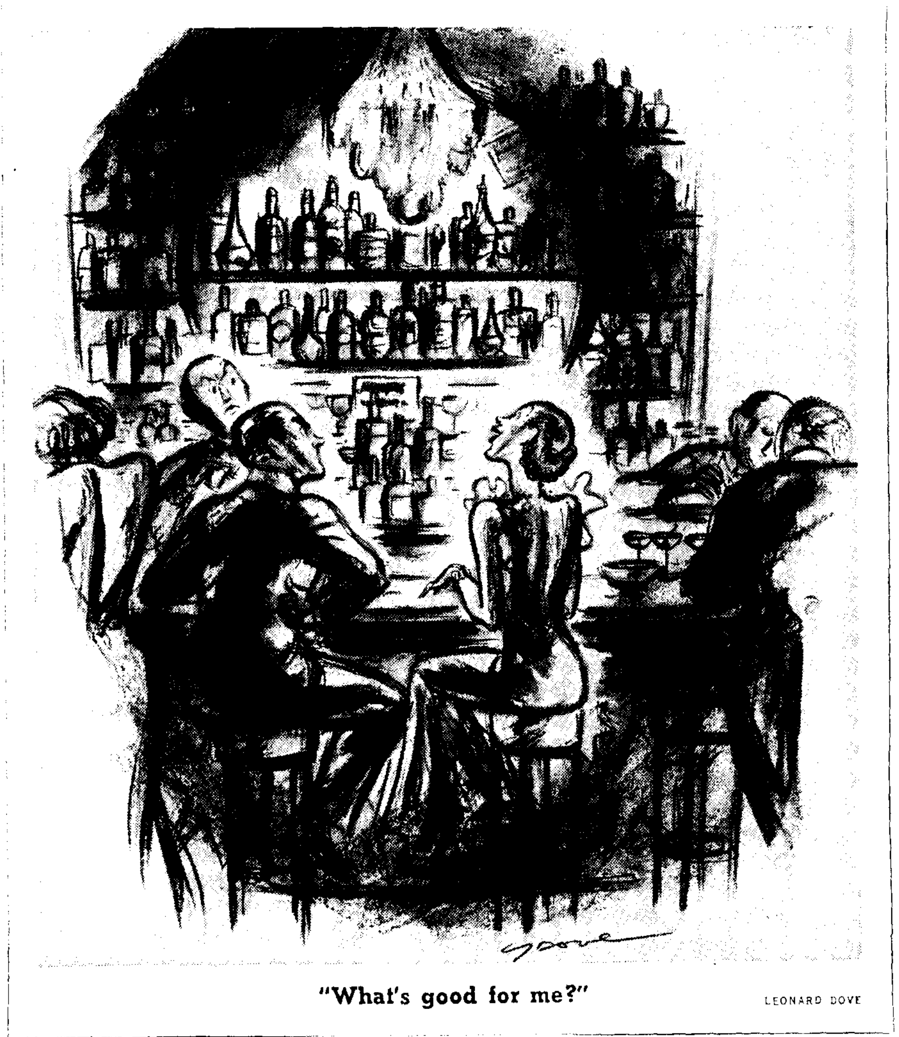
Poirot stroked his mustache thoughtfully. He said:

"Are you then in danger, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, yes." She looked around with a quick, suspicious glance. "I told Dr. Gerard about it in Jerusalem. He was very clever. He gave no sign at the time. But he followed me to that terrible place with the red rocks." She shivered. "They meant to kill me there. I have to be continually on my guard."

Poirot nodded gently.

Ginevra Boynton said:



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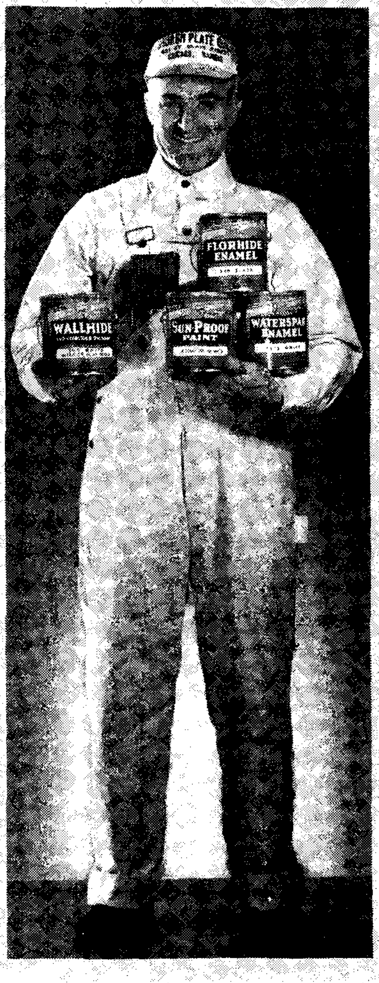

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"He is kind—and good. He is in love with me!"

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes. He says my name in his sleep . . ." Her face softened—again a kind of trembling, unearthly beauty hovered there. "I saw him—lying there turning and tossing and saying my name. . . . I stole away quietly." She paused. "I thought, perhaps, *he* had sent for you. I have a terrible lot of enemies, you know. They are all round me. Sometimes they are *disguised*."

"Yes, yes," said Poirot gently. "But you are safe here—with all your family round you."

She drew herself up proudly.

"They are *not* my family! I have nothing to do with them. I cannot tell you who I really am—that is a great secret. It would surprise you if you knew."

HE SAID gently: "Was your mother's death a great shock to you, Mademoiselle?"

Ginevra stamped her foot.

"I tell you—she *wasn't* my mother! My enemies paid her to pretend she was and to see I did not escape!"

"Where were you on the afternoon of her death?"

She answered readily:

"I was in the tent. . . . It was hot in there, but I didn't dare come out. . . . *They* might have got me. . . ." She gave a little quiver. "One of them—looked into my tent. He was disguised, but I knew him. I pretended to be asleep. The sheik had sent him. The sheik wanted to kidnap me, of course."

For a few moments Poirot walked in silence, then he said:

"They are very pretty, these histories you recount to yourself?"

She stopped. She glared at him.

"They're *true*. They're all *true*," she said and again she stamped an angry foot.

"Yes," said Poirot, "they are certainly ingenious."

She cried out:

"They are true—*true*—"

Then, angrily, she turned from him and ran down the hillside.

Poirot stood looking after her. In a minute or two he heard a voice close behind him:

"What did you say to her?"

Poirot turned to where Dr. Gerard, a little out of breath, stood beside him. Sarah was coming toward them both, but she came at a more leisurely pace.

Poirot answered Gerard's question.

"I told her," he said, "that she had imagined to herself some pretty stories."

The doctor nodded his head.

"And she was angry! That is a good sign. It shows, you see, that she has not yet completely passed through the door. She still knows that it is *not* the truth! I shall cure her."

"Ah, you are undertaking a cure?"

"Yes. I have discussed the matter with young Mrs. Boynton and her husband. Ginevra will come to Paris and enter one of my clinics. Afterward she will have her training for the stage."

"The stage?"

"Yes. There is a possibility there for her of great success. And that is what she needs—what she *must* have! In many essentials she has the same nature as her mother."

"No!" cried Sarah, revolted.

"It seems impossible to you, but certain fundamental traits are the same. They were both born with a great yearning for importance; they both demand that their personality shall impress! This poor child has been thwarted and suppressed at every turn; she has been given no outlet for her fierce ambition, for her love of life, for the expressing of her vivid, romantic personality." He gave a little laugh. "*Nous allons changer tout ça!*"

Then, with a little bow, he murmured: "You will excuse me?" And he hurried down the hill after the girl.

Sarah said:

"Dr. Gerard is tremendously keen on his job."

"I perceive his keenness," said Poirot.

Sarah said with a frown:

"All the same, I can't bear his comparing her to that horrible old woman—although once I felt sorry for Mrs. Boynton myself."

"When was that, Mademoiselle?"

"That time I told you about in Jerusalem. I suddenly felt as though I'd got the whole business wrong. You know that feeling one has sometimes when just for a short time you see everything the other way round? I got all het up about it and made a fool of myself!"

"Oh, no—not that."

SARAH, as always when she remembered her conversation with Mrs. Boynton, was blushing acutely.

"I felt all exalted as though I had a mission! And then later when Lady W. fixed a fishy eye on me and said she had seen me talking to Mrs. Boynton, I thought she had probably overheard, and I felt the *most* complete ass."

Poirot said:

"What exactly was it that old Mrs. Boynton said to you. Can you remember the exact words?"

"I think so. They made rather an impression on me. '*I never forget*,' that's what she said. '*Remember that. I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face*." Sarah shivered. "She said it so *malevolently*—not even looking at me. I feel—I feel as if, even now, I can hear her. . . ."

Poirot said gently:

"It impressed you very much?"

"Yes. I'm not easily frightened—but sometimes I dream of her saying just those words and her evil, leering triumphant face. Ugh!"

She gave a quick shiver.

Then she turned suddenly to him.

"M. Poirot, perhaps I ought not to ask, but have you come to a conclusion about this business? Have you found out anything definite?"

"Yes."

He saw her lips tremble as she asked:

"What?"

"I have found out to whom Raymond Boynton spoke that night in Jerusalem. It was to his sister Carol."

"Carol—of course!"

Then she went on: "Did you tell him—did you ask him—"

IT WAS no use. She could not go on. Poirot looked at her gravely and compassionately. He said quietly:

"It means—so much to you, Mademoiselle?"

"It means just everything!" said Sarah. Then she squared her shoulders. "But I've got to *know*."

Poirot said quietly:

"He told me that it was a hysterical outburst—no more! That he and his sister were worked up. He told me that in daylight such an idea appeared fantastic to them both."

"I see. . . ."

Poirot said gently:

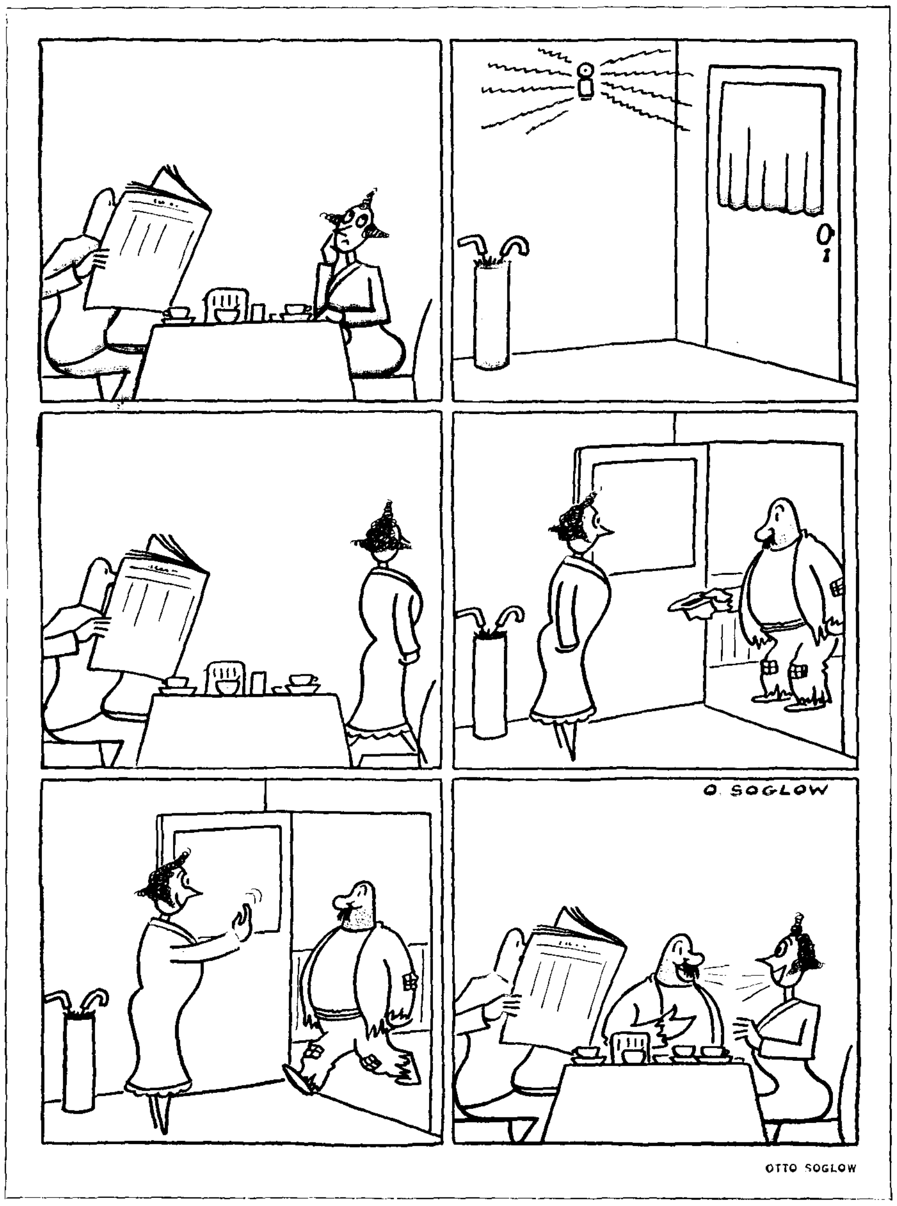
"Miss Sarah, will you not tell me what it is you fear?"

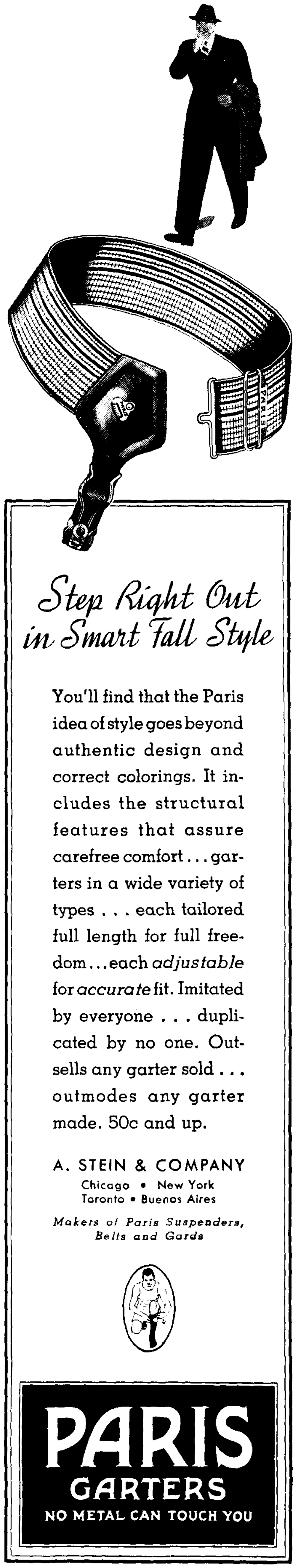
Sarah turned a white, despairing face upon him.

"That afternoon—we were together. And he left me, saying—saying he wanted to do something *now*—while he had the courage. I thought he meant just to—to tell her. But supposing he meant . . ."

Her voice died away! She stood rigid, fighting for control.

(To be continued next week)

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Yellow Dwarf

By Walter Duranty

The last performance of Osko the showman, who lived in mortal terror of the day his doll would talk. The story of a ventriloquist who had altogether too much imagination for his own good

Posed by Charlie McCarthy (of McCarthy & Bergen) for Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

IT WAS such a good act that even professionals said it fooled them. They didn't mean that it really fooled them because, of course, they knew about it, but they meant it was good enough to fool them if they hadn't known.

It was billed as "Osko and the Yellow Dwarf," and he played it mostly on hotel roofs or in cabarets and after rich dinner parties where something was needed to amuse the guests. Theaters are too big nowadays for an act of that kind unless the dialogue is exceptional. Which Osko's wasn't, but as a ventriloquist he was tops, technically, and he had one idea that made his act tops also. All other ventriloquist shows followed the same pattern. The man came in carrying the dummy on his arm and talked to him and the dummy talked back. That's been done for thousands of years and the only novelties introduced since the Witch of Endor have been a mechanical contrivance to make the dummy's jaws work, as if it were really talking, and the idea of dressing it up as a midget—dwarf to you—instead of an obvious dummy.

Osko went one better—he made the dummy's feet work.

He'd come swinging onto a cabaret stage with the dummy perched on his arm, and before he'd had time to face the audience the little creature would be grumbling its head off about being dragged away from the bar. Both of them were in full dress with white ties and tail coats and shiny shoes and opera hats perched on the back of their heads, but instead of the dummy's feet hanging lifeless like those of earlier acts, Osko had some contrivance to make his Yellow Dwarf's feet look natural. He could curve the ankle or make a foot kick, and even—just once in the act—have one leg fold over the other. That was the trick that fooled them and made the professionals say it would have fooled them too if they hadn't known better.

As dialogue it wasn't so hot, mostly all about alcohol, and crusty old jokes like the two drunks meeting when one says to the other, "Where do you want to go now?"

The other answers, "I want to go home."

"Why don't you go home?"

"I don't know where my home *is*."

"Why don't you know where your home is?"

"Because I've forgotten my name."

"Well, what *is* your name?"

"My name's Jones, now that I come to think of it, but I don't know where Jones lives."

That wasn't any too sparkling even for the night-club public at two A. M., but Osko got by with it because nine tenths of those present were so interested in arguing whether the Yellow Dwarf was a dwarf or a dummy that they didn't care what Osko was saying. You'd hear people say in the audience, "Well, I'll bet you five dollars that I can go stick a pin in that little fellow's leg and he won't know it because there's nothing there but sawdust."

THEN another would say, "Sawdust nothing. He'd kick you in the face, that's what he'd do if you went sticking pins in his calf. Look at him now; just watch him move his foot. The trouble with you, Bill, is that you've got sawdust in your head instead of brains. Of course he's real. Listen to him talk, and see the way his lips move."

Anyway, Osko held his job and did pretty well at it for all his old-time patter, and as most of it was about drunks the audience never seemed to notice that he was generally drunk himself, or if they did notice they thought it was part of the act. He'd always drunk a good deal because he liked it, but after his wife died he drank more than ever. He didn't know he'd loved her so much until she died of pneumonia, but when she was gone he felt lonely always, inside himself. Before, he knew she was waiting there for him to talk to when he came home, waiting to hear how the act had gone and what he'd said to them and how they had liked it. But now she wasn't there and he was all alone. So he drank more and more until he was rarely sober, except for two or three hours in the morning, but he could put his act across because the audience was too busy arguing about the dummy to notice Osko. Or if they did notice him, they thought he was acting drunk, not really drunk.

Moreover, the dummy itself was marvelous. Osko bought it in Nuremberg, at the place where they made dolls for the last three hundred years, and—this was one of his favorite stories—it could do everything save talk.

"Yes," he'd say, "those folks have been making dolls for three hundred years, and when they delivered Mumpy—cost me two thousand dollars, Mumpy did,

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You set the indicator to the kind of toast you want: light, dark or golden brown; put in the bread slices and press down the handle.

Tick, tick, goes the clock and before the life of the party comes to the climax of his story, up pops the toast, piping hot, ready to serve.

Due to the Flexible Timer, every slice of toast is exactly like the slice that popped out before—crisp and crunchy—just the way you like it best.

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but he's worth it—the old foreman said to me, 'Mr. Osko, this is the finest doll in the world. We've made dolls for the emperor of Germany and the czar of Russia, but there's never been a doll like this. It's copied from life—the Yellow Dwarf, Bumpus I think his name was, who appeared here last year. This doll can do everything save talk.'

"And Mumpy said to him, 'What the hell do you mean, I can't talk? I can talk better than you.' You should have seen that guy's face.

"Then of course he got it—they all knew I'd bought Mumpy for my talking act. 'Good Lord, Mr. Osko,' he said, 'you gave me quite a turn.'

" 'Yes,' I told him, 'you said he could do everything except talk, that's your business, and you've delivered the goods. But I *make* him talk, see? That's my business, and I deliver, too.' "

OSKO stopped telling stories after his wife died. He seemed to have only two moods, both of them unpleasant. Either he'd be cantankerous and want to pick quarrels with everyone or he'd go off into a gloomy vein about himself and this Mumpus, as he called the dummy. People could stand the quarrel stuff pretty well, until he went too far and made them sore, but when he got going on the Mumpus line, he'd empty a bar in no time. They said it froze their blood to hear him talk.

He'd begin this way, "You know that little yellow Mumpus of mine, you know about him, don't you, old pal? Didn't I ever tell you about how the foreman at the shop in Nuremberg where they made him said to me, 'Why, Mr. Osko, this doll can do everything save talk,' and . . . Oh, yes, you know that story. Well, as I was saying, he's been a good friend, this little Mumpus. It seems they copied him from some midget act in Germany. He's helped me earn my living—why, he's paying for this round of drinks just now. And he never answers back or wants to go away and leave me . . . or die . . . I mean, die. He's just a little old yellow-faced pal, that's what Mumpus is—at least that's what he used to be."

Then Osko would lean back from the bar and poke out a finger at the man he was talking to, and there'd come a funny look in his eyes. "Yes," he'd say, "that was what Mumpus was, just a little old pal to me. But you know"—and then his voice would go all different and hoarser—"he's beginning to change lately, Mumpus is. Do you know what I think?"—by now his voice was only a husky whisper—"I think he's tired of being a dummy and having me do the talking. He wants to talk back. You mark my words: one of these days you'll find that Mumpus will have something of his own to say. . . . You mayn't believe it but I know what I'm talking about—and what will I do then?"

He'd end the last words on a sudden screaming note, and, as I told you, it would empty a bar like poison gas.

Nobody liked this much but there was one fellow who liked it less than anyone. To begin with, he didn't like Osko. He was a singer, a man named da Silva, and once when he was on the same bill with Osko in a cabaret, something went wrong with his voice, and he sang three false notes, one after the other, in the middle of a song. The crowd of course laughed, and it did sound funny, but da Silva was terribly mortified and was fool enough to try and explain it by saying he had swallowed a fly. Osko caught on this, and brought in a little number about Mumpus taking a drink and finding a big fat fly in it and trying to sing "O Sole Mio," or something, with his voice all wrong. It made rather a hit, that number, because, as I said, there wasn't much novelty in Osko's act. I mean that if people had stopped to think how bad it was instead of arguing whether Mumpus was a dummy or a midget they'd probably have thrown bottles at him. But the better Osko's number went, the madder da Silva got, until finally he came to think that he'd been insulted as a man and a singer and that something must be done about it.

He was airing his grievance rather louder than usual one morning in the bar when a tiny little man stepped up to him and said with a foreign accent, "Hey, help me up on the stool next to you. I heard what you were saying about that rat Osko and I've got some views of my own on the subject, so I'd like to talk to you. To begin with, here's my card—that will help explain matters because my English ain't so good." The card read:

COUNT VICTOR BOMPAS
THE YELLOW DWARF
World-Famous Lion-Taming Act
Performed Before
The Shah of Persia
and
All the Crowned Heads of Europe

This Count Bompas was Hungarian by origin and claimed to be the smallest midget in any solo act in the world, only five and twenty inches high. He played it with a Great Dane dog disguised as a lion—and not much smaller. The verve and deftness of the parody stamped the little man as an artist. If he was superb as the traditional lion tamer in the bright costume of a Hungarian hussar, he was inimitable as a ringmaster with cracking whip to maneuver a troop of tiny dogs around the roaring "lion."

"If it isn't Tubby, class of '26! What are you doing now?"

ADOLPH SCHUS

IN THIS scene Count Bompas wore full evening dress and opera hat, under which his lank black hair hung low on his forehead down past his sallow cheeks. That was his finest number, and he knew it, yet through it his heart was poisoned and his life wrecked. Because one day, in the office of an American theatrical agent in Paris, he learned that there was a ventriloquist show playing in New York, where he wished to get an engagement, called "Osko and the Yellow Dwarf," and learned too, by evidence of photographs, that Osko's Yellow Dwarf was the very image of himself. Bompas felt cheapened, made ridiculous. He decided to go at once to New York.

The dwarf's face was puckered with anger and his long hair stuck dank with sweat upon his yellow forehead as he ended the tale of woe.

"The dirty dog," snarled da Silva. "He treated me bad enough but what he done to you's a crime."

"I'd like to strangle him," muttered Bompas, "to get my fingers on his throat and squeeze it till he died. But I'm too small, and, besides, I don't even know where he lives."

"Oh, that's easy. It's in a walk-up rooming house on West Forty-ninth Street—but say, wait a minute, this gives me an idea. Lord, yes, I believe it would work, and wouldn't that burn Mr. Osko to pieces?"

HE LOOKED hard at his little companion. "Lord, yes, you're as like his dummy as two peas. You're its living image."

"That's what I tell you," shrilled the other, "he copied me, me myself. He stole my name and the name of my act. It is stealing. He's a thief, but the lawyer says I can do nothing."

"If you listen to me, you can do a lot, without any lawyers. It will drive him crazy."

In a hasty whisper he explained Osko's heavy drinking and his fear that one morning the dummy would speak.

"I don't understand," the dwarf interrupted. "What's that got to do with—"

"Well, I'm telling you— Oh, it's easy. We go to the rooming house and you're all dressed up in evening clothes just the way Osko has his dummy. We go there early, around seven o'clock in the morning, and you slip quietly into his room—I can get a passkey because I know the people there. Then you push the dummy off the bed and take his place and lean over and tap Osko on the shoulder and *talk* to him. Great Scott, he'll go out of his mind."

"But suppose he attacks me?"

"He'll be far too scared and, anyway, I'll be there with some other boys. But he won't think of you—I tell you he'll be so sure the thing is real. I shouldn't be surprised if he jumped right out of the window."

The dwarf's eyes blazed. "I would be happy to see him jump," he said.

Da Silva worked the scheme out carefully, in cold blood. When he told it to one or two friends in the strictest secrecy, he made it sound like a practical joke, but in his heart he knew better. He knew how close Osko was to madness, how he had brooded upon this very fear, and he had no doubt what the effect of the "joke" would be.

As I say, he did it carefully. He took a room in the Forty-ninth Street house and became friendly with the landlady, whom he had known for years. One evening he mentioned Osko and his act at the Peacock Roof.

"Oh, yes," she said, "he's staying here in Room 46. He always stays here. Poor fella, he's never been the same since his wife died."

The next evening da Silva said he'd mislaid the key of his room and got a passkey from the maid, then an hour later hurried out again with the key in his pocket.

Early next morning he was waiting with three friends at the foot of the short staircase on the second floor. He helped Count Bompas off with his raincoat and hung it over his arm. "Here's the key," he said, "and the room is 64, straight along the corridor to the right."

The dwarf pushed his opera hat on the back of his head and pulled down the lapels of his white waistcoat. "All right," he said, "but what shall I say to him?"

Da Silva rubbed his chin. "I've thought of that. When you push the dummy off the bed, you lean over and tap Osko on the shoulder. Then when he wakes and you still have your hand stretched out, you say, 'I'm tired of having you talk for me, there's been too much of it. Now I want to talk for myself, although you may not like what I am going to say.' That will be enough—at least I think so."

The others laughed, but there was no laughter in da Silva's voice nor in the dwarf's cold eyes. They waited breathless as Bompas' little feet pattered along the corridor and the key clicked softly in the lock. There was a moment of silence, then a frightful scream, and suddenly the dwarf came running in jumps like a rabbit with a hound at its heels. His eyes were starting from his head and his face was the color of wax and he did not see the staircase. He fell all the way down and lay there writhing, with one arm twisted under him. He screamed as they picked him up and his arm hung limp and broken.

"Oh, God," he gasped, "it spoke to me, it spoke to me *first* . . ." and fainted.

As they stood there staring, a tall woman came down the corridor, dragging with her a blubbering child of four in a long gray nightdress. Its face was lean and yellow and its hair was black and stringy.

"What is this?" the woman cried furiously, standing at the head of the staircase. "What sort of hotel is this, I'd like to know, when people come in and push my little boy out of bed and scream like lunatics? Is this a madhouse?"

BEFORE they could answer Osko came along the corridor, wearing olive-green silk pajamas. On his arm was perched the dummy in full-dress clothes and opera hat as he used it in his act on the Peacock Roof. Osko's eyes were bloodshot and he reeled slightly as he walked.

Then the dummy spoke:

"What's all this?" it cried. "Who's this little boy that looks like me? And who's that little man that looks like me still more? And why do the two of them wake me up with cries so early in the morning? I don't like it, I tell you."

Osko waved his left fist at them in a gesture like the Anarchist salute in Spain, then hurled his dummy at da Silva's face.

"Take him and tell him why," he shouted. "I don't want him—I'm afraid of him. All three of them can talk together," he pointed wildly to the child and the cringing Bompas. "I want no further talk from bloody midgets. What I need now's a drink."

Sundown Jim

Continued from page 20

Posted in the thoroughly black background Charley Chavis saw that meeting of Buff Sultan and Dobe Hyde. He also saw Edith Sultan later leave the ranch and cut over toward the ridge, fading into the night. Whereupon, with this much knowledge gained, he turned back to Reservation.

MAJORS got up from the bed, leaving Tony to sit passively there. Her glance followed him around the room. Over in a corner he came about and stopped. "You pretty fond of this Pete Riley?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "I guess I liked him a lot. Well, he was nice to me. That's more than most people are. A girl like me gets used to almost anything. Anything but kindness."

"Why'd Maffitt kill him, Tony?"

"Well, he won a lot of money from Maffitt. That's when he was with the bunch up in the Pocket. He came down here and decided to get out of the country, but Maffitt followed him. It was the money—and I guess Maffitt thought Pete knew too much about what was going on."

Majors said: "What's going on, Tony?"

She looked at him quite a while, soberly and sadly. "You're just pumping me. That's all you're interested in."

"Tony," he said, "you want to see Pete Riley's death squared?"

"Why should I care what happens to people? Nobody cares what happens to me. Listen. This is a selfish town, a cruel town, and why should you worry if these men kill one another off? All I want is just a little something for myself. Just a little something."

She watched him, seeing how quietly he listened. Her cheeks were rose-colored and her shoulders rested against the head of the bed, loosening the full lines of her throat and breasts. That small, obscure smile appeared and gradually faded, and finally she shrugged away whatever she might have been thinking and spoke in a thoroughly indifferent voice: "Oh, I'll tell you. I like you—and when I like a man I'm a fool. Listen. I was brought up here. My folks had the first ranch on this side of the Silver Lode range. I saw everybody come in. The Sultans and the Ketchums and the Oldroyds and then Dobe Hyde. And the Barrs. It was the Barrs who changed everything."

She stopped, her pliant features going dark from the things she was remembering.

"Dad's place was back up in the broken country, halfway between the two branches of the Ute. I lived there until I was ten. It's deserted now. All broken down."

Majors at once recalled the house wherein he had seen Edith Sultan. "I know the place," he told Tony.

"We lived there until I was ten," repeated Tony. Her eyes were round and bright with the memories of that time. "Then the Barrs came in. They were Southerners and they never quit fighting the war. Everybody else in the country was Northern. Well, they took part of Dad's range and he was too good-natured to kick about it. It was all free range. Most of it still is around here. Old man Barr kept writing for his relatives to come up and pretty soon he had a lot of them here. Then he pushed his cows nearer our place. Dad had to fight or give in. So there was a fight and they killed him. The Sultans and the Ketchums and the Oldroyds rode against the Barrs after that. Katherine and her brothers were all kids, but there was one older brother, Clay, who got killed and one of the Ketchum boys got killed. And so did old man Sultan—Buff and Edith's dad. I went to live with the Oldroyds until I was eighteen."

He could see how the years had broken her spirit and left her with an indifference and an obscure smile that meant nothing. She added: "The Barrs took our place and the fighting died down. All of us kids grew up. But nobody's ever forgotten anything and the hate's still here just as strong as it ever was." She paused and afterward gave him a quiet bit of advice: "You're a fool to get into it. Let them do their own quarreling."

"What about Ben Maffitt?"

"Maffitt handles the outlaws that drift into the Pocket. You can figure Ben is on the Barr side. They've got an understanding. The Barrs know they're hated by everybody else, so they keep friendly with Ben Maffitt's bunch. If another fight starts, Ben Maffitt will side with the Barrs. That's the only thing that keeps Buff Sultan and the rest from starting it again. But someday it'll start and it won't stop till one side is ruined. Well, let them do it! That's the fear we've all lived under ever since I've been old enough to remember anything."

He said, "Thanks, Tony."

She rose and went to the door, but turned there and looked at him with her head lifted and the lamplight fully shining on her eyes. Her breathing quickened and her lips held a small, faint smile again. She murmured, "All right," but she didn't open the door.

He came over. He said, "I guess you've had a tough time."

Her shoulders lifted and fell, expressively. "I know men. You're pretty proud. You don't know what it is to be helpless and alone. I do. I've been hurt so much that there isn't much left—not even hatred. People could be happy if they wanted to be. But they won't, and you won't. Why?"

She left the room without waiting for his answer, closing the door quietly. Yet something remained behind, something soft and gentle and appealing. It clung to his mind long after she had gone, disturbing him, cutting across his alert speculations. She was a warmth that touched him.

Below him was the sound of the arriving stage. A man's voice, rather strident and angered, reached him: "Where's that deputy marshal?"

HE CUT out of the room immediately and went down to find the old stage driver, Sam Rhett, standing in the lobby's center. Reservation's citizens were crowding in here and the saloonman, Cal Soder, was at the doorway taciturnly watching. Broderick said: "What's the bad news, Sam?"

Rhett's eyes, a hard pale blue, swung to Majors. He said:

"They stopped me on the hill. I had four mail sacks. They only took one—the lightest one."

Majors said: "Where?"

"At the bend where the road leaves the Ute canyon. There was three of them." The driver looked at the gathered crowd and showed them an old man's stubborn contempt. Cal Soder chewed a dry cigar between his teeth, his attention narrowly pinned to this scene. The hotelman was in the background. Rhett spoke to Majors again: "One of the boys seemed proud. He told me to tell you the sack would be up in the Pocket if you wanted it."

Majors' black hair lay ruffled along the edge of his forehead. He seemed sleepy. The scar on his cheekbone showed

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whitely and his solid lips made a long line across the darkness of his skin. He knew what this was. It was a break. It was Ben Maffitt's challenge, which he could take or leave alone. But he knew he had to take it. The whole thing had been framed in a way to make it clear to him. Nobody said anything, but they were watching him with that indirect closeness of men weighing him for his value. He said: "Maybe I better go get it."

"That's your say-so," drawled the driver. "I'm half an hour late." He turned and made his way through the crowd, and presently he had lashed his fresh horses into a gallop, leaving Reservation behind. The crowd withdrew from the lobby, leaving Majors there with the false-armed Broderick. Broderick's asthmatic breathing rasped the dead stillness. He turned, putting his back to Majors, and was in this attitude when he spoke over his shoulder, not turning his head and scarcely moving his lips:

"I guess you got your call, Sundown."

"Maybe," said Majors.

"I kind of wondered, last night, why you made that ruckus in the saloon. Seemed a little proud and foolish at the time. But maybe it was to get a call."

"Maybe," drawled Majors.

"Well," said Broderick, "you got your call now."

"A little bit soon."

The hotelman's voice was as near a tone of curiosity as he had so far permitted it to be: "Somethin' else I don't quite understand: You come here and you ask a lot of questions, which is the mark of a tenderfoot. But you ain't a tenderfoot and you knew you wouldn't get any answers. You knew it would get you pegged either as a fool or as a man lookin' for trouble."

"I'm no hand to play a waiting game, Broderick. If trouble had to come, just as well it comes soon."

"You got it," grunted Broderick and sat himself heavily down in the rocker.

MAJORS strolled to the street and stood a moment, having his look at this quiet town. Two men shouldered into the saloon. A woman came from the general store, hesitated, and walked rapidly away from the square. Cal Soder remained in front of his saloon and a little noise came from the hotel's kitchen, so still was this night air. Doc Showers hurried out of the stable, his short-paced steps going chop-chop-chop on the boards of the walk; he turned at the corner and presently disappeared into his office. A light presently gushed from his window. Majors rolled on to the stable at an indolent pace. Henry was there but Majors saddled the gelding himself. Five minutes later, from the heights above Reservation, he saw the town dimly huddled in the black flats. Then he hit the stage road at a straightforward gallop, steadily climbing.

He had scarcely crossed the bridge when a man cut out of the saloon and took to his horse standing at the rack. He spoke to Soder: "He go up the hill?"

"Yeah," said Soder, whereupon the man headed out of town on that road which led to the Barrs'—and to the Pocket.

It was, as Majors remembered, about ten miles from Reservation to the entrance of the Ute's upper canyon. Riding at a comfortable pace, he knew he made a mark for whoever might be waiting in the trees beside this road, but it was one of the chances of the game he had to take—and the blackness was a stout shelter, thick and solid. Wind minutely rustled the pine tops and he could hear, so still was the night, the far-off reverberation of the Ute's water slamming over its rocky channel.

It was entirely clear to him what Ben Maffitt had meant by the holdup. By stealing a single mailbag which could hold nothing of value, Maffitt was publicly declaring his challenge; and Majors knew that in accepting the challenge he was playing the game according to the rules Maffitt had laid down.

Yet even as he recognized the risk Majors was actually relieved to have this break come, to have this open excuse for moving into action.

Certain things he definitely knew: There was no peace or possibility of peace between the factions. No trust, no moderation, no least hint of reasonableness. The quarrel went too deep and it went back too far, and pride and trickery had tangled them all in a pattern that couldn't be untangled. There were, apparently, no neutral parties. And he stood alone.

He had no illusions as to old Jeff White's reasons for sending him here. Jeff had said: "I've seen you work—and you can be tough. Certain things a man with a star can rightfully do, and certain things he can't rightfully do. But I'll never ask you if you stuck to the right side. You clean out that country."

Old Jeff had given him a free hand.

The smell of the night was keen in his nostrils and the sounds of the night came sharply to his ears and thus as he rode along he understood that there was but one answer—if there was any answer—to the problem, which was to work on the greed and the pride and the angers of the people involved. To put a pressure here and watch for a break. To lay a bait there and wait for a man who would take it. To drop the acid of doubt and suspicion on a man and divorce him from his old loyalties, and so to break up the factions and leave every group uncertain and ridden by doubt and at last weakened by fear. It was, Majors had long ago learned, the one thing everybody understood. Fear.

This was his line of thought as he pushed on up the road.

There was, farther along the night, and considerably higher, a sudden increase in the cold wind flowing downslope, and by this signal he knew he had arrived near the mouth of the Ute's canyon. Dust smell, very faint, came with the ruffling wind, a signal that somebody had been by this way. The Pocket country lay over to his left. Turning out of the road, he left the vague starlight behind him and entered the blindfolding darkness of the pines. There was no knowing where a trail lay, but of this he was indifferent, having other considerations in mind. Presently, less than a half mile from the road, he dropped out of the saddle, groped around for a few dead pine branches and built up a small fire.

THAT little amber-orange cone of light was as startling in the velvet density of the night as the crash of a rifle shot. He stood back beyond the reach of its glow for a little while, watching the flame draw upward to its spiraled point. The ground was a tinder-dry carpet of pine needles along which the fire spread slowly and he risked something to duck into the light and gouge a channel around the fire to prevent its farther creep. Afterward he waited a good ten minutes until the light faded back to a ruby char against the earth. Skunk smell drifted with the small breeze; and his horse was gently fidgeting. In the saddle again he rode steadily south, feeling the country rise and break beneath him. By this blind traveling he crossed three small canyons and came to what appeared to be the edge of a deeper cut. At this point, well into the broken country, he picketed the horse, wrapped the saddle blanket around him and dropped into a shallow, cat-napping slumber.

He was up at the first signal of dawn. The stars were cold and brilliant in the sky; faint pulses of light began to dilute the coal blackness of the earth. Before him and directly below him lay the deep slash of another canyon, wherein fog sluggishly rolled. He found a clear way of descent, the fog pressing damp and heavy against him. There was a creek at the bottom of this defile and another canyon leading away like the downstroke of the letter T. This he followed until better light showed him that he was on a definitely traveled path. Immediately he put the gelding to work; angling up from the canyon and reaching timber again. At six o'clock the world was all clear, sunlight cracking through the east. At seven, the trailless and rough stretch of timber gave way before a small meadow.

Trees ran along its three sides; on the fourth it seemed to drop away to lower ground. There was no sign of a house and no apparent break in the timber on the other sides, though he saw that the meadow had been cropped down by livestock. Here and there were the remnants of a rail fence; and in the windless air was the clinging smell of wood smoke.

HE SKIRTED the meadow until he reached the trees to one side of it; and so worked his way forward carefully. He crossed a trail and viewed the roofless relic of a log cabin. A hundred yards onward the trees gave out again, and so did the highland, breaking downward into a bowl-like depression through which a heavy creek ran rapidly, passing out at a narrow gate between solid rock walls. At the edge of the creek and well backed up against the far side of the bowl stood a frame house and a corral. Smoke spiraled from the house's chimney. A man strolled along the yard, headed for the corral.

And at that moment a bullet's slug struck at his pony's feet with a brief "thwut," and the sound of a hidden gun, delayed by distance, began to roll its metal echo all across the bowl. The man in the yonder yard made a complete circle, his face rising and whirling in swift inspection. Two other men rushed from the house—and the man originally in the yard pointed upward to Majors. That was all Majors took time to see. When the second echo of the rifle rushed across the stillness of these high hills, he had backed into the adjacent timber.

He dropped from the horse, hauled his rifle from its boot and went out toward the rim of the bowl again on his belly, a small stringer of earth protecting him from the marksman, who seemed to be somewhere on his left. This, he realized, was Ben Maffitt's place—the Pocket.

It was less than two hundred yards downward and forward to the house. The echo of the second shot from the lookout posted somewhere on the yonder rocky heights had not quite died and the three men in the yard were motionless when he lined his sights on the ground in front of them and let go.

A spurt of dust showed the bullet's strike, breaking the three out of their tracks. The two nearest the house wheeled and ran for the door. The third man rushed toward the corral, whereupon Majors put a bullet in front of him, near the corral's gate. That little snakehead of dust was a powerful persuader. The man pushed his hands against the air and stopped and turned and for a moment remained rigidly still. The lookout kept slamming his bullets into the small roll of ground beside Majors. Lying under its shelter, Majors felt the small clots of kicked-up earth spray the back of his neck. Suddenly, head bowed, the man below raced for the house and got inside.

From his position Majors viewed three sides of the house. On the back side, timber came down from the hills to within fifty feet of the house—and part of this open distance he also commanded. The lookout's position was, as near as he could judge, on top of the rocks at the gate of the Pocket and that was a good four hundred yards to his left. When the lookout's first burst of firing stopped, Majors ventured one quick look over the roll of earth and could see nothing.

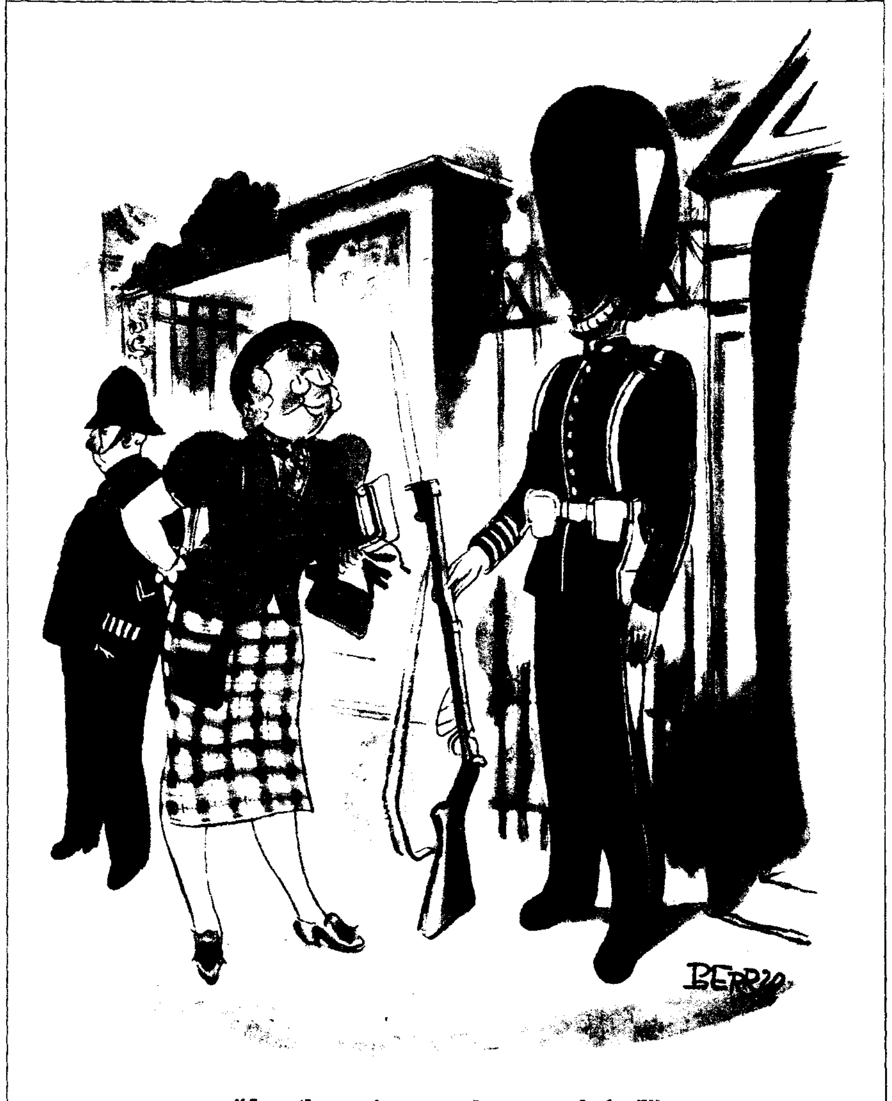
But the windows of the house—three downstairs and one above—gave the men inside a good chance at him and so, digging his elbows into the earth, he settled methodically to the job of driving them back. He started at the left-hand window and worked over to the right, putting a shot through each. He slid fresh shells into the gun, hit the upper window, and went to work on the lower windows again. Those were ten- or twelve-inch panes, the distance was under two hundred yards on a bright, windless morning and he had a pocketful of cartridges. Sunlight set up a flash on each pane and when that flash disappeared he knew he had shattered the glass. This was a slanting fire that reached through and covered only part of the front rooms, but he knew from a lack of answering fire that he had driven them away from the windows. The lookout took up the fight again, all these shots cracking the stillness of the hills and rolling back and forth across the bowl. He finished the windows, laid two bullets through the door, and lifted his sights over the roof of the house, waiting for somebody to show up in the back yard.

HE HAD them boxed, but it wasn't smart to suppose that all of Maffitt's men were down there. Some of them possibly were riding the timber and all this racket was honey to draw bees, which made him think of his own exposed position. Meanwhile, to keep the game going, he sent a bullet at the house's tin chimney and considered the solid timber closing down on the right edge of the meadow. He had pretty well announced his own location to the world and the back of his shoulders began to itch and grow chilly, which was a sign that he had stuck here too long. Laying a pair of shots through the shattered windows to subdue the curiosity of those men, he backed into the trees, got aboard the gelding and galloped straight west.

The ground fell quickly into a definite trail. He swung into the trail and followed it until he saw the floor of the Pocket directly ahead and turned aside here and ran off into the trees. Thus circling the Pocket, with the sense of the wasting minutes pushing him hard, he came to the creek at a rather bad place and spent two or three minutes finding a crossing. Afterward the stiff pitch of the surrounding hills slowed him and it was a good ten minutes before he left the gelding and ran downslope and came once more to the edge of timber—this time on the back side of the house. Less than a hundred feet in front of him stood an open door. Through one window of a rear room he could see men grouped together. He counted five of them.

The lookout's gun now and then threw a long, rolling echo across the Pocket. Crowded behind a pine's trunk, Majors brought up his rifle, laying its sights on the doorway.

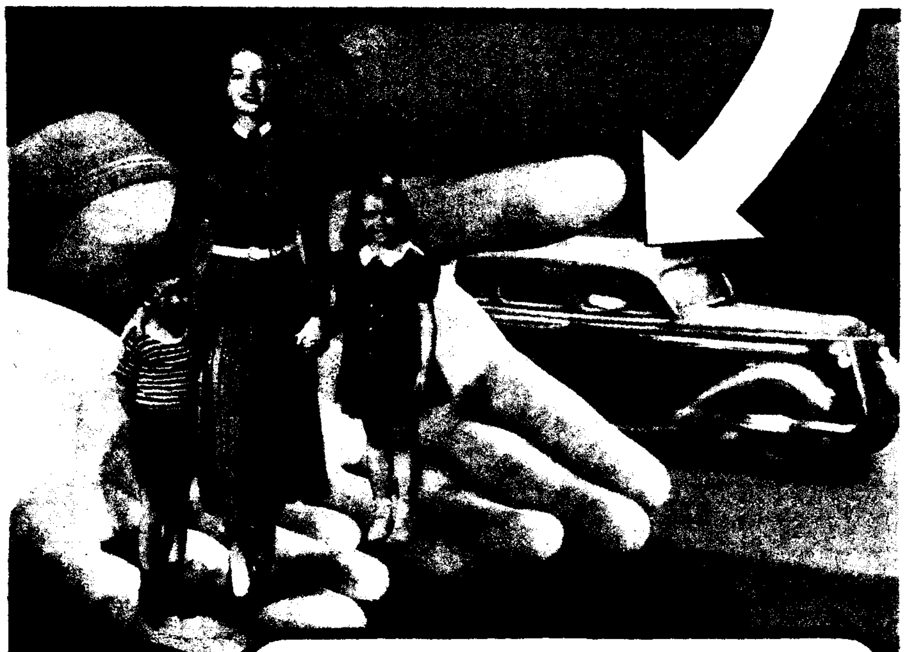
The situation grew riskier. Somewhere riders, hearing all the gunfire, would be moving in. On the strength of that belief he had changed his position. Yet he stood now in more open timber, with his back uncomfortably exposed to whoever might come down the hill and discover him. Maffitt's men made a loose group in the kitchen; one of them came to a window, lighting a cigarette, and not showing much concern. The rest of them weren't moving around much. The lookout's gun, after a prolonged silence, crashed the morning's stillness again. Majors thought about that aimless shooting with a quick, prying interest and thought he knew its



"Are they nice people to work for?"

MIKE BERRY

THEIR LIVES are in *your* hands



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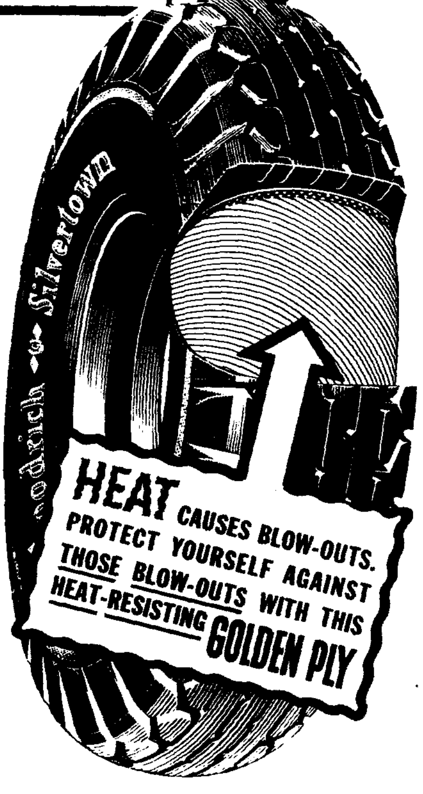
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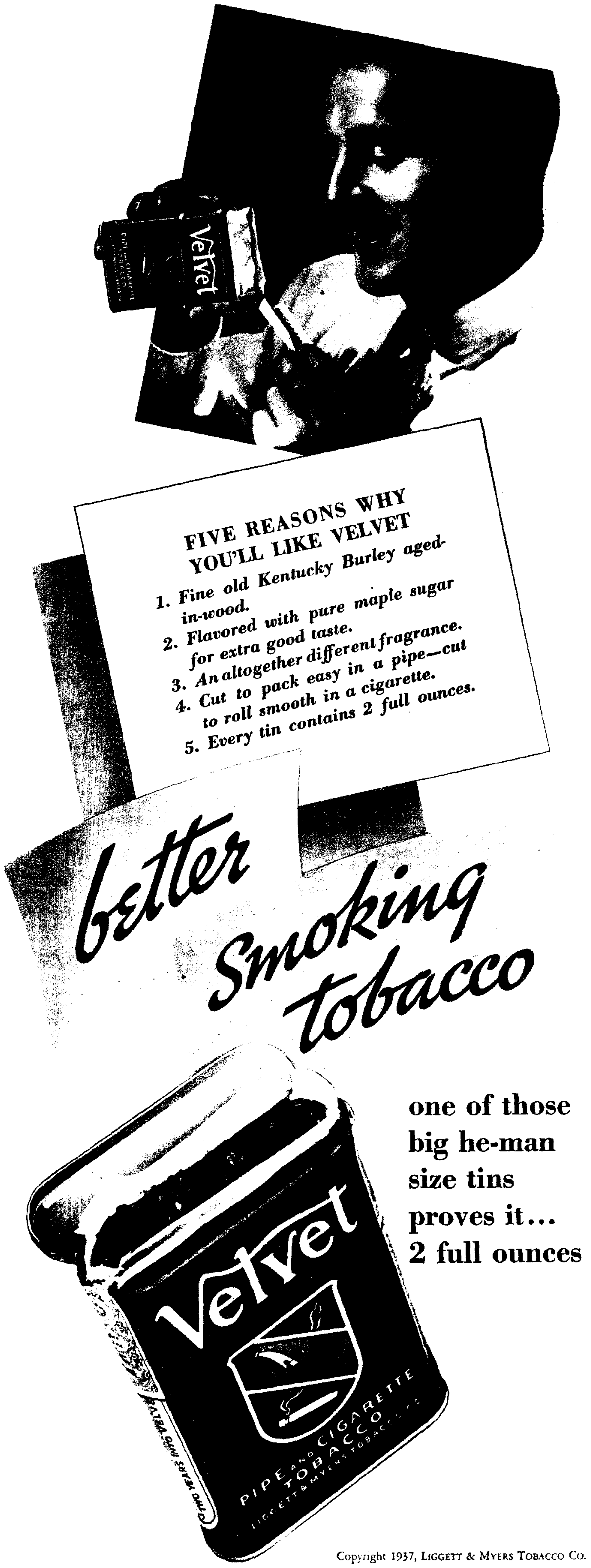

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reason. The lookout was waiting for somebody in the timber to spot the direction of those shots and move in behind where he, Majors, had been. He felt the increasing weakness of his present position and looked around to study the timber behind him. When he turned his attention to the house again he found one of Maffitt's men in the doorway.

It was the redheaded Brick Brand. Brand stepped out of the house and came on a dozen paces or so. The scars of the fight showed like black patches on his face; his lips were considerably swollen. He held a cigarette in his fingers, now and then taking a quick drag and removing it. He squatted down, sighting over the corral toward the rock cliff at the lower end of the Pocket where the lookout was. Afterward straightening, he moved toward the edge of the house, in the direction of the corral. In another moment he had stopped. He tossed down the cigarette and balanced himself on his heels and apparently debated making a run for the corral.

A second man came to the doorway and called: "Never mind that, Brick."

The redhead turned back. He said: "To hell with it. He ain't broad enough around the belt to bluff me."

"'Sall right. Stand pat. He'll bump into some fun before long."

The redhead shrugged his shoulders and took a step toward the door. Majors lifted his gun beside the tree and centered Brick Brand's chest in the sight notches of the rifle. "Freeze right there. Both of you boys."

The redhead had one foot advanced. He stopped in that awkward position. His head whipped around and the swiftness of the gesture threw him off balance and he teetered and took another step; and held himself rigid, staring at the muzzle of Majors' gun. The man in the doorway, having advanced beyond the sill, could not quickly hook back into the room and so Majors' command rooted him. There had been some talk and motion in the kitchen. It stopped suddenly.

Majors called: "You in the doorway. Tell one of the boys to toss out that mail sack."

Brick Brand's eyes were round and winkless. He grumbled, "What the hell—?" The other man, not venturing a motion, barked out his thoroughly outraged opinion: "You're a complete damn' fool, Majors. This ain't the end of the party. Not none. We—"

"The mail sack, son."

Both of them held their positions but this situation got tighter and tighter. They were playing for a break. Brand turned his head, an inch at a time, and looked at the man in the doorway and slowly brought his glance back to Majors. Something definitely passed between them. The man in the doorway said: "You got your chance to slide out. Better. There ain't always trees to hide behind. Ever think—"

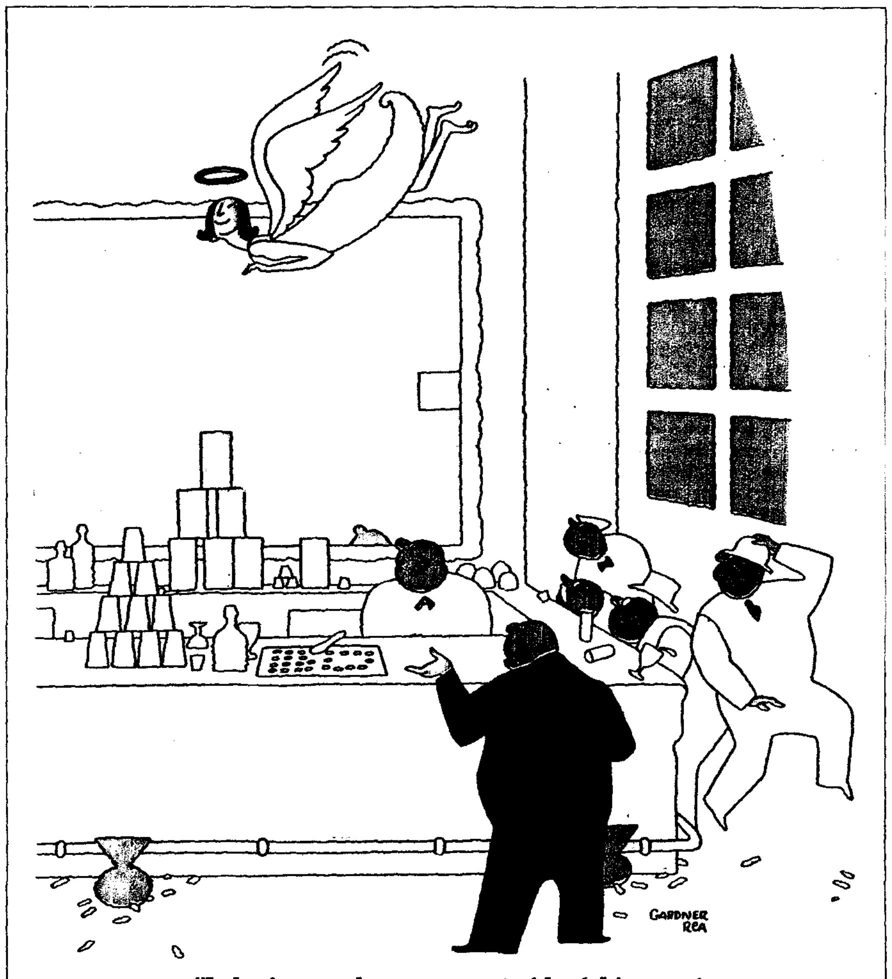
Majors laid a shot near that one's feet; dust jumped upward and he flinched, jerking his head aside. All the men inside the room faded against the floor. Majors could see this through the window. He heard them hit the boards.

The fellow at the doorway called over his shoulder: "Throw out the damn' sack, Ed."

SOMEBODY walked deeper into the house. Brick Brand's shoulders settled and by that sign Majors knew he had quit hoping for a break. The mail sack sailed through the doorway and struck the man who stood there. Majors called: "Unbuckle your belt, Brick, and drop it. Go pick up the sack. Bring it here."

Brand's fingers slid to the front of his belt, moving carefully. Up on the heights behind Majors a crow's brusque alarm rang out. Brand dropped his belt and crossed to the mail sack. He retrieved it, walking forward. Suddenly he stopped. "To hell with it. You ain't tough enough to shoot your turkey cold."

The crow's voice was a message that bothered Majors. Something was going on back of him and the moments began to drag wickedly across his nerves. He ground down an impulse to look behind him. He said: "Maybe not. But I can



"I don't care how you get rid of him—get rid of him! He'll give the place a bad name"

GARDNER REA

put a couple of bullets through your knees and leave you crawlin' on your hands the rest of your life. Damn you, come up here on the run!"

Brand jumped forward like a scolded dog. When he came to the trees his breath was reaching deeply into his lungs. He walked on until he was only the space of an arm from Majors' gun. He stared at Majors' face and grunted, "Take it easy—take it easy."

MAJORS backed away. "Keep in front of me, Brick," he snapped, and took time to whip one glance behind him. He saw nothing, yet trouble was like a rank smell in his nostrils. Pacing backward, with Brand marching obediently on, he came to his horse and stepped into the saddle. He said, "Throw it, Red," and caught the sack with one hand. He could still see, through the little alley between the trees, the motionless shape of the other fellow at the doorway, with the rest of the crowd bunched behind, waiting for the break. Brand pulled both hands away from his belt. He said, "You damn' Sioux, there ain't anybody in the world that tough. You'll see."

"What?"

"No," grumbled the redhead. "I ain't askin' trouble. Why come here and stir up all this? You wait. Ain't no one man alive can make this play stick."

"On the run, Brick," ordered Majors. The redhead turned, rushing downgrade. Immediately Majors put his horse around and shot into the trail leading up and away from the Pocket. At the first bend he wheeled in the saddle to see men pour out of the house.

He pushed the gelding to its limit. Later in the day, having circled south of the Barrs, he found himself somewhere in that area where the deserted house stood. Cutting this side of it for a more direct shoot to Reservation, he found a road—and a man in it.

The man heard him trotting up and turned. He was in his early twenties, gawky of shape and motion. Lashed behind his saddle was a quarter of venison.

Majors said, "Howdy," and dropped to a walk. The bland young fellow's eyes took in the mailbag and considered Majors with a more direct interest. He said thoughtfully: "So you did."

"What?"

The other one's eyebrows, bleached white, shifted; a grin moved across his lips. "Aw," he said, "I was just talkin' to myself. Guess I ought to be a sheepherder. Gettin' a little colder, ain't it?"

Majors said, "So long," and galloped ahead. At noon he dropped into Reservation, put up the horse, and walked to the hotel with the mail sack over his shoulder. He found Broderick slouched down in the customary lobby rocker. He laid the sack on the counter. "Leave it there until the stage comes in."

"That why you want it left there?"

Majors said, "No. I want the town to see it." He cut into the dining room and had a meal; afterward, in his room, he stretched out for a short sleep.

(To be continued next week)

The Red Doctor

Continued from page 13

which overlooked the Embankment, was a burly man, black mustached, his close-cropped hair iron-gray and his eyes piercing in their regard. This was Ned W. Regan, perhaps the most famous private inquiry agent in the world.

"I'm asking you to take big chances," he said. "I'm taking big chances myself. But I say, and I say with confidence, that we're working to clear an innocent man and to bring a brutal killer to justice. I don't know any better cause. I know Mark Applin. I was at Mary's wedding. Mark's a fanatic and he lost all he had on his experiments. Never mind. He may be mad, but he's no murderer."

Ned Regan paused, raising a powerful fist.

"I've studied the case from first to last. The theory of the prosecution was right. The killer switched the old lady's tablets, she woke and caught him in the room, and he silenced her with blows on the head. He hadn't aimed to kill her with the tablets—only to make sure she wouldn't wake. What he was after was the stuff in the safe. It's my opinion that the opium tablets had been planted before Mark Applin arrived."

"Why do you think so?" Bazarada asked.

"Because, if the murderer wanted the run of the room that night, he would make sure she took the right medicine. It was shown she didn't take any. That's why she woke up when he came in. It was a weakness of the case that the tablets found at her bedside contained merely a powerful opiate, not a deadly poison. They *might* have killed her, but they wouldn't be the stuff anyone out for murder would choose."

"It was suggested, I remember," I broke in, "that an opportunity to steal these particular tablets arose, and Applin took the chance that they would prove fatal."

"Did you read Dr. Eakin's evidence?" Ned Regan growled. "Any one of six patients could have stolen those things. They were missed two weeks before and their loss was reported to the police. I've checked up every one of those patients. If I can get that boy's story I've got a clear case!"

"You suspect someone?" came Bazarada's incisive voice.

"Suspect!" cried Regan. "Would I risk what I'm risking, or ask you to do it, if I didn't *know?* Get these points clear: First, Mark's a qualified chemist; he wouldn't fumble a poisoning if he wanted to do one. Second, although he's named in the will, he didn't know it. This I can swear to, so can Mary. Third, he was broke. He never disguised it. He needed money for his experiments. I had fixed it for him with an American firm, and he knew I had fixed it. Fourth, he was at work at his furnaces after leaving the old lady. His notes showed he had planned to work all that night. Gentlemen—"

HIS voice rose to a muffled roar; he banged his fist on a table.

"That jury was misdirected! The appeal resulted in his sentence being commuted to penal servitude. A gross miscarriage of justice! He should have gone free!"

Indignation choked him. He turned and stared out of the window across the Embankment to the Thames.

"I went over the territory with a fine-tooth comb, and when I found the boy on a lonely part of the moor, with a twisted ankle and nearly dead of his constitutional disease anyway, I found just what I was looking for. He'd been missing since the night of the murder. Dr. Eakin runs a clinic in Moretonhampstead. The boy's there now. Mary is with him. But he won't speak."

"But you told me he said *something,*" Bazarada murmured.

Ned Regan turned. "He did. He whispered to Mary: 'Tell Mark (he

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BROMO-SELTZER

always called him Mark) I know who has the silver candlestick!' ”

Bazarada stood up.

“Mr. Regan,” he said, “I admit you've convinced me. I trust to your great experience and known integrity. But to get a man out of Princetown jail is something I can't promise to do. I assume that you have seen the Home Office?”

“Too late. When I found the boy out on the moor and rushed him into the clinic at Moretonhampstead, I managed to get a note smuggled through to Mark. I knew Uggleston's hours were numbered. Mark did a mad thing. He ran for it ten days back and tried to get through. The prison authorities don't know why he did it, but they wouldn't let him out—now.”

“I see,” Buzzy murmured. “I may as well confess, Mr. Regan, that you have set me a pretty problem.”

TWO days later we set out for Devon in Bazarada's most powerful car. Buzzy's habits were uncomfortable; sleep meant less than nothing to him. We started at an unearthly hour in the morning.

As usual I had fallen for the adventure, and my suitcase was in the car. Bazarada sat with Dillon, his chauffeur, in front and I traveled behind with Laroo—that beautiful violet-eyed mystery whose presence in Buzzy's household had recently created so much scandalous comment.

On the deserted roads on an early spring morning, once clearly out of London, Dillon developed a speed which frankly made me uneasy. At one point we topped eighty-five. Dillon, in common with all of Bazarada's staff, was unusual. Laroo, who wore a tightly fitting tweed suit and a fur-lined cape, uttered never a word.

We lunched at the Royal Clarence at Exeter in the shadow of the ancient cathedral, and from Exeter proceeded straight to Princetown Prison. Bazarada had experienced no difficulty in securing a permit from the commissioners.

We were received by the deputy governor, Colonel Forest West.

As the purpose of these memoirs is to establish the astonishing powers of my friend Bazarada, I shall pass over our tour of that great, gray building, lying like a dead scorpion on Dartmoor.

“Well,” said the colonel, a typical army man with a very real interest in his charges, “here we are.” We were back in his private room. “I hope, sir,” turning to Bazarada, “that you don't think there's any reason why any of my black sheep should wish to emulate you and attempt to escape?”

He turned his twinkling gray eyes upon Laroo. More often than not they had been turned in that direction.

“If I were ever a prisoner,” said Laroo, “I should love to be *your* prisoner.”

“*Were* a prisoner, dear,” came Bazarada's clear voice: “when in England speak as England speaks.”

I stared at Laroo. Instinctively I knew that she was dying to put her tongue out, but I knew that she would refrain. She narrowed her eyes and looked murder.

“I suppose they do get away at times?” I said.

“Now and again, Mr. Roder. The difficulty of getting away is not so great. It's the difficulty of *staying* away.”

Bazarada stood up.

“I was rather hoping, Colonel, to have had a glimpse of one of your black sheep in whom I have a sort of personal interest. Maybe just because he happens to be an American. But we don't seem to have come across him. I mean Mark Applin—the Deep Copley murder case.”

“Oh!” said the colonel, wrenching his glance away from Laroo and staring at Bazarada. “Applin—yes, of course. I understand your interest. A strange character, Applin. At first his conduct was exemplary: he is a man of culture of course; he had light and congenial work in the garden of the governor's house until some two weeks ago. He was liked by the warders. Then, one afternoon, he made a desperate attempt to escape. Got clean away. But we caught him a mile outside Moretonhampstead. A strange business. Why he was making for Moretonhampstead no one could understand—and he wouldn't say. However, he's on disciplinary duties now.”

“Meaning what?” Bazarada asked.

“Quarries. I was sorry. But discipline is discipline.”

“Is it possible to have a look at him?”

“Well—” Colonel Forest West glanced at his wrist watch. “It might be managed if you're keen.” He turned to Laroo. “You want to see this famous American criminal?”

“I should love to,” said Laroo.

It was a short drive to the quarry. Laroo was sandwiched in between the colonel and myself.

We climbed out of the car and stood on the lip of a deep depression. An armed warder came to the salute.

“Carry on,” said the colonel.

The warder turned and began to pace up and down, watching the convicts below.

“Please point out Applin, Colonel,” said Laroo.

Colonel Forest West stared into the hollow, then, throwing his left arm around Laroo's shoulders, he extended his right hand.

“Look!” he directed. “You see the warder standing there with his rifle on his shoulder. There's a man next to him, then another man this way, and then a third man. The third man is Applin.”

We all watched in silence for a while and then:

“Would it be useless to ask you if we could speak to him?” Laroo pleaded.

“Quite out of order, my dear,” said the colonel, dropping the embracing arm and staring into her eyes.

“Yet,” said Bazarada, “it couldn't do any harm, could it?”

“Truly, Colonel,” Laroo whispered, and I knew that this move in the game was won, “it isn't silly curiosity. He's a bad man, maybe—but something must have made him bad. Let him just come and have a little talk with us.”

A brief order resulted in the warder, who was pacing up and down, setting off at the double into the hollow. And presently Mark Applin, very reluctantly, I thought, climbed the slope and stood looking from face to face.

EVEN in prison garb, Mark Applin was a memorable figure. His thick hair was trimmed close to his skull, but his heavy brows were raven black. I had imagined him to be a big man, but he was of no more than medium height. His build, though, was that of an athlete. He had finely chiseled features but his narrowed dark blue eyes were dangerous.

“Applin,” said the colonel, stepping forward, “this gentleman, a countryman of yours, would like a word with you.”

Applin stared up at Bazarada.

“Very kind,” he said dryly.

Colonel Forest West muttered something in an undertone to Laroo.

“Applin,” said Buzzy, “you have a fine head. I'll swear you take a seven hat.”

“Seven and a quarter.”

The words were spoken almost jeeringly. Yet something in Bazarada's fixed regard seemed to have arrested the convict's attention. I saw a faint expression of curiosity appear.

“Brains. You've clearly misused them.”

“Maybe you're right.”

I glanced at Laroo. She was watching Applin; her eyes were bright with those tears which never fall.

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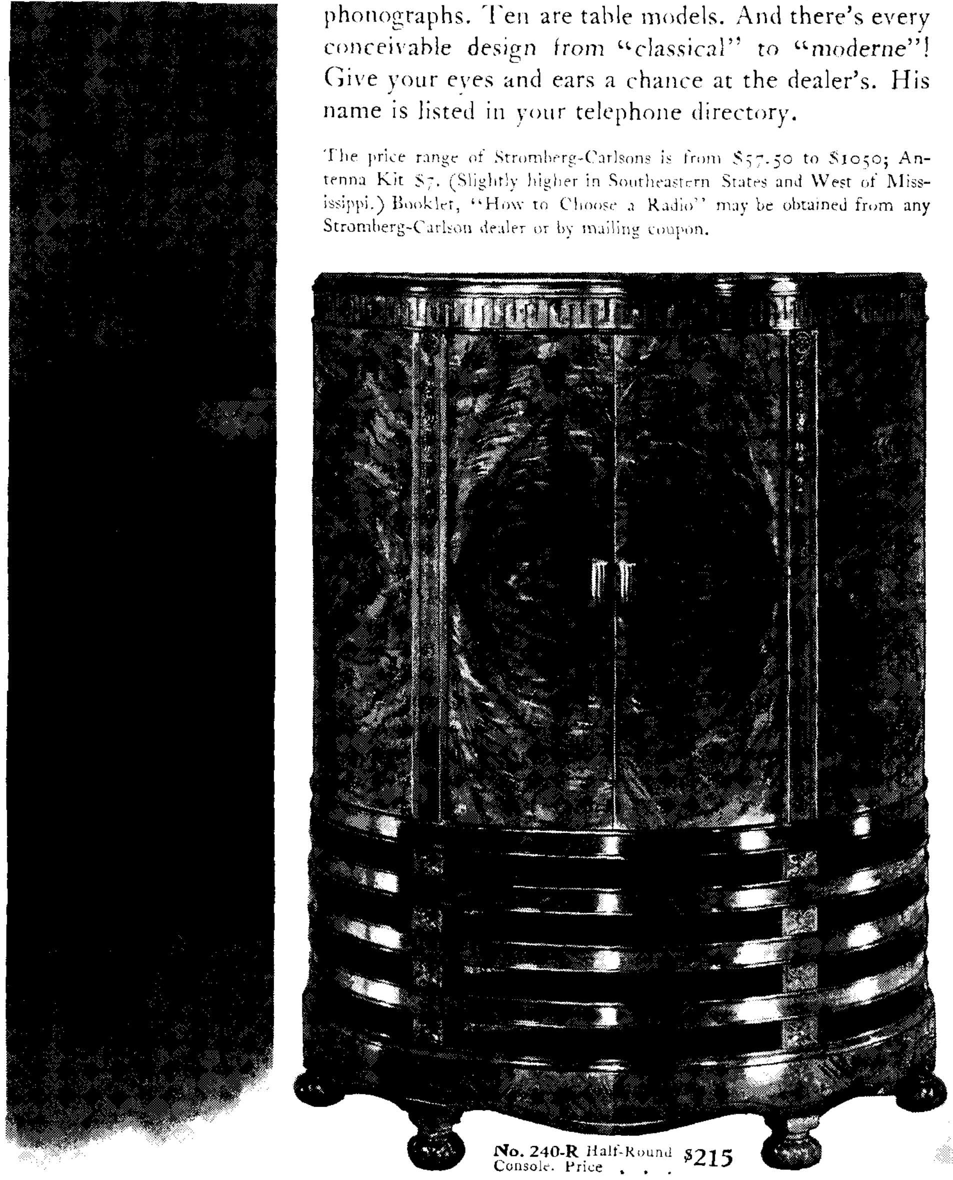

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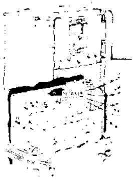

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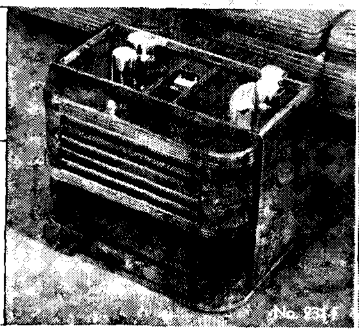

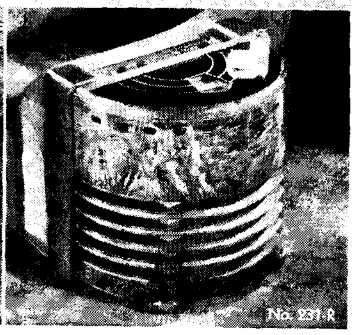

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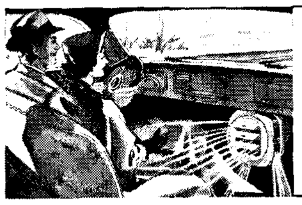

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But Applin's glance had never left Buzzy, and now:

"Aren't you Bazarada?" he asked.

"I am."

"I thought I was right. Glad to meet you. Once, I could have offered you a drink."

At which moment, Bazarada, stepping forward, stumbled over a block of stone and would have fallen but for Applin's outstretched hand. Even so, he clutched at the man's shoulder to save himself. And a second before he straightened up I saw a sudden light, not so much of understanding as of revelation, flash across Applin's haggard face.

Then it was gone.

"Silly of me!"

Bazarada turned, apologetically.

"Haven't twisted your ankle, I hope?" said the colonel.

"No damage. I have to thank you, Colonel, for the great hospitality you have shown us, and I feel it would be unfair to take up any more of your time."

WE WERE a silent party as we sped across the moor.

Laroo dabbed her eyes with a lace handkerchief, then brushed her lashes upward with a moistened fingertip. Laroo was the only girl of my acquaintance who did not have to use eye black. She glanced at me.

"Mark Applin is no criminal," she said.

Her words may have been a challenge: Bazarada had often assured me that she was as quarrelsome as a Kilkenny cat. But I did not reply. Silence prevailed again, until at a point on the moor where a narrow farm lane cut across the main road, Bazarada checked Dillon and pointed.

"That looks like your farm, Maurice."

I stared out of the window.

The lane on the left dipped sharply down into a boulder-strewn valley. Perhaps a mile away, below, I saw a stone-built farmhouse and some scattered outbuildings.

"Turn into that lane, Dillon. If this is Low Quarry Farm, it's where we want to be."

It was a frightful road, what with the tracks of wagon wheels and cattle. When we reached the farm itself, I thought that I had rarely looked upon a more desolate place.

It was a long, low building never more than two stories high; the whole in a state of considerable dilapidation. A lean, brown-faced man in shirt sleeves came out of the door.

"Mr. Maurice Roder?" he asked, and I saw that he carried a letter in his hand.

"I am Maurice Roder," I replied, stepping out: "this, no doubt, is Low Quarry Farm?"

"That be it, sir, and I be Harry Gurney."

WE ENTERED the living room. Smoke-blackened beams just cleared one's head. A number of hams were hanging up and an ancient fowling piece decorated the arch of the inglenook.

How Bazarada, operating from London, had in twenty-four hours learned that Farmer Gurney and his wife sometimes received guests I did not trouble to inquire. He brought to problems of life that same clear efficiency which had made him the most famous illusionist in the world.

It presently appeared that Farmer Gurney's best room had gone. That which Mrs. Gurney, a cherry-faced little person, apologetically submitted to my judgment was upstairs. The door was so low one had to duck to get in, and the appointments, though apparently clean, were scanty. The window overlooked a duck pond.

"Your letter come this mornin'," said Gurney, "and we let the best room only yesterday noon. One o' these beetle hunters—Dutch, I reckon. I got his name here." He groped in a small bureau "Here it be: Dr. Hans Budger. They sent him in from down along Exeter They sent a young lady from the agency with him as he don't speak no English Plenty o' money, I reckon, and pays a fortnight in advance. So there it be."

"I suppose," said Bazarada, looking about him, "that most of your guests are naturalists or fishermen?"

"Mostly, sir, yes. And Mother, she don't like 'em—not the beetle hunters."

"Why not?"

"They go out of a night and all. It be kind of uncomfortable. Mother, she never has forgot one we had three years ago. English he was. He goes out about dusk to look for night things down along the edge of the big mire. (You can see it from your window, sir.) There rises up a bit of a mist like—and he never do come back. Mother took on awful—with police on the farm and all."

Dillon and the car were to remain: for which small mercy I was grateful. Accommodation for the car was found in a barn and for Dillon in a sort of shed some twenty yards from the house. Bazarada and Laroo were returning to London by train from Exeter, and as I stood in the yard to see them off, Laroo leaned out and kissed me.

"God help you, Maurice darling," she said. "You must be nuts to do it."

OFTEN enough I thought of her words in the days and nights that followed.

Having unstrapped my suitcase and disposed of my things as best I could in the small room, I wandered about the neighborhood until Dillon returned. My part in the drama as usual was that of an alibi. Exactly what was expected of me during my sojourn at Low Quarry Farm was not clear. But Bazarada had once said, "If I want a natural performance from you, Maurice, I have to let you be yourself."

Dillon returned just before dusk.

From my window I had had a glimpse of the great mire mentioned by Gurney. It looked unpleasant. Beyond the slope above the farm, up toward the tor, I could visualize, for they lay in the hollow beyond, the cold walls of the grim convict prison casting their shadows on the moor. The scene had a sort of fatal beauty.

Farmer Gurney joined us in the growing dusk. He bore an uncommonly close resemblance to a tired horse.

"Did you see the big mire from your window, sir?" he asked.

"Yes—where the bright green begins."

"Aye, that's it. Sheep be lost there—aye, and ponies. Their cries be awful when the mire gets 'em."

"This place deserves to be popular," said Dillon.

"We're no great ways from Princetown neither. Many an escaped convict come this way. Aye, two I've caught. One be Hillman, the Dalston murderer. I find him hiding in the very room you be in tonight, Mr. Dillon."

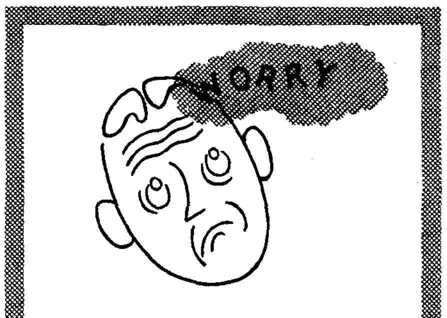
"Is that so? I'll say this is a restful spot. Send nerve cases here, don't they?"

Dr. Hans Budger arrived later in a taxi from Exeter; but I had never a glimpse of him. He retired to the best room and did not emerge.

So the strange episode of the American prisoner began.

Dr. Hans had sallied forth before I arose on the following morning. Dillon and I had a timetable to follow; four-hour watches. I had my first glimpse of Dr. Hans Budger when he returned to lunch.

Other than in vaudeville and musical comedy, I had never set eyes upon an entomologist resembling him. He wore plus fours conceived in a black and white check suitable for a bathroom floor. His legs were bare, but his feet



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were encased in some kind of galoshes which fastened with buckles. He had a waterproof jacket of the kind worn by airmen and his head was crowned by a rusty soft felt hat with the brim pulled down so that it resembled a flowerpot. A specimen box sufficiently large to have contained a side of mutton was carried upon his back knapsack fashion. He held a large butterfly net in his hand.

But the outstanding feature of Dr. Hans' appearance was his hair.

As if in conformity with the flowerpot hat, this was of a red rarely found in nature. His beard and mustache were crisply curly like his hair, and of the same amazing color. Beard and hair were streaked with gray. He wore tinted sunglasses.

From afar, Dillon had observed the apparition. He joined me.

"Cracked, I reckon," he observed.

Dr. Hans kept to himself in the best room, and I now realized where he scored; for he who occupied the best room had the privilege of dining in his own apartment, whereas I was doomed to feast among the hams.

It would be pointless to relate in detail my life at Low Quarry Farm during the whole of the next week. With Dillon I drove about the moor, for I had to remember that professedly I was studying the locality. I learned much about the moor in those days, since I had nothing to do other than to study it.

Sometimes, in the distance, I sighted the red naturalist. He established himself as a figure of fun for miles around. Even the warders from Princetown, with some of whom I became acquainted in moor inns, spoke of the eccentric doctor. Some local wag had christened him "Daddy Carrots."

He made no attempt to fraternize. Dillon had tried but had been rebuffed. He was out at all hours of the night.

"These beetle hunters," Farmer Gurney explained over a glass of old cider, "they do go seeking night things that don't fly in the day—like I told you about the other one. To my mind they be mad. But it be possible they do have to go on that way to add to human knowledge."

Quick action came on Friday afternoon. At about half past three a damp mist began to roll like smoke across the moor.

From beyond the tor, now nearly veiled in mist, from the hollow which held the great gray prison, came a sound to tell all dwellers on the moor to bolt and bar their doors.

The deep note of a siren: a convict was at large!

"That be a man escaped!" came Gurney's excited voice. "Mother, she be locked in bedroom."

"Maybe Mother's wise," said Dillon, staring out into the fog.

The mist was creeping down the slope toward us—slowly, insidiously, borne upon a light breeze. The note of the siren seemed to grow more and more husky.

I BECAME tensely keyed up. What was happening out there I could not even guess. Then, a vast distance away, I heard three pistol shots—staccato, muted by the fog.

"He's made it, Mr. Roder!" Dillon whispered in my ear. "Off we go!"

He ran to the barn.

Three pistol shots—it was our cue!

"What be ye for to do?" Farmer Gurney gasped.

"There's someone hurt on the moor. We're going to try to reach him."

"That be madness! A sound on the moor be like a marsh light: might lead east, might lead west—"

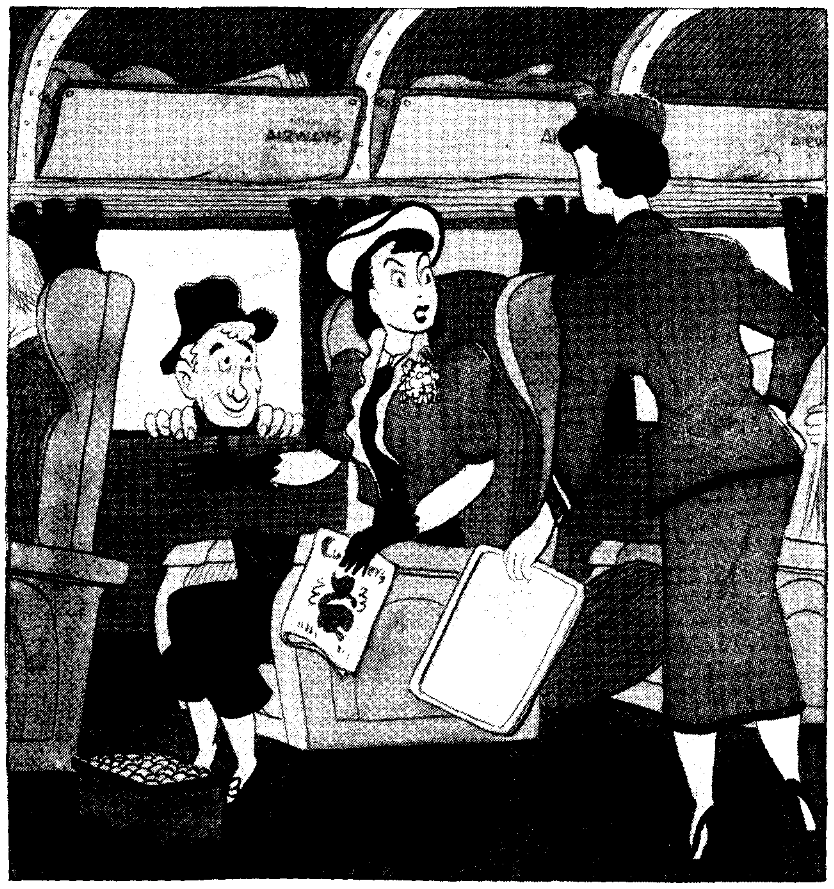
Dillon drove the car out into the yard and I sprang in beside him. I shall never forget Farmer Gurney's expression as, headlights on, we went bumping and plunging along the farm track.

The fog was all around us, now, but this was where Dillon's uncanny skill came to our aid. He knew exactly where we were going—he had memorized almost every yard of the route.

We gained the main road. Personally, I had lost my bearings, but I knew we were over the slope to Princetown when Dillon abruptly pulled up.

Into the sudden silence burst the note of the siren, nearer now, and louder.

We had passed no one on the road, or



"Oh, stewardess, will you please do something about this Peeping Tom?"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

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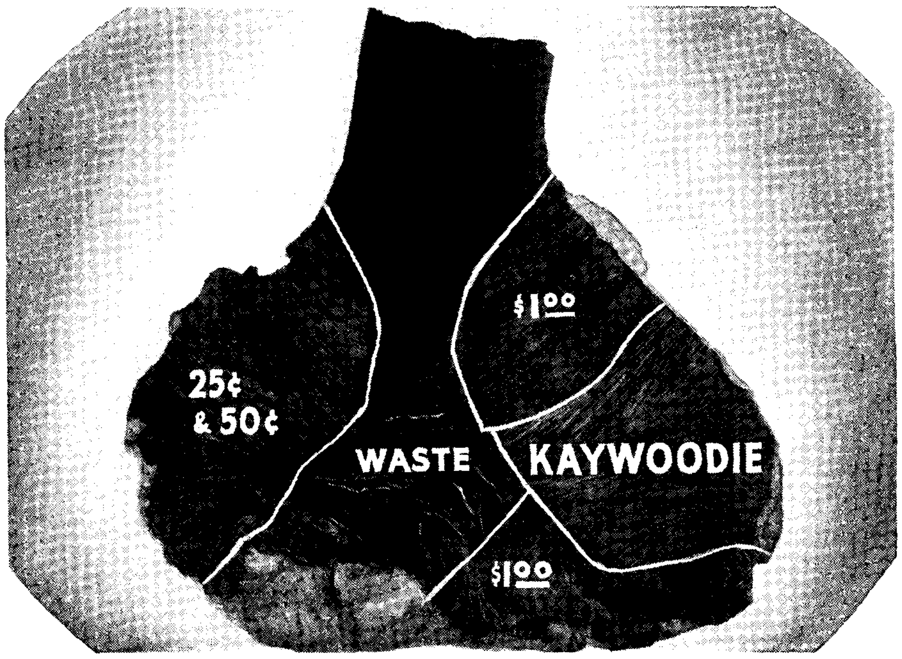

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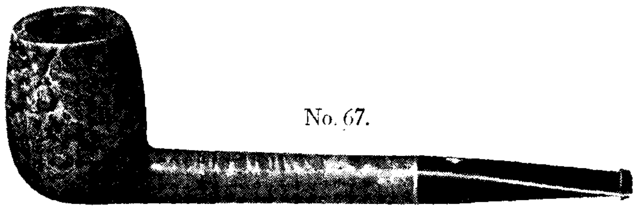

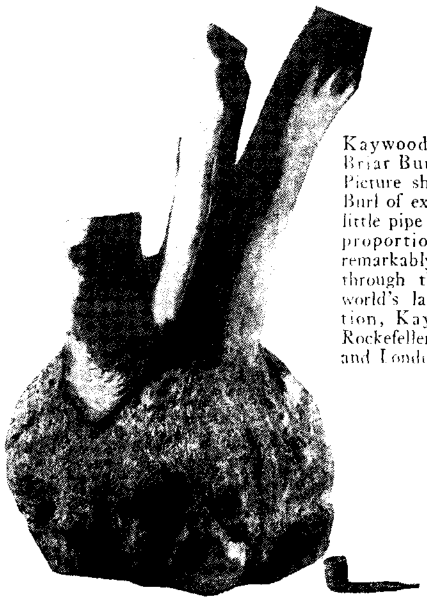

Kaywoodies are made from Briar Burls, not from roots. Picture shows an uncut Briar Burl of extraordinary size (the little pipe beside it is in actual proportion) illustrating the remarkably rare burls obtained through the resources of the world's largest pipe organization, Kaywoodie Company, Rockefeller Center, New York, and London.

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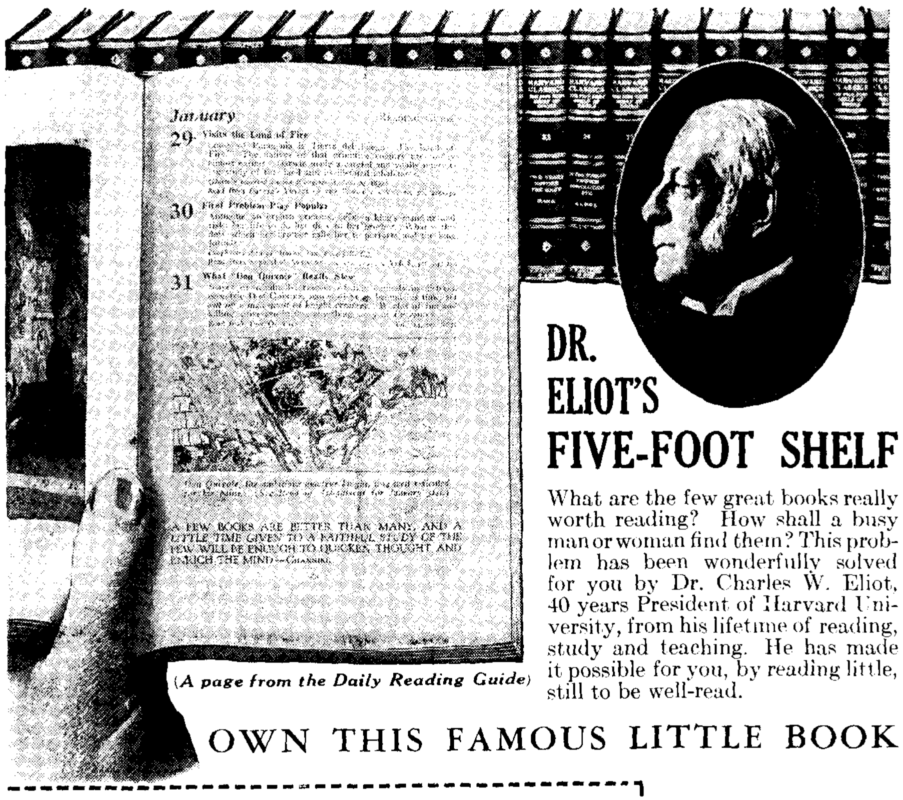
January
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A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—Channing.

(*A page from the Daily Reading Guide*)

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no one that I had seen, but as I jumped out, I heard confused voices. Dillon was a wizard driver. We groped in that direction, and suddenly the light of a powerful torch was directed upon us from not more than two yards away.

"Stop!" came a harsh order. "Who are you?"

Moving nearer, I saw that the speaker was a warder, a rifle slung from his shoulder. A motorcycle stood in the road.

"My name is Roder. I heard shots and drove in this direction."

"Is that you, Maurice? Thank heaven you came!" a voice hailed me out of the fog. "Lend a hand here. Is Dillon with you?"

Bazarada!

The warder studied me more closely.

"Oh! I know you, sir," he said. "It's Mr. Roder. We had a drink together two nights back."

"So we did."

"Poor old Daddy Carrots fell and hurt himself in the fog. Fortunately, your friend, who was walking over to join you at Low Quarry Farm, heard him cry out and found him. He called for help by blazing away with an automatic. I thought somebody was murdered! Here we are."

I beheld a spectacle which conveyed absolutely nothing.

Bazarada, dressed in tweeds and wearing a soft felt hat, knelt in the roadside by Dr. Hans Budger! The poor old naturalist was breathing heavily. Someone, Bazarada presumably, had removed the doctor's enormous specimen case and had put it under his head as a pillow.

What on earth did it all mean? I was in a maze.

Bazarada looked up with his tight-lipped smile.

"Good for you, Maurice," he said. "Your friend here seems to be in a bad way."

"Well, you can take care of him now, I hope, sir," said the warder. "I must be off. There's a dangerous man loose somewhere on the moor."

Again the call of the siren moaned through the fog.

We heard him start the motorcycle, heard its chug-chug die away in the distance. Bazarada became transformed. He sprang to his feet.

"Quick!" he cried. "All into the car! We're not through yet."

I dashed to the car. The injured naturalist sprang up and ran after me. Bazarada picked up specimen box and butterfly net and raced after him.

"You in the front with Dillon!" he directed. "Leave the talking to me!"

AS WE all scrambled into the car in the order indicated, and Dillon proceeded to turn, I tried, but tried in vain, to unravel the problem of why Dr. Hans Budger had pretended to be injured when evidently he was not. As we started back:

"Stay as you are," came Bazarada's peremptory voice from behind me. "Not a move until you get the word."

"What you say goes," I heard.

We had traveled, I suppose, for half a mile—Dillon miraculously had avoided a stationary car; then, when we came to the lane branching left to Low Quarry Farm, he drove straight past it. I was about to call out when there came the roar of a motorcycle engine. Another armed warder overtook us, raising his arm as a signal that we must stop.

"Touch and go this time," Bazarada murmured. "Let's hope he knows him."

The man opened the door and stared into my face.

"There's a prisoner at large," he said. "Seen anything of him on the road?"

"Nothing."

"Who's that in behind? Will you please put the lights up?"

Bazarada switched on the interior lights. I turned as the warder peered into the back of the car.

Dr. Hans' brilliant red head was resting on Bazarada's shoulder; Buzzy's arm supported him.

There was a moment of such dramatic silence that I shall never forget it, and then:

"Why, it's poor old Daddy Carrots!" the warder exclaimed. "Good Lord! What happened to him? Hasn't been attacked?"

"No, a bad fall. I'm afraid he's seriously injured. Would it be possible for you, Officer, to act as our guide to the house of Dr. Eakin in Moretonhampstead?"

"Dr. Eakin? Well, you're not far out of Moretonhampstead. I was heading that way myself. Yes, I'll show you. Follow my taillight."

And once more we were off, an armed warder for our guide. A quarter of an hour later we had carried Dr. Hans Budger into the house and the door was closed.

THE scene that night at Dr. Eakin's was one no man could ever forget. In the lobby of the large annex to his private house which the doctor conducted as a sanatorium, Ned Regan was standing with his arm around the shoulders of a girl so slender as to look almost ethereal. Russet-brown hair framed a pale but charming face which suffering had touched to beauty.

With three deft movements (and in his best stage manner) Bazarada whipped off the red wig, mustache and beard from Dr. Hans—and there stood Mark Applin!

"Mark!"

We all turned away as Mary Applin threw herself into her husband's arms.

"I can spare them three minutes," whispered Dr. Eakin. "Longer would be dangerous. This way, gentlemen."

He led us to a waiting room. Dr. Eakin was youngish, dark, and very fresh-colored; a typical hunting man. Bazarada challenged him with his eyes. Dr. Eakin nodded.

"A sudden relapse, not uncommon in these cases. I doubt if he will last the night. Thank God you managed it."

"Amen," growled Ned Regan.

"Would it be out of place," the doctor asked, raising his eyebrows and regarding Bazarada with an almost naïve wonder, "to ask how you accomplished this?"

"Not at all." Buzzy's triumphant smile revealed the showman. "It was hard work for all concerned, but merely rudimentary substitution. My job was simplified by the fact that Applin is about of my build. He takes the same size in hats, consequently the same size in wigs. Failing this I should have had to employ someone else to impersonate Dr. Hans Budger—"

I positively gasped.

"*You* were Dr. Hans?"

"Really, Maurice," said Bazarada, "you are my most responsive audience. I came down to Exeter the day before your own arrival, in the character of Dr. Hans, and made inquiries at the office of a local newspaper—or rather, Laroo, then acting as my secretary, and later as the young lady from the agency, made inquiries on my behalf. Dr. Hans, remember, had very little English. This part was simple. I had already secured a permit to view the prison. You know what happened there.

"I had detailed directions written very small upon a thin sheet of paper. This I passed to Applin when I stumbled against him in the quarry. Simple again. I recognized a resourceful man and knew that he would rise to the occasion. I whispered in his ear 'Commit it to memory and then eat it.'

"Those directions were obvious. I had learned that escapes at night were rare, if not unprecedented. The favorite time to run for it, of course, is during a fog whilst a working party is being rounded up by the warders. I told Applin to look out for a man with brilliant red hair who would never be far away; and that he would carry a butterfly net. Always, if the opportunity came, to run for the tor. If he made it, he would find the man there.

"He made it at the first chance—he runs like a fox. Under the doctor's eccentric attire, I wore my tweed suit, the trousers rolled up under the plus fours. Beard and mustache are not attached by spirit gum, they are on an elastic rubber base; can be removed in a second. The wig presented no difficulties, as the hat covered the join. My ridiculous appearance was intended to attract the attention of everyone in the neighborhood."

"It certainly did!"

"Applin was winded when he reached me, but while he stripped I reddened his eyebrows. The specimen box is really a dressing case. The convict kit went into it. He became Dr. Hans Budger. One warder, the one you found me talking to, Maurice, was perilously near. He had parked his bike and started up the hill. He wasn't fifty yards away when I fired the three shots."

A nursing sister opened the door and beckoned to us. As we filed out:

"If I'm arrested for this job," said Dr. Eakin, "I shall at least be arrested in good company."

The room in which presently we found ourselves was one with a balcony and normally would be bright. There was a screen just beyond the door and in its shadow we halted and watched. I could see Mark Applin, his queer attire hidden beneath a dressing gown, bending over a bed. He held his wife's hand.

Poor Ben Uggleston was looking up at him with glittering eyes. The boy's brown skin had an appearance of transparency; his thin fingers twitched on the coverlet. He had a shock of reddish hair and was marked by Mongolian features.

"Hullo, Mark!" he whispered.

"Hullo, Uggy! How do you feel, old boy?"

"No good, Mark. Goin' to die."

"Don't be silly."

"Can't help it, Mark. Always been silly. Wouldn't have worried you, Mark—I don't matter—only you was always fond of the old woman down along Low Copley, you was. I know who stole her candlestick, so—"

He paused, choking, and I held my breath, until:

"It was Simon Venner. That rat of a butler—took it. I was layin' under the hayrick and I see him come out. He has a bundle. He takes out the candlestick, and I see it's all sticky and red—"

"Yes, Uggy!"

Applin's voice was unsteady. Mary Applin was trembling.

"He washes it under the gardener's tap—you know the tap I mean, Mark. He wraps it up—"

The feeble voice died away. The brilliant eyes closed.

"Yes, Uggy! What did he do then, old boy?"

Without opening his eyes:

"Set out for Dean's Hole. I was close behind him, I was. Threw his bundle into the hole—but not—the candlestick—Mark!"

"Yes, old boy?"

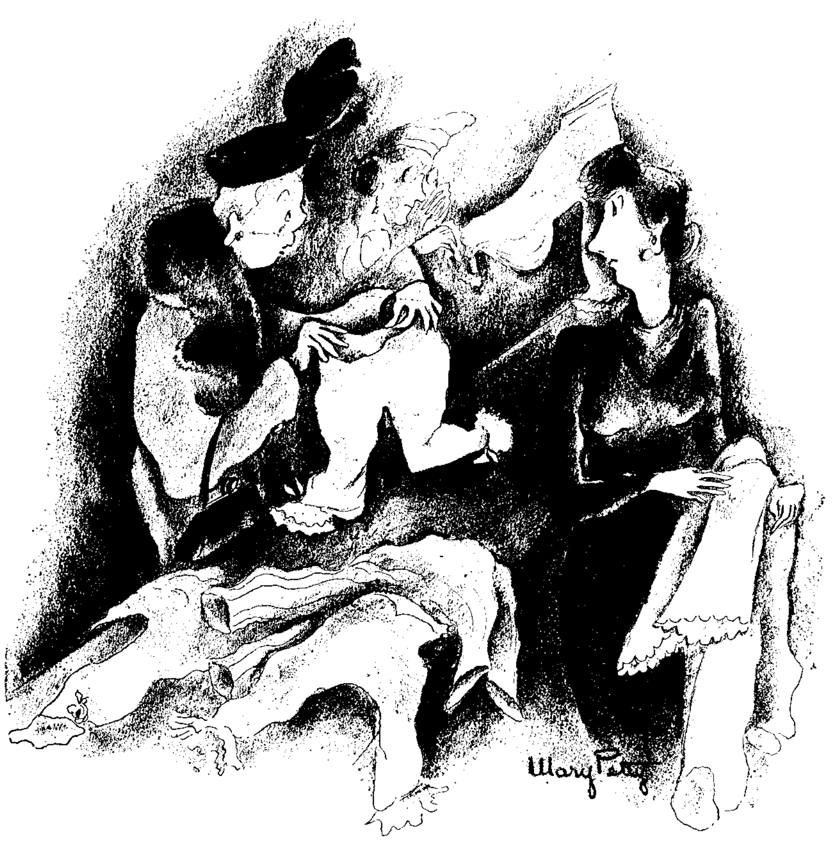
The feverish eyes opened and looked up into Applin's face.

"I'd have told you before, but—I forgot, Mark."

IT WILL be recalled (the case created great excitement) that Mark Applin gave himself up to a constable who was cycling in search of him along a moor path. He was in convict kit again.

About an hour before, a party armed with suitable tackle and working by lantern light under the direction of Ned Regan had explored the dark pit known as Dean's Hole and had recovered from it a soiled dress suit and a bloodstained shirt. Unauthorized, but strong in his grim reputation, Ned Regan had personally arrested Simon Venner, the ex-butler, and hauled him to Exeter police station.

Venner, following the trial at which he had been an important Crown witness, had leased a room in the old city. The missing property, including the silver candlestick, was found under a floor board of this room. He it was who had stolen the opiate tablets (he was one of the "six patients" mentioned by Regan); and he it was one month later who paid the penalty.



"What is the life expectancy of a pair like this?" MARY PETTY

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Blade of Beverly Hills

Continued from page 26

the first game and lost all the rest, ending with 51-14 sloughing from Yale.

All heartaches were forgotten, however, in the annual tour of the Triangle show. On the way from Birmingham to Montgomery the engineer of the train got drunk and the passengers spent the trip huddled in heaps in the aisles.

"It was also a bit like riding a runaway horse. Our scenery in the baggage car was banged around and busted. By some accident the engineer got the thing stopped at Montgomery but we were a sight when the usual old grads and their wives and daughters met us at the station. The shock was so great on various members of the company that refreshments naturally followed and when we went to ring up the curtain it was discovered that the jail was full of nice Princeton boys."

Before he was out of college, Stewart began going up to West Falmouth on Cape Cod and playing in summer stock. There was no money in it for Jimmy but he got his board and room by playing his accordion in the Old Silver Black tearoom. He had a bit part in Whistling in the Dark and later played the role in Goodby Again, which was done subsequently by Osgood Perkins in New York. Arthur Beckhart was doing those plays and Jimmy got his New York start in Carrie Nation, in which he played five parts including a Negro houseman of seventy, a bent-over dwarf of four feet height and a Man in a Mask. The play lasted four weeks and Jimmy went into Goodby Again as the chauffeur.

After a year's run the show closed in Boston and Jimmy got a job as actor and stage manager with Jane Cowl in Camille. He was supposed to ring down the curtain on the death scene, but one night he didn't watch it closely enough and Miss Cowl died for what seemed hours before he got round to his work. She gave him one cold look as she came off.

"Are we playing or are we not?" she asked icily.

He played then with Blanche Yurka in Spring and Autumn, he being Spring, and ended by being stranded in the Tremont Hotel owing a bill of $100. A fellow in the cast had a car so they borrowed money for gasoline, left their bags behind at the hotel and came to New York. They later retrieved the bags and paid the bill.

Closing-Night Comedy

He got a job running the switchboard in Arthur Beckhart's office and it was by a nice job of listening in that he heard there was a part open in S. J. Perelman's All Good Americans.

"Are you a Southerner?" they asked when he applied.

"Shu-ah," said Mr. Stewart and got the job.

He was the American banjo player in the cast and his memories about the play center upon the last night, when Fred Keating, the star, and the same dope named Perelman combined to belabor the audience. In the middle of a scene strange men would walk across the stage and never reappear again. Through a window at the back of the set a long thin clawing hand (the hand of Mr. Perelman) reared itself accompanied by a jungle cry which went Whe-e-e-e-E-E-E! Mr. Keating for his part was composing a new play as he went along. At a certain point in the proceedings where Mr. Keating was to show extreme emotion, an old gentleman appeared at his side with a beard down to his knees and presented a bowl filled with goldfish. Mr. Keating sprinkled water on his brow to show that he was undergoing extreme stress and then made the bowl disappear, he being an old magician and full of such tricks. Hope Williams came on with a Newfoundland dog on a leash, gave it to the bartender to cache behind the bar and was a bit amazed to get it back later on as a Mexican hairless pup.

Mr. Stewart was supposed to sit on the back of a chair to do his banjo stuff but a stiff rope tied to the leg of the chair and a decisive yank and he was through with music for the night.

After that any show was easy and he went into Yellow Jack as an Irish buck private. When he first read the part for Sidney Howard and Guthrie McClintic they agreed that it was great dialect stuff.

"A cross," said Mr. Howard approvingly, "between Pennsylvania Dutch and early American Indian."

Discouraged at that, he hunted out Ralph Gullinan, who had been with the Abbey Players, and learned the proper intonation from him.

Four Days of Torture

He then played in Divided by Three and in Page Miss Glory. At that time M-G-M gave him a screen test and it was the last he heard of the matter. Shuberts then hired him for Journey by Night, which was starring Gretta Marren, the Viennese star. The first night is still remembered as one of the great massacres of the American theater.

Jimmy was exiting from a scene when the door stuck. He turned the knob back and forth and nothing happened; he yanked it delicately and then he yanked it roughly and nothing happened; he yanked it once too often and the knob came off in his hand. He tried to push the door outward, but his exertions had sprung it and it wouldn't budge. As he was engaged in this struggle, the phone rang. This was a terrible complication because the phone had never before rung in this spot and was not supposed to ring. As he tugged at the door, the phone kept ringing. Obviously it was necessary to go through the motions of answering it because by this time the audience was becoming hysterical. Halfway over to answer the phone, the door opened without his assistance. He stopped to consider. The phone rang again, the door mysteriously closed and another door at the other side of the stage just as mysteriously opened. In desperation he went over and yelled HELLO in the phone and then went back to the first door and found it wouldn't budge again!

The play lasted four days, every moment a torture.

After that it was only proper that the movies should decide he was a great actor. Bill Grady of M-G-M hunted up the old screen test, sent it out to the Coast, and Stewart was given a part in Murder Man with Virginia Bruce and Spencer Tracy.

They are now building him up out at M-G-M. The audiences seem to like him and the movie lassies draw straws to see who will be the next lady of the evening. The only minority report heard lately in Hollywood has to do with this last phenomenon.

"What are you getting so upset about it for?" a gentleman wanted to know. "It's simple enough. They like to mother a big good-natured kid like that."

Nobody ever offered to go around and ask Mr. Stewart what he thought of the theory.

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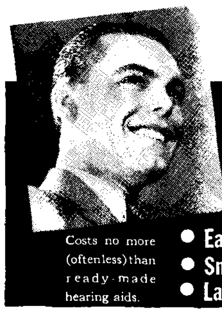
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Take a Deep Breath

Continued from page 18

hurry and rush is a question for psychologists—but either way, if acute self-consciousness is holding you back in life, you should learn to go slowly, for haste is one sure way to start that painful pounding in throat and chest that every shy person dreads.

Teach your hands to rest, too, and you'll pull up one more root of your shyness. Fussing with your hair, clothes and cosmetics may help you pass the time as you wait for some special social or business big moment but it won't help you rise to it, for fidgeting only steams up more fidgets.

"Act poised and you'll feel poised," is a secret every public personage knows either consciously or unconsciously. That's what Eleanor Wilson McAdoo was saying in her recent memoirs when she described her sudden victory over the stage fright of her early White House days. One day, before a particularly large gathering, she decided to sail into the room as if she were perfectly calm and collected. She did—and she was.

Think of Something

So much for your physical release from the tension and terror that attacks at occasional crucial moments. But notice something else that a professional always adds to the stage-fright story: "But as soon as I step on the stage—" "Once I start singing, however—" "When they begin to shoot the scene, though—" From that minute, the minute they get into action, they're always all right. Why? Because the attention, a second before so painfully centered on themselves, is now transferred to something else. Something more interesting and more important.

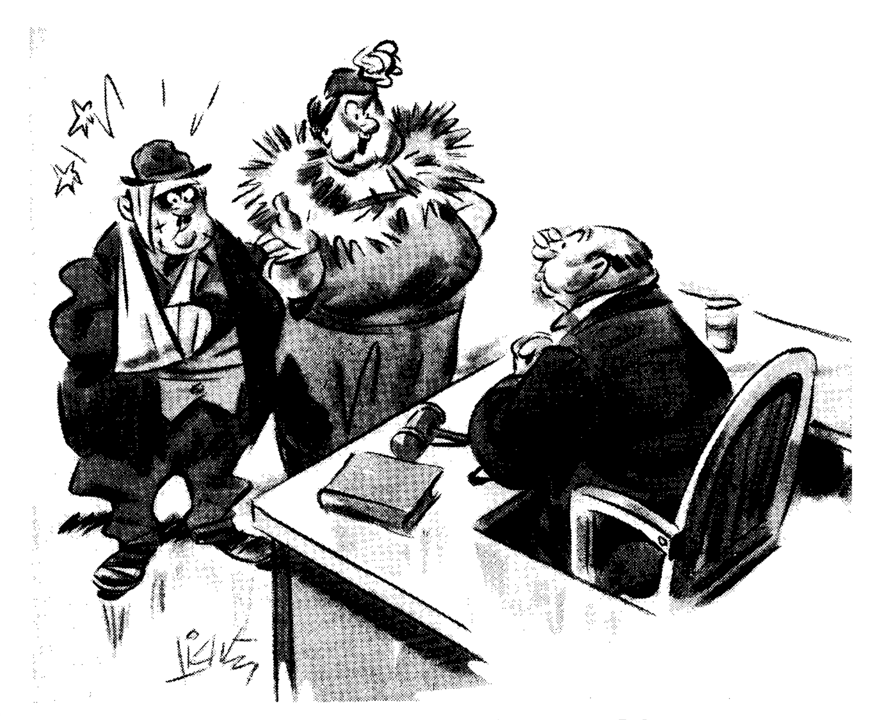
And in a nutshell that's the cure for shyness psychologically. You can't cure it in a day, but you can in an amazingly short time, for being constantly conscious of yourself is only a mental habit. "Shall I shake hands? Is my hair smooth? I wish I'd worn the blue suit. I don't feel very well, my head aches. Does he like me? I can't think of anything to say." If your thoughts go churning back and forth upon yourself that way, like the water in a washing machine, you haven't much energy or attention left for the piece or the game you are trying to play, or the person or audience you are trying to impress.

It's just as easy—and easy to learn—to keep your mind outside yourself. Begin in little ways at little moments and pretty soon you'll be doing it automatically. Brain habits are astonishingly easy to change. As you ride in the bus or train, for instance, don't tuck in your curls and wonder who's looking at you. Nobody, probably, and if he is he probably isn't thinking about you. Self-consciousness is a form of conceit, you know. The very word tells you so. Get out of yourself and think about the other passengers instead.

Force yourself to listen closely to whatever people say to you, too. Shy people are often so intent on what to say next that they only half hear the conversation and therefore look as vague as they feel. If you listen intelligently there's always something to say, even if it's only an intelligent question.

Your self-consciousness is swallowed up, too, like an actress' as she steps into her role, when you are very interested in your subject. That's why the shyest person will suddenly become eloquent on the subject of his hobby or the timidest leap to a public defense of a cherished principle. So if you have a talk to make or an idea to put over, fill yourself so full of the subject matter that there's no room for yourself. Learn the first sentence thoroughly—till it's branded across your mind—and with that sure sentence to start you off safely, the rest will follow. There's an electric current between a speaker and his audience—whether it's one person or a thousand—and when your mind turns to yourself, you switch off the current.

One more tip you can take from the actors and actresses. They don't wait until the lights go down and the curtain goes up to put their technique into action. They practice it at home; they practice it in rehearsal; they practice it on their friends. So can you. Then, when your big moment comes, on a platform or in a conference, at a court presentation or a table for two, you won't be both muscle-bound and tongue-tied, and you can put on a star performance.



"I want a divorce! Just look what I do to that poor man when he irritates me!"

GEORGE LICHTY

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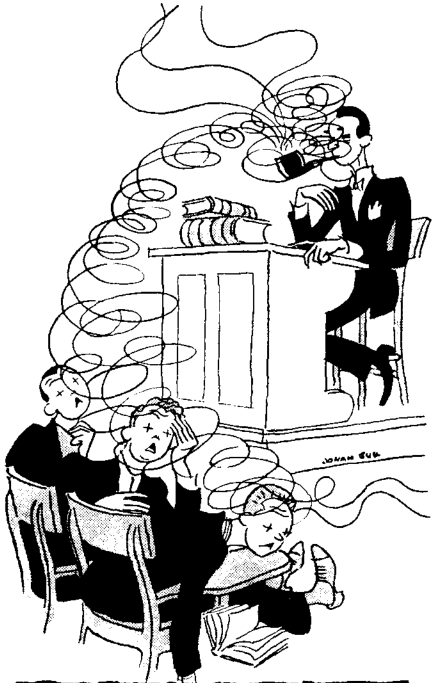
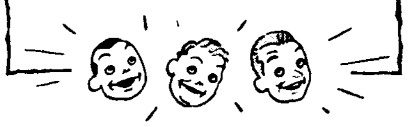
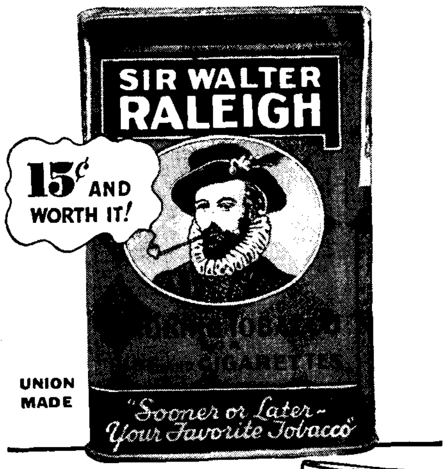


...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma



THE glassy-eyed students can't listen to *reasoning* until their prof will listen to reason about his *pipe!* In plain English, professor—it smells bad! Why not give your briar a good cleaning? Then switch to a milder, more fragrant tobacco. Try Sir Walter Raleigh. It's blended of mellow, slow-burning burleys grown in the famous Blue Grass country. Fifteen cents buys *two full ounces*... and a hearty vote of approval from pipe-wise students. Try a tin and see.



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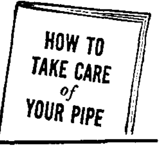
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The Rats Said Yes

Continued from page 16

effects by looking up the Singhalese meaning of the word—"I cannot." That expressed it pretty nicely. When you got the disease you couldn't do anything. Nerves were attacked and inflamed; pretty soon the legs wouldn't move. Victims felt tired, listless and whipped. Then, likely as not, the heart gave way under the strain and the sufferer keeled over.

Vedder's brief outline of the situation summed up the knowledge then in existence on the subject. Pitifully small though it was, it represented all that had been accumulated in the course of a few thousand years.

The first true start on beriberi had been made a couple of decades previously by Baron K. Takaki, director general of the Japanese navy. Takaki was puzzled by the fact that he had to count on a third of his sailors' being incapacitated every year with beriberi while, for some unaccountable reason, the British navy remained free of the disease. Since sanitation didn't appear to be a factor, it occurred to Takaki that diet might be the answer.

He went about finding out in the most approved scientific manner. Dr. Takaki got twelve dogs. Six he fed Japanese navy diet—which consisted largely of polished rice. The other six got British beef, barley and beans. They thrived, but the pooches which subsisted on the Japanese navy rations soon came down with beautiful cases of beriberi.

That looked like the answer. But Takaki wanted to check farther. A Japanese training ship that had just completed a four-months world cruise was in port. Out of a crew of 376 men, 179 had beriberi. Takaki loaded a new crew on board and stocked the ship with barley, beans and beef. Then he gave sailing orders. It was to retrace the path of the first voyage faithfully; visit the same ports, spend exactly as much time in each as Voyage Number One had. The sailors should have precisely the same amount of shore leave. He'd find out whether this beriberi was a port disease his sailors picked up in the Occident.

When Voyage Number Two was thus completed with carbon-copy faithfulness, he checked his men. Only three had beriberi. That was answer enough for Takaki. He cut down on the polished rice he thought was poisoning his men, substituted barley, and beriberi disappeared.

A Chemical No-Man's Land

Christian Eijkman, a Dutch researcher living in Batavia, Java, then did a neat piece of work on his own hook. Starting in 1889, he fed chickens on a diet of polished rice. They got polyneuritis—the fancy, medical name for beriberi. Then he fed them the bran that had been milled off rice to keep it from spoiling in storehouses. The chickens got well!

Thus things stood when Williams fingered that bottle of rice bran. It was all very interesting that the bran—horse food—would prevent the disease. But you couldn't jam a bucketful of that stuff down a sick baby's throat. And you couldn't persuade those lunkheaded natives to eat unpolished rice; couldn't even persuade storekeepers to stock the stuff because it soon went rancid.

Williams plowed into the chemical no-man's land. First he broke a sugar fraction out of the bran; then fed it to chickens that had subsisted on polished rice long enough to get the "I cannot" sickness. The sugar didn't help—the chickens stayed just as wobbly and blear-eyed as they had been before. Then he proceeded to proteins and amino acids. These didn't work either.

On a hunch he stirred up some bran in alcohol, let it stand for a while, then filtered the bran off. To this filtrate he added a splash of phosphotungstic acid. A precipitate formed, and settled to the bottom of the beaker. From it he removed the mildly poisonous acid, then fed what was left to the sick chickens. In jig time this stuff—Williams didn't have the slightest idea what it was—made the sick chickens well! And it cured that baby in Tondo.

It was at about this time that another researcher gave a name to the dietary factor that Williams was looking for—vitamin. That first extract that he developed wasn't pure vitamin by 99 per cent. It represented only the start.

The steps that lay ahead were clearly marked. First Williams—or someone—had to isolate that vitamin; extract it in its absolutely pure state. Next it had to be analyzed to find what atoms it contained, and how those atoms were arranged. The final step would be synthesis—making the pure crystals out of everyday laboratory chemicals.

Floor Plan of a Molecule

Sorting out the factor that prevented beriberi was a process packed with grief. Many workers even denied there was such a vitamin; others said Williams was mixed up, that he was confusing B1 and B2. For these hecklers he had no answer. He didn't know, couldn't be sure.

When he got back from the Philippines in 1915 he got a job with the federal government's Bureau of Chemistry in Washington. Four years later he joined the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York. On the first job, Williams sought better dopes for airplane wings and more poisonous war gases; on the second, means of preventing rot in wire insulation and telephone poles. As a side line he continued to narrow down his vitamin.

He moved his growing family into a frame and stucco house in Roselle, New Jersey, set up a laboratory in the connecting garage, and plowed on. While neighbors played golf and puttered in gardens Williams stewed up sack after sack of rice bran. He kept a loft of beriberi pigeons on which he tested his extract as it got purer and purer, month by month, and year by year. Finally he got a concentrate—a ton of rice polishing produced an ounce—which would cure sick pigeons in a week's time.

Finally the Carnegie Corporation took notice of the research and financed it to the extent of five thousand dollars a year. This enabled Williams to move into a larger laboratory—at Teachers College, Columbia University.

In 1933 Williams finished step number one—the biggest. He isolated a few precious crystals—ten milligrams—of absolutely pure vitamin B1.

Williams began tearing into his vitamin molecule. As a unit it was far too complex for understanding. So he chiseled off a bit here and a bit there for analysis. Eventually he found it contained 12 carbon, 18 hydrogen, 4 nitrogen, 2 chlorine atoms, and one each of sulphur and oxygen. But how were these atoms arranged? This was a ticklish point. If they were strung improperly they might make a substance not even similar to vitamin B1.

To aid his imagination Williams got a batch of little wooden balls and painted them different colors—each color representing a certain atom. Then he began

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stringing them together with wires into various patterns. He racked his brain and wore out yards of pencils trying to put that atomic jigsaw together.

One day in the summer of 1935 the whole thing fell into place. It all broke at once. He had a floor plan of the molecule.

Williams started out on step number three—turned himself into an atomic architect. He borrowed an atom here from ethylene glycol—a radiator antifreeze—and one there from vinegar, prussic acid, formic acid and other chemicals. Then came the dramatic moment for which he had waited a lifetime; he had created a molecule which he hoped would give sound bodies to millions of beriberi sufferers still living in the creek headwaters of the world.

Williams sent a batch of the white crystals—that look for all the world like common table salt—to a pharmacologist. Dutifully the pharmacologist had been feeding batches of white rats on a diet free of vitamin B1. After three weeks they had ceased growing and after six weeks they had the nerve-inflaming disease.

Then he fed them a few of Williams' crystals. He sent along the report.

Williams read it quickly, anxiously. He called his colleague—Waterman, who had helped with the work for many years. Exultantly he translated the report: "The rats say yes!"

Thus, a few months ago, the job ended. Williams is breathing more easily now. A big chemical company is synthesizing the vitamin and putting it on the market for a few dollars a gram. One gram of the stuff will clear up 100 cases of infantile beriberi. What else will it do? Medical men all over the country are trying to find out.

To him his baby—B1—is the most primitive of all the vitamins. Tightly it tangles with basic life processes. Wash it off a tomato seed and that seed won't sprout. Add it to water, however, and put the seed in that water and it will sprout. Deny it to a tadpole or a beetle or a man and he will wilt—and presently die.

How it fits into the life picture, or how it works in the body Williams doesn't know. But as he sees it, it plays such a vital part that all life became accustomed to it millions of years ago. When man denied himself a full supply of this vitamin—as he did when he started milling his grains, and cooking his foods—pretty terrible things began happening.

Near the Border Line

Beriberi, Williams believes, just happens to be the most dramatic manifestation of Vitamin B deficiency. He likes to point out that people have taken care of other vitamin deficiencies—sunshine and viosterol are supplying more abundant D; increased use of milk and milk products supplies more A; and general use of fruits and green vegetables puts more C into human beings. But B? We mill our grains and a 160-pound man would have to drink two quarts of milk a day to get sufficient B. The tiny amount present in vegetables is often washed away in cooking water. And meats—except lean pork and liver—are nearly devoid of it. Yeast isn't a sufficiently important part of diets to do much general good.

Hence Williams thinks that we of the Western world are all on or near the border line. Experimental proof of this is cropping up on all sides.

Workers at Bellevue Hospital in Manhattan tried the crystals on chronic alcoholics who had soaked their bodies in enough whisky to bring on paralysis. They postulated the idea that paralysis was caused not so much by action of the alcohol as by a deficiency of B1. There is, by the way, evidence that tipplers need much more of the vitamin than nondrinkers.

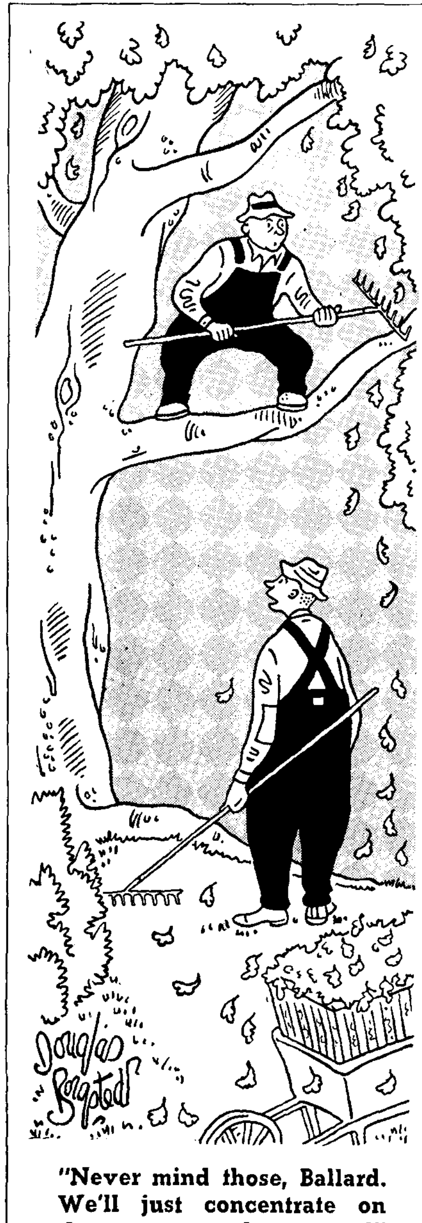
The Bellevue workers divided a group of twenty-eight of these people into three batches. The first got a diet including what doctors generally consider adequate vitamin B1; the second got about twice as much and the third four times as much. Over a period of a month those in the first group showed no improvement, those in the second a little, those in the third truly remarkable recoveries.

The researchers then singled out two really bad cases for a test of the injection treatment. The worst of this miserable pair of sinners had been paralyzed for eighty days. After treatment for a week he walked.

Working in New York, Dr. Martin G. Vorhaus tried the white crystals on one hundred people with neuritis—the twistingly painful nerve inflammation. Some of these had the trouble in their arms only; others had it spread over their bodies. Out of the group forty-four got complete cures and forty-eight were markedly improved.

These are all diseases of the Western world. Out in the Orient there are countless millions of people with the disease B1 was built for—beriberi. About 150,000 Filipinos have it and only God can guess how many cases there are in India, China and Japan. The Dutch East Indies, in fact, is the only blob of land in that part of the world where the disease has been even partially conquered.

So there is work to be done—much, much work. But Williams sits rather happily in his office, justly feeling that he has done his part of the job.



"Never mind those, Ballard. We'll just concentrate on the ones on the ground"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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Continued from page 15

cities, in New York for example, the dues run from ten cents a month to thirty-five cents for the white-collar worker. But it is still a pretty helter-skelter organization, regarded by most of the rank and file as a temporary means to a desirable end. It lacks the business intelligence of the regular trade union. Its organizers, whoopers-up, shills, spellbinders and lobbyists spend too much of their energy howling calamity, crying havoc and exhorting to political action to give the necessary attention to humdrum details.

The national organization of the Alliance, modestly officed in Washington, is supposed to get a cent a month per member from its locals. This would give Mr. Lasser and his staff about $30,000 a year to spend on salaries, printing, postage, rent, supplies, and so on. Anyone acquainted with national organizations will tell you that $30,000 isn't munificence. Not a great deal of that sum goes into salaries either—twenty and twenty-five dollars a week being tops.

The Alliance is not larger because it is too political. Were its radicalism repressed, if there were less red fire in its oratory, a few of the kind words spoken for Russia saved for America, Mr. Lasser's recruiting job would be less arduous. Efforts of his ballyhoo-carriers to impress the farmers and the rural towns and smaller cities have been pretty barren. Mr. Lasser's representatives are burdened with too many accents, have too little understanding of the country.

No One Wants to Pay Dues

Further, the WPA enrollee is not eager to pay dues to anybody. It is not hard to awaken the reliefeer's enthusiasm for the Alliance when he needs its help, when he has been laid off or has had difficulty with a tough foreman. The Alliance will take his case. It will plead for him, threaten for him and even call a strike for him. It will tell him, too, that members of the Alliance get first call when reinstatements and promotions are being made. This boast is neither entirely true nor wholly false. Yet once the fight has been made the reliefeer is quite likely to turn apathetic again and ignore the Alliance's call for dues.

When we saw Mr. Lasser he had just returned from one of his appeals to Mr. John L. Lewis to take the Workers Alliance into the CIO. He was not having anything approximating signal success. Mr. Lewis was, as usual, hard to convince. Frankly, as the Alliance is now constituted, Mr. Lewis wants no part of it. He was still rubbing the hurts he unexpectedly received in his collision with Little Steel. He was at the moment trying to comb out of his luxuriant hair the radicals, the Red ranters and the revolution wowsers who had attached themselves like pilot fish to his runaway organization. Mr. Lewis yearned for fewer, not more, lovers of Marx. Also a little time to think.

Besides, Mr. Lasser's purpose in affiliation with CIO was not warranted to bring the regular union member to his feet with frenzied cheers. Mr. Lasser would demand that CIO unions strike in sympathy with the Alliance. He is a devout believer in the sit-down strike, the Alliance having staged as many as three hundred at a time, twenty-eight of them being in simultaneous effect in New York. For Mr. Lewis' CIO to support all these protests for greater appropriations, higher wages, shorter hours and against layoffs would have meant something too close to general strike status. And if there is one thing that Mr. Lewis' CIO doesn't need it is a general strike or the appearance of a general strike. No, Mr. Lewis did not require the presence of the Workers Alliance to keep him occupied. And this was not good news for Mr. Lasser, who is in pressing need of some such affiliation if he is to whip the majority of WPA enrollees—Hopkinsmen—into his Alliance.

Momentary Panic at Headquarters

Mr. Lasser's Alliance's greatest danger is that it will one day acquire the status of a government employee union. Almost all of these unions are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, an organization for which Mr. Lasser and his radical aides have no affection whatsoever. Besides, it has been decreed by Mr. Roosevelt that while government workers may organize they may not strike. This White House pronouncement created a moment of panic in the Alliance's headquarters. And there were a number of ladies and gentlemen in Mr. Hopkins' WPA offices who viewed the edict with some alarm.

They might not feel it expedient to be open rooters for Mr. Lasser and his Alliance but anything that crippled it or limited its more spectacular activities would be a disservice to the cause of a permanent WPA. The Alliance had been one of WPA's favorite side shows. Its sit-down strikes, its Mardi Gras mummery, its ability to frighten local politicians and its general genius for attracting attention were almost irreplaceably valuable to any and all plans to perpetuate the WPA. It was the nucleus of a new pressure group, another organized minority. Properly nurtured, permitted to grow up, the Alliance could become, even may become, as politically potent as the American Legion, the Anti-Saloon League or the American Bankers Association. Therefore, and by means with which we aren't familiar, the right to strike was not withdrawn from those federal employees who carried the WPA banner.

Whether it was to celebrate this gratifying exclusion we aren't sure. At any rate, Mr. Lasser and a few of his coworkers were dined by a group of Mr. Hopkins' associates. It was a private dinner, the hosts lamenting that it was "just too bad that they could not give a public testimonial dinner to these splendid fellows."

Business Doesn't Like WPA Men

Prominent in the library of rambling talk one reads and listens to when relief is the subject is that industry could close relief and WPA offices by absorbing the unemployed. At any rate, even if this could be accomplished it isn't going to be. For reasons right or wrong, just or unjust, private employers are not enthusiastic about the material the WPA rolls offer. Maybe they're wrong when they say that "WPA has ruined more workers than it has saved." But they're saying it. Maybe prejudice dictates their condemnation of the Hopkinsmen as "lazy, shiftless, and convinced that they ought to be paid for being alive." Nevertheless that's what they are saying.

Of the two million private jobs rustled up in 1936 by the United States Employment Service only 300,000 went to Hopkinsmen—WPA enrollees. Perhaps some of these jobs were temporary. Doubtless some of them were poorly paid. It may be that men were sent to jobs they

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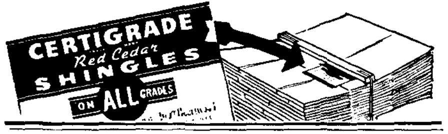

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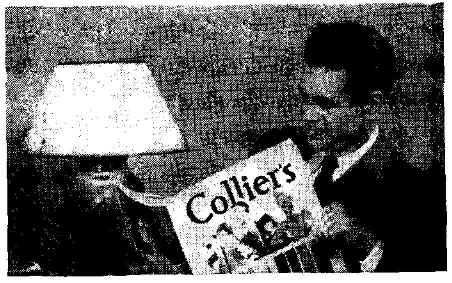

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couldn't fill. But as far as we've been able to learn from a situation in which important figures are either coy or nonexistent, nearly a hundred thousand of these WPA draftees were applying for reinstatement within a few months. In addition to the 1,600,000 persons on Mr. Hopkins' WPA pay roll there are about 2,000,000 families and individuals—mostly families—on home relief. As the WPA rolls are reduced, home or direct relief increases proportionately.

At any rate employers who have gone once to the WPA rolls for workers seldom come back. In Chicago, Kansas City and a few other cities they told us that the job seeker has become wary of telling prospective employers that he or she has been on WPA.

Unlike Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Lasser says that it is his "earnest hope that the time will speedily arrive when the necessity for organizations like the Workers Alliance will have passed." This you may accept as a bit of solemn guff; Mr. Lasser, as a Socialist, and his Communist staff, do not look for any such happy circumstance.

Neither does Mr. Hopkins, who views his job as a large, sociological problem and not as a mere matter of so many unemployed and what to do about them. Mr. Hopkins does not favor a census of the unemployed. To begin with, he does not believe figures compiled by such an undertaking will be of any service to anybody except those whom he regards as "unfriendly"—in other words, those who do not agree with his concept of relief. And his concept is very similar to that ancient mercantile motto: The Customer Is Always Right.

There is that chance, of course, that a census of the unemployed will promote new and sharper methods of dealing with the problem. It may indicate that Mr. Hopkins' staff and his tight little army of field workers can be cut to much less formidable dimensions. At least it will give everybody a new wrangling point, and statistical argument, however well- or ill-founded, is not the most healthful atmosphere for idealism. Anyway, we're going to spend $5,000,000 trying to find out how many unemployed there are and all about them—but not with Mr. Hopkins' blessing.

Similarly you find very little if any enthusiasm in WPA offices for a special federal tax for relief. Special taxes have a way of failing occasionally to produce. Much better to line up "friendly" congressmen for congressional appropriations, such figures to be arrived at by "estimate." This method has a sort of damage-suit character—you always ask for more than you'll be satisfied with.

The Relief Paradox

And Mr. Hopkins is going to need all the "friendly" congressmen he can find. We might cite Pittsburgh facts as an example of what his enemies are using for ammunition. The Bureau of Business Research, University of Pittsburgh, has discovered that employment in that industrial center is around 99 per cent of the 1929 average. Yet relief in Pittsburgh is costing two and a half times as much today as it did in the worst months of the depression. In March, 1933, the total relief bill was one million dollars for that thirty-day period. In July this year, with employment practically at the robust 1929 level, we spent about $2,500,000 for relief. Of course relief grants are higher—$31 a month per average family as against $16.77. But Mr. Hopkins' job is not being made any easier by these independent surveys.

Almost everywhere we went—Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado and Ohio, for example—some official of WPA was sure to ask what we had heard of "the Hopkins-for-President movement." Like many a congressman, they viewed Mr. Hopkins' relief machine with awe. If you ask Mr. Hopkins about this sort of talk—his aspirations to the presidency—he will beg you not to be silly.

Nevertheless no politician in recent years has faced the future with a more efficient machine under him. When Mr. Hopkins finds a state or local administrator unable to get along with the local statesmen, he removes that administrator and substitutes someone with greater political cunning, more understanding of the art of keeping governors, mayors, county supervisors and city councils happy.

Mr. Hopkins' waiting rooms are never quite clear of ladies and gentlemen who hunger for political posts, who are more than willing to adapt their electioneering to Mr. Hopkins' plans. His telephone is kept hot all day by congressmen with candidates for relief-administering jobs. His mail makes it clear that should his ambitions veer toward the White House, his name can be presented to the Democratic National Convention with the backing of many people from many states. The Hopkins balloon may explode at any time before 1940, but it is being inflated nicely now.

An Army of Banners

But we heard nothing quite so orderly at the Workers Alliance meeting. The Hopkinsmen there were far too busy trying to organize an invasion of Washington. Mr. Lasser was sanguine of having four thousand Hopkinsmen at the Capital, picketing strategic points, crowding the galleries. They hoped thereby to force a dying Congress to enact the Schwellenbach-Allen resolution which has it that WPA might not lay off any worker "who cannot find employment in private industry at wages not less than the prevailing rate of wages for work for which he or she is reasonably fitted."

Enthusiasm was being spurred with song—the Internationale, for example, and Solidarity Forever. Banners were being brushed off, patched up and brisked with new paint—Put the Bankers on Relief; We Want Jobs; Our Children Starve, Heed Their Cries; No More Layoffs; WPA Forever; We Die While You Build Battleships; Down with Wall Street Economy Drives; WPA Workers Unite or Die; Down with the Landlords; Don't Scab on Human Misery—Join the Workers Alliance; Billions for Relief but Not One Cent for War; We Are the Votes of Ten Million Workers—Think, Congress, Think; Capitalism is Dead—Long Live the Worker.

A great deal of bitter wrangling was going on. Clearly all these banners could not be carried to Washington. A dour minority thought that most of the banners ought to be thrown away anyway. Yonder a speaker was demanding that the government furnish Army trucks for the pilgrims and escorts of soldiers to protect them from capitalist gunmen. On the curb a disheveled lady exhorted her hearers to demand that they be housed in Army tents and fed by Army kitchens when they arrived in Washington.

Presently it became a bit confusing. Several picketing movements got under way. One group wanted to picket Mr. Grover Whalen's World's Fair. We didn't find out why. Somebody else wanted to picket Mr. Al Smith. That wasn't clear either. But suddenly all was forgotten when a courier arrived with a rumor that a thousand more were to be dropped from WPA pay rolls. That united all factions. When we left they were stamping their feet, singing: "Strike, Strike, Strike."

Mr. Lasser did not seem pleased. His followers were again on the loose—embarrassing their friends.

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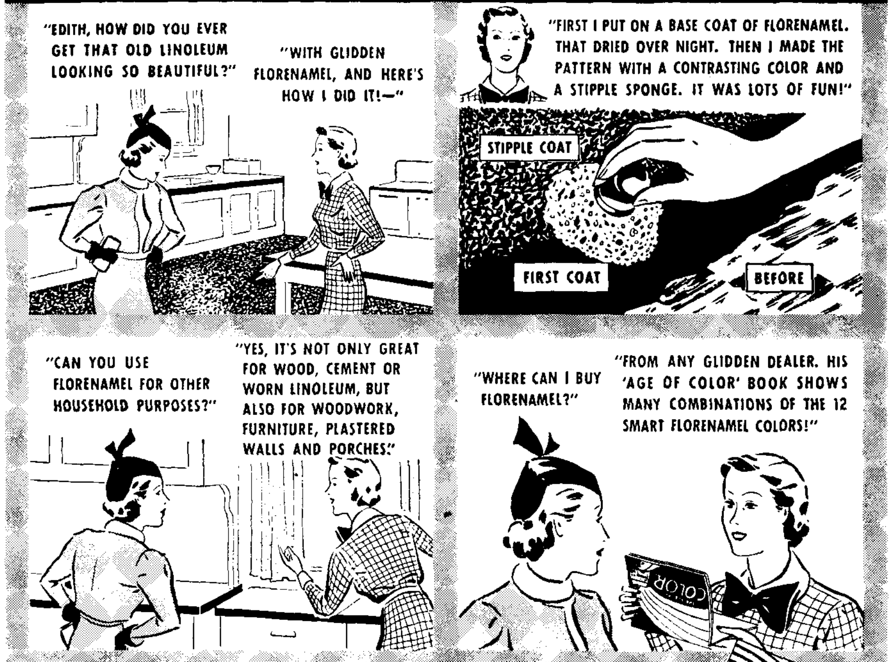
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Keep Your Eye on the Rules

Continued from page 11

Pennsylvania coach had read. Zuppke noted that the rules did not specify the color of the ball although all games since ancient times had been played with a natural yellow-tanned ball.

So Zuppke issued his now famous ultimatum:

"Take off those elbow pads or I'll paint the ball green."

Off came the pads.

That winter the Rules Committee not only attended to the practice of camouflaging jerseys but specified the color of the ball: "The ball shall be made of leather, natural tanned in color."

One must go down south again—although no farther back than 1912—for a play that involved camouflaging not merely a ball or a jersey, but a player himself.

Rose Polytechnic Institute traveled down to Nashville to play Vanderbilt in the opening game of the season. Rose had little hope of beating Vandy, but was determined to score at any cost. They had one of their players put civilian clothes over his uniform and gave him a satchel such as the team trainer might have in his hand.

Faking the Ball

As the Rose players spread out to receive the kickoff, this player lined up just inside the boundary line. To the officials and the Vanderbilt team, he appeared to be a trainer who was standing on the side lines. The player who caught the kickoff came straight up the field and was downed about the 25-yard line. The "civilian" player with the satchel moved up to the line of scrimmage as if following the play. No one noticed there were only ten Rose players in uniform for the first scrimmage. The ball was snapped and one of the Rose backs threw a forward pass across the field. The camouflaged player dropped his satchel, caught the ball and started to run, but a Vandy secondary spotted the trick and tackled him—according to press reports of the day—"seventy yards from the Vanderbilt goal line."

Coach Dan McGugin and the Vanderbilt players took the incident in good spirit. So did the crowd. The player took off his coat, vest and pants and stood arrayed in his regular uniform. The game went on and Vandy won easily as expected. That play put the Rules Committee to work standardizing uniforms.

Balked at hiding the football under a jersey, sewing on pads to simulate the ball and dressing a player in civilian clothes, coaches next turned their attention to faking the ball itself. This was done by devising plays using a leather headgear along with the ball. More than one team had a guard snap his tan helmet to one back, simultaneously with the snapping of the ball to another. The headgear back ran around one end and, after a slight delay, the ball back raced around the other end. That was one the rules did not cover at all. It spread all over the country in a single season.

In recent years Chris Cagle, the great Army halfback, was charged with fumbling his headgear out of bounds when cornered near the side lines. For an instant the tackler's eye would follow the rolling helmet and Cagle would shift and be gone from there for a touchdown.

All these helmet tricks were perfectly legal when employed, since nothing in the rules made them illegal.

The whole crop of tricks was plowed under when the Rules Committee finally wrote into the book:

"The committee considers as confusing the use of head protectors or jerseys or attachments which are so similar in color to the ball that they give the wearers an unfair and unsportsmanlike advantage. If such head protectors are worn, the solid color must be broken by at least two stripes of a markedly contrasting color at least one inch in width, and the solid color of jerseys or attachments must be definitely broken by stripes or numbers of markedly contrasting colors. . . . Concealing the ball beneath the clothing or substituting any article for the ball shall be deemed unsportsmanlike conduct."

Thus were the tricks of two decades banished from the game.

Thus, incidentally, did the striped helmet and gaily decorated jersey come into the picture. Coaches did not become suddenly color conscious when they tricked out their boys in orange and black headgears and cross-barred jerseys. They virtually were forced to do so.

Through the years coaches have shot holes in the rules governing forward passing with some of the most exciting plays imaginable.

The forward pass was still new back in 1907 when Pop Warner and his redskins found in the code a weakness that produced one of the memorable incidents of the game.

The rules then specified that a player who was out of bounds was ineligible to receive a forward pass. The rule, however, said nothing about a man who ran out of bounds and came back into the field.

Pete Hauser was the Carlisle fullback that year. As the season progressed, he developed into the greatest passer the game had known and one of the finest of all time. By many he is credited with being the first to throw a spiral forward pass. This will be disputed. We have heard of at least four coaches and five players who were the first to throw a spiral forward pass.

Exendine and Gardner, the Carlisle ends, were both fast as antelopes and never muffed a pass. The team completed one pass after another by the simple procedure of having these two ends run deep down the field to be hit on the dead run by one of Hauser's accurate spirals.

More Work for the Committee

After the season closed, the Indians were engaged to play the University of Chicago, which had won the Big Ten Conference championship. Coach A. A. Stagg decided that his best defense would be to stop Hauser's passing to Gardner and Exendine. In working on this problem, Coach Stagg developed the first scientific pass defense the game had known. He assigned a halfback and the fullback to cover one Carlisle end and the other halfback and the quarterback to cover the other Carlisle end. Their instructions were to stick to Exendine and Gardner regardless of where they went, as Hauser was certain to try to pass to them.

As the game progressed, the Stagg defense worked perfectly. Every time Hauser threw a pass, one Indian and two Chicago players were reaching for it. Most of the passes were batted down and the Indians had to fall back on their running game.

Late in the game, the ball was downed close to the side line. Gardner, determined to catch at least one pass that day, noted that the Chicago bench was placed close to the boundary. Time out was called and Gardner communicated his plan to Hauser.

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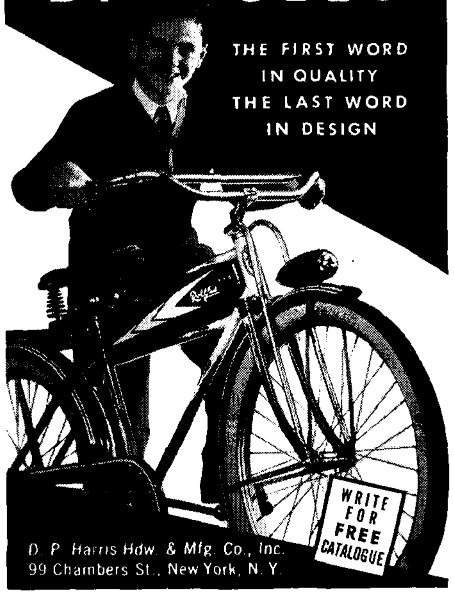

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"Hold the ball as long as you can and then throw it to me down by the goal line," Gardner must have said. "I'll be there."

Play was resumed. The ball was snapped to Hauser. Gardner ran toward the side line. The two Chicago backs, detailed to Gardner, covered him but when he ran out of bounds they stopped. They knew that under the rules Gardner was ineligible to receive a pass while out of bounds. So the Chicago players veered off to look for a pass to the other end.

Gardner circled behind the Chicago bench and headed down field still out of bounds, running like the wind. Hauser was dancing back, ducking Chicago players who rushed him, wondering what had become of Gardner.

Before any Chicago player realized what had happened, Gardner had swung into the field near the goal line. Hauser cut the ball loose and it traveled over fifty yards. Gardner caught it standing still. No Chicago player was near him and he stepped over the line for a touchdown.

That meant more work for the Rules Committee in December.

The law was amended to read: "Players on the ends of the line and players who are at least one yard back of the line of scrimmage of the passing team are eligible, provided they do not go out of bounds." That gets them whether they come back in or not.

Finding the Loopholes

It was another leaky clause in the old forward-pass rule that led John Heisman to stun football crowds in the South some twenty-five years ago just after he came to Georgia Tech to coach.

After several passes had been caught partly out of bounds, the Rules Committee undertook to clarify the situation. They rewrote the rule to read that a forward pass going out of bounds either directly or after it had been touched by an eligible player of either side should go to the opponents. One can imagine the committee chuckling over that one. It would be such a drastic penalty—loss of the ball to the opponents—that smart quarterbacks would have to be careful to keep the ball away from men near the boundary line.

Old Heis spotted an advantage in the new rule and pointed it out to his Georgia Tech squad. If Tech threw the ball out of bounds, the other team would have to take the ball at that point where it crossed the side line.

The Tech-Sewanee game that year was in October. In the first quarter it was Tech's ball, on Sewanee's 30, fourth down, fifteen yards to go. Patterson, Tech's captain and fullback, dropped back and pegged a forward pass out of bounds on Sewanee's 2-yard line. The Sewanee captain demanded the ball on the 30, but Patterson quoted the new pass rule to the referee, and Sewanee was forced to accept the ball right on top of her own goal line. Their kickout was poor and Tech had the ball again for a close-range drive.

Alex Cunningham, coach at the University of Georgia, Tech's hot rival, was scouting this game and saw the play. He inquired of officials after the game if a team really would have to take the ball at the spot a forward pass crossed the side line, regardless of down or anything else. He was told that under the rules no other decision could be made. So Coach Cunningham breathed a sigh of relief and went back to Athens feeling happy over his football prospects for the first time that year.

For that season, Georgia had no punter worthy of the name.

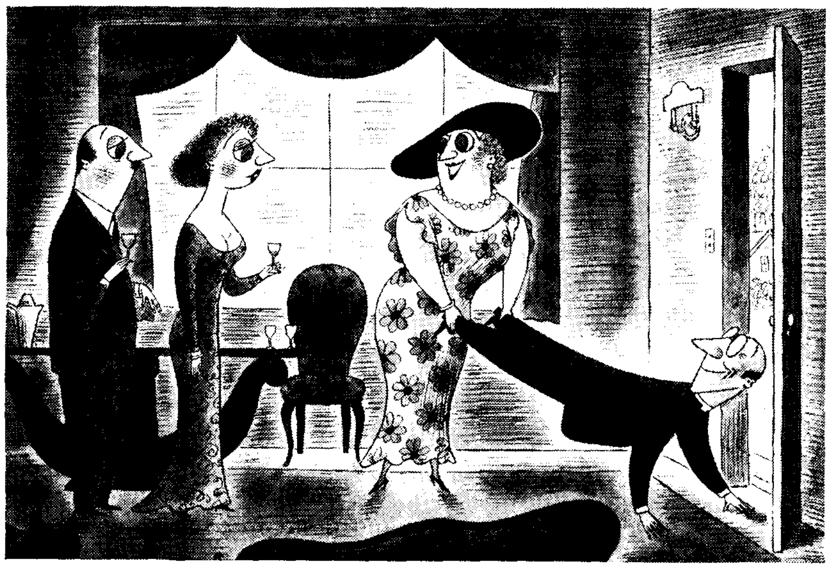
But Georgia had in Bob McWhorter a man who could throw the ball accurately for from 50 to 60 yards. For the rest of that season, Georgia never punted on fourth down. Instead McWhorter would drop back and throw the ball out of bounds 50 yards beyond the line of scrimmage.

It was a somewhat sheepish Rules Committee that went to work to change that one.

About the same period, a Georgia Tech team took advantage of a loophole in the rules governing the kickoff so that they received every kickoff regardless of what their opponents wanted to do. The kickoff rule then provided that if the kicking team kicked off out of bounds, the ball was brought back and given to them for another try. If a second kickoff went out of bounds, then the other team would have to kick off.

Heisman that season had a light team with a good offense, but its defense was shaky. He saw that they could function best if they kept the ball as much as possible. So whenever they had to kick off for any reason, they merely kicked it out of bounds twice and then settled down to receive. That created a hubbub and the result was a new rule that, after two kickoffs out of bounds, the ball is given to opponents on the 40-yard line. This rule was amended this year to read that one kickoff out of bounds gave the ball to the opponents at the point it crossed the boundary or on the opponents' 35-yard line at the discretion of the opposing captain. This change merely was made to speed up the game.

Football rules as they now stand may be foolproof, but do not be surprised if a team pulls a play this fall that stirs comment and gives the committee another job of revision.



"Really, we must be on our rounds!"

R. TAYLOR

TIME is MONEY

and the

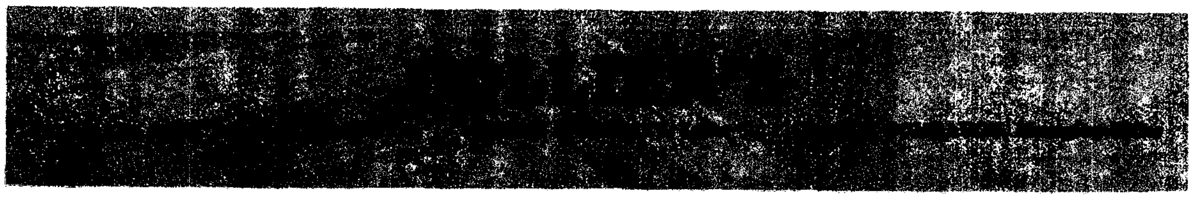
telephone

saves both

YOU probably could never calculate all the time, money, and waste motion Long Distance Telephone Service can save in a single business day.

Here are only a few of many things you can do by telephone: MAKE APPOINTMENTS to avoid fruitless visits . . . COMPLETE SALES with new contacts or old customers . . . MAKE PURCHASES at advantageous prices or when emergencies arise . . . SATISFY COMPLAINTS promptly and personally . . . MAKE COLLECTIONS by diplomatic, friendly discussions of overdue accounts.

Truly, Long Distance shortens the day—and lengthens the day's list of accomplishments.



WHAT DO YOU PAY FOR SPEED?

SPEED is expensive. Of course it is fun to drive fast, but we pay high prices for the thrill.

We pay in dollars, and in safety. If we drive fast, we literally burn up at an extravagant rate our motorcars and all that goes with them.

Also we risk our necks needlessly. Not even the smoothest of us are capable of instant decisions in times of emergency.

The average driver uses five eighths of a second between the time he decides to use his brakes and the moment he begins depressing the brake pedal. At forty miles an hour a car travels thirty-six feet in five eighths of a second. At sixty miles an hour a car moves fifty-five feet in the same interval. Quite a lot can happen in even so brief an interval.

Actually we need much more space for stopping than we realize. We have to add the driver's time of action to the car's stopping time. At sixty miles an hour an alert, competent driver in an excellent motorcar requires 253 feet to stop.

Because we fail to realize our lag in thinking and acting we put tremendous strains on our automobiles. We waste money even when we escape injuries.

The world is not going to give up fast driving. Too many people get pleasure out of it for that. Besides, speed is highly useful at the right time and place. What we are going to do is put some sense into fast driving.

On the assumption that most people, given the facts, prefer to act sensibly, the insurance companies have been accumulating information for motorists. The insurance companies have a very lively and natural interest in the matter. When mishaps occur the insurance company pays a fat part of the bills.

We all know by now that speed is dangerous. When accidents occur at twenty miles an hour or less, only one out of thirty-five results in death. But when speed is stepped up to fifty miles an hour and more, one in every eleven accidents produces a fatality.

Speed is not only especially hazardous but it is also very expensive even though accidents are avoided. The cost of motorcar speed is amazingly high. The Aetna company made a very interesting study of the expense of speed even when no accident occurs.

What is a reasonable speed from the standpoint of safety depends on many factors—the driver, the road, the car, the surroundings, among other things. A fireman rushing to the scene of a blaze has more excuse for hurry than the absent-minded man or woman who steps on the accelerator because of the fidgets.

Even a fireman or a cop would have to find an especially pressing emergency to justify a speed of ninety miles an hour. Few drivers have enough skill for that. Few roads are good enough.

On the other hand, chiefly the queer and the lovelorn and those malign creatures who take pleasure in creating traffic snarls restrict themselves to twenty miles an hour outside congested areas.

Somewhere between extremes reasonable speeds may be found. Expense is much more variable than we are accustomed to think. Cars are not designed to crawl, but beyond certain limits every increase in speed enlarges enormously the expense of operation.

At twenty miles an hour, cars costing less than a thousand dollars will run twenty miles on a gallon of gasoline. At seventy miles an hour the same car will travel only eleven miles on a gallon. At forty-five miles an hour, which is generally considered a reasonably safe speed on good country roads, a small car will do sixteen and one-half miles on a gallon of gasoline. What you pay for travel obviously depends on how fast you go.

High-powered, expensive cars show the same increase in gasoline consumption with speed. A car which yields twelve miles to the gallon at twenty miles an hour gives only eight at a seventy-mile gait.

A taxi company made tests which showed savings up to 47.7 per cent by thrifty drivers. The careful drivers were told to maintain constant speeds of about twenty-five miles an hour where practicable. They "loafed" up to red lights and so avoided shifting gears when the signal changed.

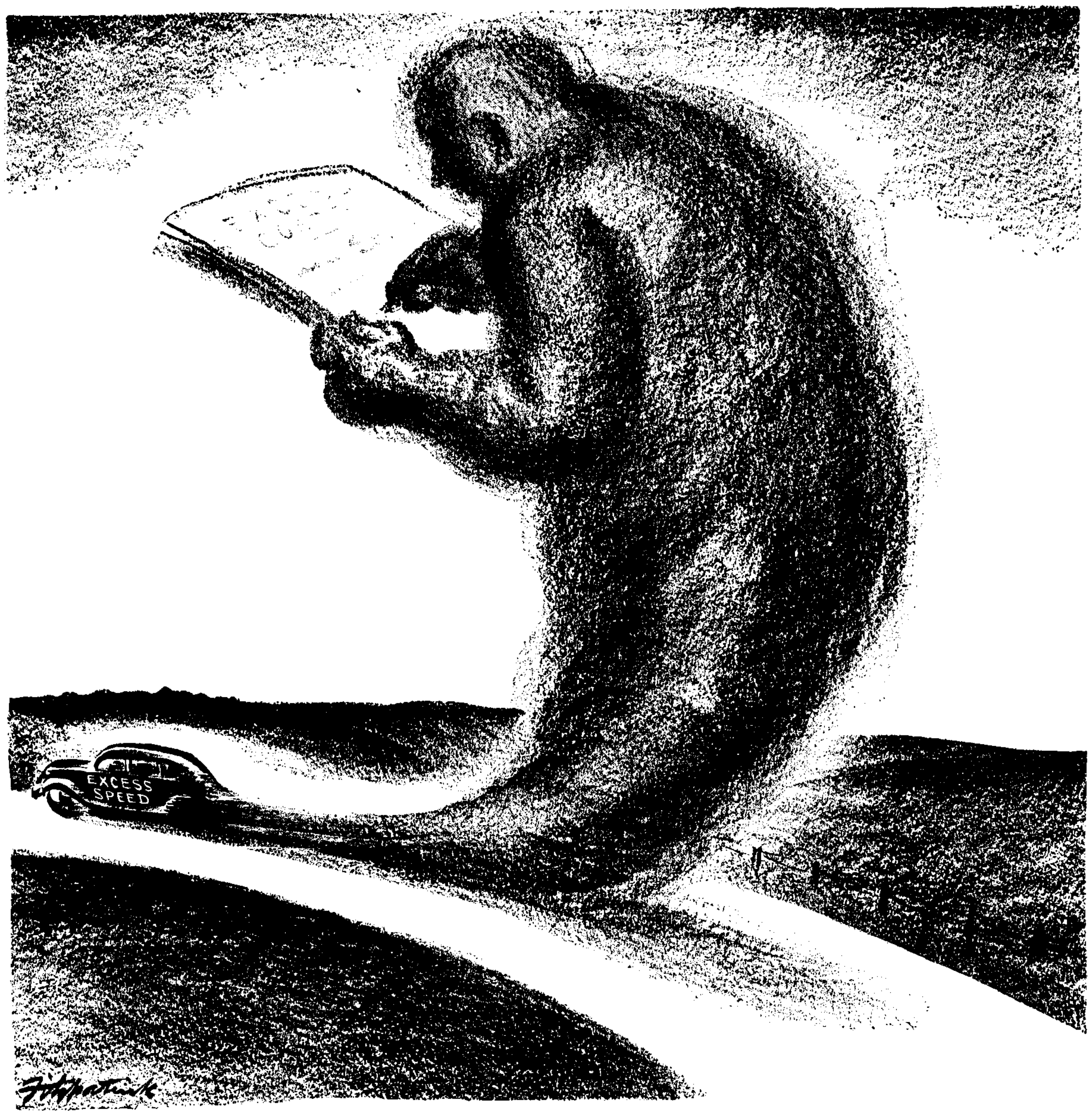
Rapid acceleration even at low speeds is very costly. A car capable of doing twenty miles to the gallon at a twenty-mile rate dropped to eight miles to the gallon during an acceleration test.

Gas isn't the only item of rising expense involved in speed. You can expect to use nearly seven times as much oil running at fifty-five miles an hour as at thirty. Above forty miles an hour repair bills mount steadily. The cost of stopping rises more rapidly with the speed. It takes just four times as much out of your brakes to stop quickly from sixty miles an hour as from a thirty-mile rate.

You can wear out tires in 7,500 miles or you can keep them in good shape for 20,000 miles and more. No tire, says the insurance company, is any better than the man at the wheel.

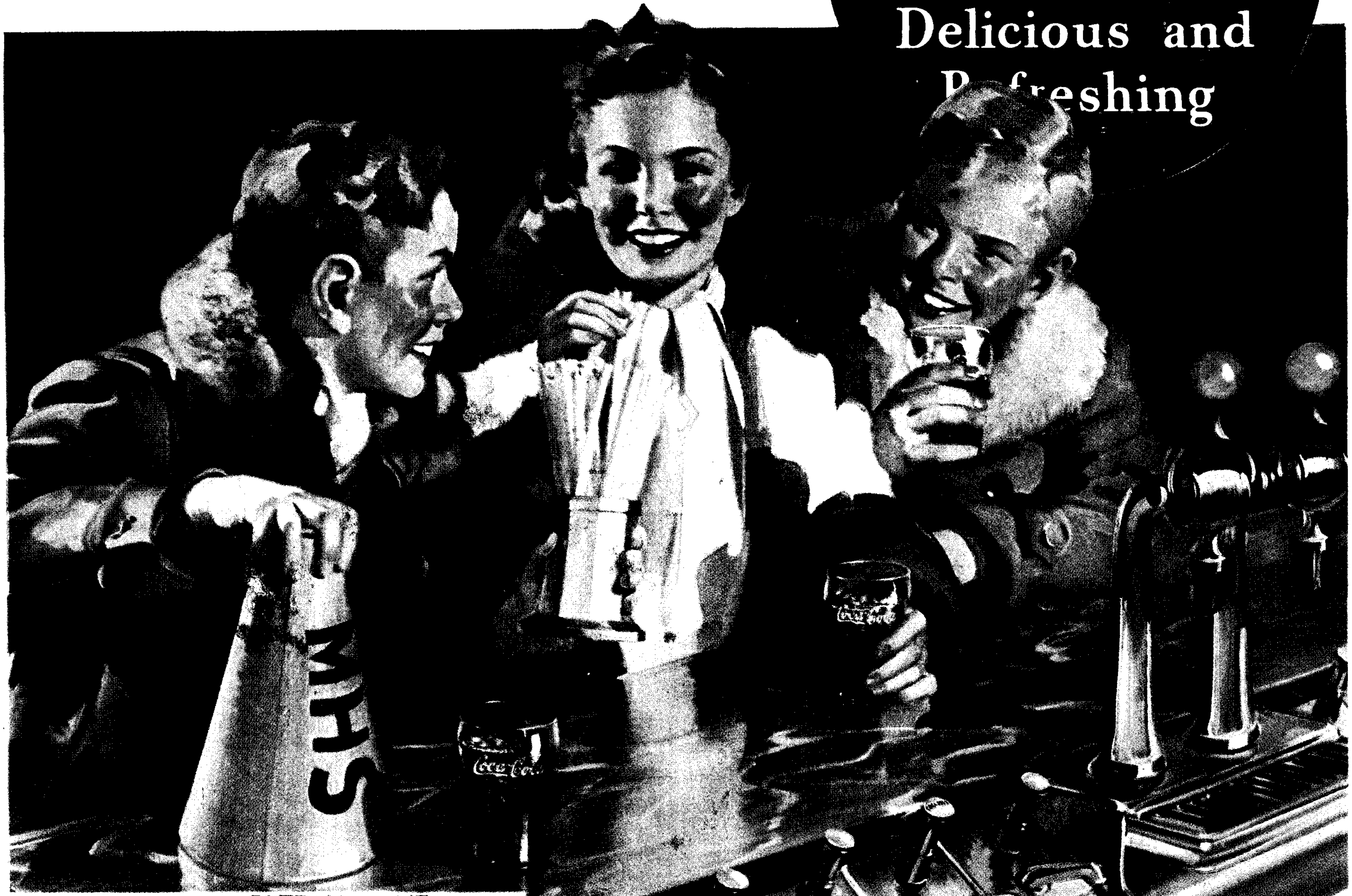
Some cars operate most economically at from twenty to thirty miles an hour, but every car is said to have its "rolling speed" below which it has a tendency to drag. There is no economy and not much pleasure in dragging.

The safe, general procedure is to keep up with the normal procession of traffic. Thus the extra wear and cost of alternate acceleration and braking can be avoided, and at the same time the motorcar is safer both for the driver and all others concerned.



"The All-American Pause"

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing


MHS
Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola

Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola

AT BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL FOUNTAINS

A note on the football season:

"All-American choice for *time-out* is *the pause that refreshes* with Coca-Cola."

Out of this bag come autumn's newest food creations!

First, Chocolate Sundae Cake, a delicate, enticing blend of chocolate and peppermint flavors. Next, Luncheon Eclairs, filled with shrimp sauce, garnished with green peas. The recipes are in your Pillsbury's [illegible] of a folder containing nearly a dozen other recipes, [illegible] It's a treasure-house of new, unusual, yet

ALL-IN-ONE SUPPER
BUTTER BISCUITS
STRAWBERRY TEA ROLLS
CHOCOLATE SUNDAE CAKE
LUNCHEON ECLAIRS
"Balanced"
Pillsbury's
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Flour
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
For
Bread
Cake
Biscuits

TO HELP YOU SAVE THE PENNIES . . . The flour in Chocolate Sundae Cake costs about 2c. If you used the cheapest flour, you'd save less than half a cent — and you might spoil over 40c worth of cake.

A *fine, dependable flour like Pillsbury's Best is actually far more economical than any cheap flour.* Every time you use a penny's worth of flour, you use, on the average, 16c worth of other ingredients. So a single baking failure caused by cheap flour can waste sixteen times the cost of *the flour itself!*

Don't have baking failures. Use Pillsbury's Best — the "balanced" flour, a true, dependable, all-purpose flour.

PILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR